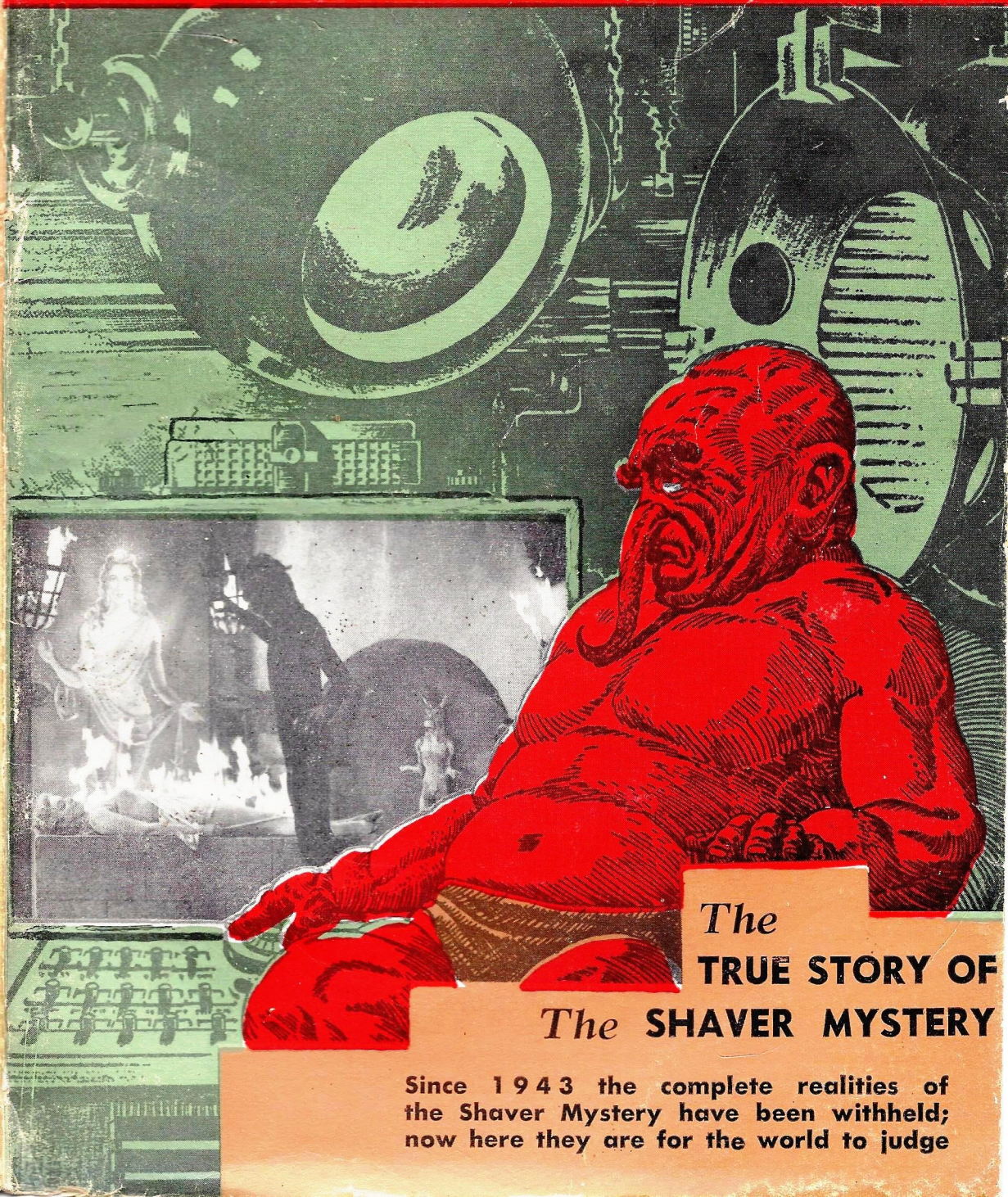


The

SPRING, 1961 \$1.50

HIDDEN WORLD

WISCO



The

TRUE STORY OF

The **SHAVER MYSTERY**

Since 1943 the complete realities of the Shaver Mystery have been withheld; now here they are for the world to judge

The

HIDDEN WORLD

SPRING, 1961

ISSUE No. A-1

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The **SHAVER MYSTERY**

Dedicated

to

Lowell Gregg

and

Frank T. Hunter

without whose generous assistance
this book would not have been possible.

....Editorial...:

Down through the ages men have sensed a mysterious and powerful influence in their lives which they have not been able to confront, face to face, to challenge its evil impact. In their attempt to explain it, men have given it many names: they have called it an "Invisible Government"; they have invented a panoply of "Gods" reigning on some unreachable Olympus; they have attributed it to those among themselves they have called "Warlocks" and "Witches"; they have attributed it to a "Secret Group" of powerful men gathered together as a "Society" dedicated to an invisible rulership; they have called it "Fate"; "Destiny"; "Karma"; and even the "Satanic Realms" of Lucifer and his "Fallen Angels".

In the pages of this series of books, named "The Hidden World", as many facets of this secret and mysterious "influence" upon the destinies of mankind as can be delineated are presented in as factual and complete form as possible. First of the multiple faces of this "Featureless Entity" to be thus exposed is that now famous one called "The Shaver Mystery".

Initially presented in 1943, it was offered partly as fact and partly in the guise of fiction for the following five years. Its controversial aspects reached every country in the world and became a living part of philosophy, mysticism, modern science and even fanaticism. Because of its presentation in a magazine ordinarily devoted to fiction, controversy waxed hot and heavy as to the "fact" and the "fiction"—which was which. That the entire "mystery", at least in this respect, should be cleared up was unanimously demanded. Here, in these pages, this is done. In complete form, it will be an enormous bibliography. From the very first letter concerning his mysterious "alphabet" written by Richard S. Shaver in 1943 to the present day, every relevant term of evidence is presented. All those stories published as "thought records" (which they actually are) with the portions which are fictional properly designated as such; all those many hundreds of hitherto unpublished letters written by Shaver to explain, in confidence to his editor, the truths behind his stories; all those pertinent letters of corroboration from readers who swore Shaver told not fiction, but truth; the scientific theo-

ries advanced by Shaver, and later "discovered" by science; the supporting evidence of myth and legend, of scholarly research works such as Churchward's books, the writings of Edgar Cayce, the mysterious book "Oahspe", and a vast bibliography of literature both fictional and factual and also biographical and historical; the world of mysticism, spiritism, the world's religions and their tenets and beginnings; the evidence of geology, astronomy, anthropology, biology, and in fact the whole gamut of scientific knowledge and discovery and record.

In all this there is no actual continuity, nor can there be. The whole purpose of this record is to make available for future study and analysis and possibly proof the entire mass of material which exists on the stupendous concept which has come to be known simply by the name of the man who first presented it, the "Shaver Mystery".

In these pages is not only the life work of Richard S. Shaver himself, but of dozens of other men and women, his contemporaries. Also there appears all that can be unearthed of the work of countless human beings long since departed from the known world. That much remains to be revealed and deciphered is certain. That this record may never be completed is equally certain. But that its value to the thoughtful among men is enormous cannot be denied. Tens of thousands of men and women have testified that the Shaver Mystery has changed their lives, opened up vistas undreamed, furnished them with valuable tools to enhance and make more purposeful and hopeful the grim business of living. The greatest challenge of the Shaver Mystery is to man's ability to think.

In these pages is the proof that we are not here merely by chance, but that we possess a Destiny that Shaver says we have missed. Whether we can yet achieve it is the true problem all concerned are trying to solve. What is this Hidden World that has robbed mankind of his rightful heritage, and can we expose and defeat it at last? That is the true mystery we ponder upon.

Without knowledge we cannot be free. Here, then are the facts.

—The Editors.

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE

By Ray Palmer

In December, 1943, I was editor of a large string of pulp paper magazines published by the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company of Chicago, Illinois. One of these magazines was the original science fiction magazine, *Amazing Stories*, first published in 1926. As editor under Bernard G. Davis, I had free rein with the pulps, and was answerable to no one but Mr. Davis (to the frequent discomfiture of numerous vice-presidents who, to my Wisconsin backwoodsman viewpoint, scarcely seemed to be anything near "tall timber"). Thus, when one day a letter came in giving the details of an "ancient alphabet" that "should not be lost to the world", it was opened by my managing editor, Howard Browne, who read it with typical orthodox attitude, and tossed it into the wastebasket with the comment: "The world is sure full of crackpots!"

Even through the intervening wall I heard his remark, and the word "crackpot" drew me like a magnet. It might be said that this was the particular "talent" which was responsible for my editorship of *Amazing Stories* and for my "free rein". I retrieved the letter from the wastebasket, examined the alphabet, made a few casual experiments with a dictionary, then a few more than casual experiments. I went about the office to those who were familiar with other languages than English, and came up with a few more interesting results. That was enough. I published that letter in *Amazing Stories*.

The results made publishing history, insofar as pulp magazines were concerned. Many hundreds of letters poured in, and the net result was a letter to Richard S. Shaver asking him where he got his Alphabet.

The answer was in the form of a 10,000 word manuscript, typed with what was certainly the ultimate non-ability at the typewriter, and entitled "A Warning To Future Man".

I read it through, every single word, and then sat back. What was it I had here? Certainly not an attempt by an "author" to sell a story. Mr. Shaver wanted no money for his manuscript. It *wasn't* a manuscript, but a *letter* and it *was* written as a warning. Mr. Shaver seemed anxious that it be published, not for notoriety, but out of a sincere (apparently) desire that the world be warned of the terrible danger it faced, and informed of a wonderful heritage it had lost, and which should be recovered if at all possible.

I was editor of a fiction magazine—a magazine devoted to stories of the future, which, based on present factual science, attempted to project that science into its possible future development and effect upon mankind. Here was an "idea" for such a story. True, it wasn't based on accredited science—to the contrary, it was absolutely in opposition to all the text-books which were a basic tool in my office. Also, it purported to be the science of the past, rather than of the future. Yet, here was a "jumping off place" for some really terrific stories. I had, as always, the profit possibilities in mind, and I pictured this story on the cover of *Amazing Stories*, with the proper dramatic captioning, as a sure-fire circulation getter.

I put a clean piece of paper into my typewriter, and using Mr. Shaver's strange letter-manuscript as a basis, I wrote a 31,000 word story which I entitled "I Remember Lemuria!" (complete with exclamation mark), and although I added all the "trimmings", I did not alter the "factual" basis of Mr. Shaver's manuscript except in one instance. Here, perhaps, I made a grave mistake. However, I could not bring myself to believe that Mr. Shaver had actually gotten his Alphabet, and his Warning To Future Man, and all the "science" he propounded, from actual caves in the earth, and actual people living there. Instead, I translated his thought-records into "racial memory", and felt sure this would be more believable by my readers, and after all, if this were all actually based on fact, a reasonable and perhaps *actual* explanation for what was going on in Mr. Shaver's mind—which is where I felt it really was going on, and not in any caves, nor via any telaug rays, or telesolidograph projections of illusions from the cavern ray operators.

I published "I Remember Lemuria!" in the March, 1945 issue. This, as many will recall, was during the war, and during a critical paper shortage. Sales were already 98%, and could not possibly go higher, and I felt that here, with a certain circulation getter, it was tragic that I could not secure unlimited paper, because I felt that we could sell many more copies. Accordingly, I informed Mr. Shaver of the coming publication of his "story", and enclosed a check for 1c per word for his original manuscript. I also expressed my regret that we could not publish more copies, due to the paper situation.

To my amazement, and I'll admit, amusement, I received a letter asking for the name of the production manager, since Mr. Shaver felt something could be done to secure paper for additional copies from some source, if an effort were made. I supplied the name, realizing that nothing could be done, and asked rather condescendingly just how Mr. Shaver proposed to accomplish this miracle—because I felt it would be the height of ineffectuality for Mr. Shaver to write personally to Mr. Strong, the circulation director, especially (although I didn't express this to Mr. Shaver) when the letter would seem the work of a callow youth with a toy typewriter with several keys missing.

"Oh no," said Mr. Shaver in a reply, "I will ask the cave people to help."

"How?" I asked in an instant return letter.

Well, it seemed it was this way: Mr. Shaver, who knew that "ray operators" were constantly on duty, observing surface people, could gain attention of some such operator by making an uproar (throwing his shoes repeatedly on the floor, and in general making an unusual sort of ruckus before going to bed) which would draw a focus of attention, and then having gained this attention, he would make his request aloud, giving all the details available. So, he had asked the cavern people to impress upon the mind of Mr. Strong the vital necessity of procuring more paper for this March issue of *Amazing Stories*.

How I laughed. Even Howard Browne laughed, although he deemed it evidence, even to me, that I was dealing with a complete "nuts". Until Mr. Strong called me into his office and related how he had been struck with a "brilliant hunch" about the March issue of *Amazing Stories*, and was going to "steal" enough paper from *Mammoth Detective*, which was also selling 98% and there-

fore, by all the rules of common sense, should not have been thus handicapped and 50,000 of its readers thereby deprived of their usual monthly copy.

And there it was. The first of a long string of fantastic occurrences that always accompanied the Shaver Mystery, as it was later to be termed. I shall never forget Mr. Strong's absolutely crazy hunch. For such mismanagement, he could have been fired outright—for it was gross mismanagement. What if, even in this period of paper shortages, and thus shortages of magazines on the stands, *Amazing Stories* had sold its usual 135,000 copies, and the additional 50,000 had been returned as "junk"?

Then came the second big surprise. The 50,000 copies sold, almost over night. And, more incredible, a flood of letters began to come in that totaled, in the end, more than 50,000 letters. Our usual letter-response was some 45 or 50 letters per month.

Soon it came to the attention of Mr. Davis that we had "upped" the distribution of *Amazing Stories*, and also, that our story in that issue was being billed as "true". Both Mr. Strong and myself were called on the carpet (and Mr. Browne was included). Said Mr. Davis, in no uncertain terms: "These are *my* magazines. You are ruining them. I won't stand for it. On what basis do you increase the distribution by 50,000?"

Mr. Strong passed the buck. "Mr. Palmer informed me he had a terrific story, which he felt sure would sell like hot cakes."

Mr. Davis: "I've read the story; I took it home last night and read it through. I have never read such balderdash in my life. Not only will you not sell the extra 50,000, you will not sell 50% of our original customers!"

Having successfully diverted the lighting in my direction, Mr. Strong picked up the phone and asked for sales figures from the distributor. In the hush that followed, I mentally made plans for an extended fishing trip in Northern Wisconsin, and a return to free-lance writing. Then came the information, and all of us could see Mr. Strong's face growing red, his eyes almost popping out of his head. "A sellout—A flood of reorders—Heavens no, we can't get any more pap—" He gasped and sat down.

"As I was saying," said Mr. Davis, "I read this story last night, and I repeat, you can't mishandle my magazine like this. Here you are, with the most sensational story in our history, and you muff it completely. It should have been handed to our publicity staff,

and given the full treatment. We could have sold a million!"

I left his office with quite another viewpoint than the financial one, although I believe I was the only one to hold it: the question in my mind was not the howling sales success that the story was, but was it gospel truth after all? For, in my office were thousands of letters all saying the same thing. It *was* true. Thousands of people were relating identical experiences, identical voices telling them identical things. And this was true, because in those letters were detailed recounts of what the voices had said to people who could not possibly have been associated with Shaver in any hoax, who told exactly the same story as Shaver had told me in hundreds of letters it was his habit then (and for two years afterward) to write me daily, giving me all the information about the caves he could transmit, so that it "should not be lost".

I went to Pennsylvania to visit Mr. Shaver.

I won't bother you with details; I will merely brief the fantastic thing that happened to me:

I arrived near midnight and for two hours, chatted with Richard and Dorothy, his wife. Speaking of the caverns as though they were real, and everybody knew about them, was a novel experience, and quite an eerie one; and obviously Mr. Shaver was assuming that I was one of those who "knew", and thus he could speak openly. I did nothing to dissuade him from this assumption, and when I finally was shown where I was to sleep, I was sure of one thing at least—Mr. Shaver was not consciously perpetrating a hoax.

Safely in bed, I heard Mr. Shaver go to his own room to retire, while Dorothy remained downstairs cleaning up after our "coffee session" and feeding a variety of cats and dogs, for perhaps an hour. Mr. Shaver, however, apparently went to sleep the moment he hit the sheets. And within a few moments, I began to hear voices. No, they weren't in my mind, or in the air about me—they were from Shaver's lips; I felt no doubt about it.

I heard five voices: A woman's voice; a child's voice; a gruff man's voice; and two other male voices of varying pitch and timbre. What they said startled me beyond all imagination. Briefly, that afternoon, these five "persons" had witnessed a woman being torn into four quarters about four miles away and four miles down (from the Shaver house). They remarked on how "horrible" it had been; that such things "should not be"—and how heartily I agreed!

I sat up in bed and answered the voices.

"What's this all about?" I asked. "Let me in on the secret!"

Instantly there was a change in the voices.

"Pay no attention to him," said the childish voice. "He's a dope!"

And the voices switched to a strange language, one I could not identify as any I had ever heard before. And in the bedlam that followed, sometimes *all five of the voices were speaking at once*, excitedly and volubly. If you have been thinking, as you read this, that it was Mr. Shaver "imitating voices", indulging in an "act of ventriloquism", or any such explanation, you are dead wrong. What I heard could not have come from Mr. Shaver's lips—it was humanly impossible! I knew that now.

When Dorothy Shaver came up to bed, the voices ceased as though switched off. And I, as I lay there in deep thought, determined I'd leave no board unpried in my effort to find a recording machine, wires, microphones, etc.

Next day, while sometimes left alone in the house while chores were performed, I did exactly that. And if it was a trick of this kind, I was not clever enough to uncover it.

Asking how I had slept, Mr. Shaver detected that I hadn't, and although he made little comment, I wondered what he would explain. He assumed I *knew*, and beyond apologizing didn't say anything further.

The next night I was ready for another interesting session with the voices, and to my vexation, fell into a dreamless sleep the instant my head hit the pillow, and slept twelve hours without even moving (and this is *not* my habit, as I am a light sleeper and a wild "tossler"). I knew I hadn't moved, because it was not even necessary to make the bed—it was that undisturbed.

Mr. Shaver asked me again how I had slept, and when I informed him "like a log", he grinned and said he'd thought I would, because he'd asked them to "lay off" while I was here. "You know," he confided, "they think you're pretty much of a dope," and he added hastily ". . . but that's because they don't know you well enough to realize you're one of the insiders . . ."

I could have wept right then, because apparently he'd closed the door I wanted to keep open. I came back to Chicago determined to run the Shaver Mystery out of its final conclusion. The result was four years of Shaver Stories which kept the circulation of *Amaz-*

ing Stories at its equally amazing 185,000 circulation, until the Shaver Mystery was dropped (because it contradicted Einstein, some irate reader wrote directly to the publisher, Mr. William B. Ziff), when it promptly dropped back to 135,000.

Richard S. Shaver began writing his now famous stories in 1944 and has created a permanent addition to both "science fiction" and "occult" lore and he has a host of backers in both fields, although he himself does not subscribe to the existence of the mystic world described by believers in spirits. His is a mechanistic universe in which immortality is the scientific knowledge of how to live forever. He believes the earth was abandoned by the "immortal" race (the Titans and Atlans), who now live in the darkness of outer space.

Briefly, what Mr. Shaver says is this: The Earth is inhabited, underground, in gigantic caves whose area is a great deal more than the surface land area, by a race of people called by him "abandon-dero", or descendents of an "abandoned" group of people who were unable to leave the planet some 12,000 (or more) years ago in a general exodus made necessary by the discovery that the sun had commenced to hurl death-dealing radiations over the entire planet, and indeed, the entire solar system. These radiations were radioactive, and lodged in the body, being taken in largely through drinking water which accumulated the radioactive particles, and breathed into the lungs with the dust of the air which was also contaminated, and to a lesser degree, from the sunlight itself. The answer, thought the race then living on the earth (named variously "Titans" and "Atlans"), was to flee the planet, and migrate to one near an uncontaminated sun, or a planet in "dark space" near no sun at all.

This decision came after a fruitless attempt to escape the deadly radiations by moving from the surface of the earth into the interior in great caverns hollowed out artificially, or modified from huge already existing natural caverns.

Up to this time the Atlans and Titans lived virtually forever, at least for thousands of years; but now, with the radioactivity in their bones, they suffered radioactive poisoning which they claimed was the cause of the disease known as "age". A modern example is the case of the factory where girls painted "radium dial" clocks with brushes they "tipped" with their tongues. These girls developed poisoning which in short months made them appear to be hideously old

hags, with all the infirmities of advanced age.

Since there were not enough space ships nor enough time to evacuate the entire population, only favored groups escaped, and the less fortunate or already diseased were abandoned and came to be called the abandondero.

Because the sun also has health-giving rays, which these people living in the caves had no access to, they degenerated into midget-like idiots, incapable of any constructive reasoning. Shaver calls them "dero" for short, which is a contraction of the words "detrimental (or degenerate) "robots". The word "ro" meant a sort of slavery, or compulsory government. To be "ro" was to be "governed by". Thus these idiot people were governed by degenerate forces and were "dero".

There are others, fewer in number, who, with the use of machines and chemicals and beneficial rays, manage to stave off much of the mental degenerative effect of their way of life, and although they cannot circumvent the disease of age, and die at an average age of 50, retain a higher mental calibre. These are known as "tero", "te" being "integrative" or constructive. T was also the symbol of the cross of religion; it was good. The tero were governed by the constructive forces.

However, down through the centuries the deros have become more numerous and the tero reduced by constant attack to a few scattered groups in hiding who are unable to do much to circumvent the devilry of the dero. These dero have access to the wonderful machines of the ancients, still in working order, since they were built almost indestructible, and with these machines they are able to bedevil both the tero and surface people. Among these machines are marvelous vision rays that can penetrate miles of solid rock, picking up scenes all over the Earth without the need of a broadcast unit; transportation by teleportation instantaneously from one point to another (although this did require a sending and receiving set); mental machines which caused seemingly solid illusions, dreams, hypnotic compulsions (which account for the strange "urges to kill" of surface folk, such as the case of the young girl who said "God told me to stab mother with a knife.")

They have death rays, space ships, giant rockets that traverse the upper air, (the flying saucers were described in detail by Mr. Shaver before they actually appeared to Mr. Kenneth Arnold and to thousands since), ground vehicles of tremendous power, machines

for the revitalizing of sex known as "stim" machines (in which these degenerates sometimes spend their whole lives in a sexual debauch that actually deforms their bodies in horrible ways almost beyond mentioning), ben rays which heal and restore the body but are also capable of restoring lost energy after a debauch, and many more marvelous things which Mr. Shaver claims would revolutionize our surface science if we could but obtain them.

The surface people who now inhabit the earth are the descendants of those abandondero who were not even able to gain access to the "life-saving" caverns but were forced to roam the surface (producing the remains now known as Neanderthal). Most of them died off, but others developed a resistance to the sun's death-dealing rays, and eventually managed to live almost as long, on the average, as the cavern people; and today, slightly longer. They had one advantage, they did not go insane from lack of the beneficent rays of the sun as did the dero, and from the concentrated "de" of the machines which gradually became saturated with radioactive accumulations which perverted the otherwise health-giving rays they gave off.

However, surface folk lost all memory of their forefathers except for vague legends of "Atlantis" and "Lemuria" and "giants"; while they know only of the dero as "devils" who torture them in their sleep, bring misfortune, and foster much of the evil in men's minds.

Today, says Mr. Shaver, the dero still exist in the caves and many of our troubles are caused by them. Some wars are fostered by them; our terrible air accidents are not always accidents at all, but the result of destructive rays aimed at them by idiots whose only delight is death and torture; even our nightmares can be the result of their "dream mech" trained on us in our sleep.

In my research into the Shaver Mystery, I have talked with hundreds of people. I have been impressed with one thing—their sincerity. I have also been impressed with another thing—that Mr. Shaver, despite what his claims seem to indicate, is *not* mentally unbalanced. He is a grave, slow-spoken, calm, unassuming man, with a continual glint of good humor in his eyes. Yet, there is the impression of a hard life lived adventurously, and of courage. It certainly takes courage to say the things he does, knowing full well that they will be deemed insane by the majority. However, I will not judge the man's mind, because I am incapable of it—except to say

that he is one of the most brilliant I have ever met. And he plays a marvelous game of chess . . .

Says Mr. Shaver: "I have been in the caves."

"Physically?" I asked him.

"I *believe* so," he told me in Pennsylvania, "but just when and how I cannot say. How can one divide the 'dream' from the 'reality' when there is no way of determining which is which? I've tried the old trick of pinching myself. It always hurt. Let us put it this way: Are you *really* here, talking to me?"

"Yes." I said it positively.

"Then I *have* been in the caves." He said it just as positively.

Mr. Shaver's stories are accepted as legitimate evidence of the precepts of the followers of occultism. This is amazing, in that Mr. Shaver positively does not adhere to any belief in a life after death, looks pityingly upon those who believe the voices he hears and the dero and tero he sees are "spirits". He tells you that the blood of a tero spurts as stickily and redly when he is drawn and quartered as would yours. The existence of "spirits" is "wool" deliberately fostered by the cave people to explain the things they do, and prevent investigation, which surface people would otherwise make if there were not a scapegoat on which to blame the mysterious happenings.

But the occultists say Shaver's caves are really the lower astral, the abode of the dead who are spiritually degraded. The Spiritists declare that their seances reveal the existence of these degenerate little people exactly as Shaver describes them, but existing in a strange world of other-vibratory nature right along with ours. The tero, they say, are the spirits of the good, of guardian angels, of higher spirits who guard over mankind.

Says Shaver: "If so, I am amazed at their impotence! It looks as if the Devil has God on the run. If I am a mystic, a 'sensitive', a 'medium', then I have seen 'guardian angels' boiled in oil, fried on spit, and *eaten*! In the caves, one of the greatest delicacies of the dero is *human flesh*, and I have seen where that flesh comes from! Surface people, just like you and I. I can't imagine a 'spirit' eating 'lamb' stew".

On December 27, 1949, Albert Einstein came out with a new theory of gravitation and electro-magnetic fields. Months before that, Mr. Shaver (minus the mathematical formula) told me the same thing! For the record, I want to say that if any credit for a

new revolutionary theory of gravity goes to *anybody* it should go to Richard S. Shaver, on the basis of prior publication.

Whatever else he is, he is of a scientific turn of mind, and his stories contain dozens of scientific precepts of great magnitude which have been and are being confirmed by scientific research *since* Shaver described them.

Lastly, many times I have been slyly accused of being Mr. Shaver myself, and that no such person as Shaver exists. While it is true that a great deal of the actual writing of the stories published under Mr. Shaver's name has been mine, the context has only been *rewritten* by me in an editorial and revisional capacity, and although the words are different, the facts of the Shaver Mystery are the same and remain original with him. He *does* exist.

Today I have in my possession a vast array of material, hardly even classified, which Mr. Shaver has passed on to me. It should all be published, and now it will be. In this book, a beginning is made. In it I have little of a personal nature to say.

Except that I give you Richard S. Shaver and, in my humble opinion, the greatest adventure of modern times.

—Ray Palmer



A WITCH IN THE NIGHT

By Richard S. Shaver

The night it all started I was sitting alone in the darkness of the living room, the rest of the family having long since gone to bed. I was thinking deeply of *Manfred*, the narrative poem by Byron.

I was mentally stimulated by the strange evidence my thoughtful analysis had given me that Byron was not, strictly speaking, writing fiction. I sensed that he was trying desperately to say that his subject was more factual than fictional; but that he could not say it outright because of some restriction, either of prejudice or actual danger.

This suspicion of something true beneath the facade of Byron's word rhythm led me to an experimental try at uncovering whatever it was that Byron was talking about. However, I was sure that if I succeeded in calling up a "spirit" or a "being", it would find itself facing one mighty-hard-to-convince young atheist.

I made a mental effort; not in the least successful. As the night drew on, I grew impatient with such maundering, such a silly departure from sane normality. But "Manfred", when I turned on the light and resumed my reading, said again and again that "the Witch of the Alps" was no dream. It also said that Manfred was cursed. "Thou canst never be alone."

It seemed to me that if Byron was telling the truth, then none of us could ever be alone, really. It followed that Byron's "beings" could sense the thought of any person anywhere, and would contact that person if they chose.

I decided to make one more effort before turning in. I concentrated on a call to . . . Woman? The Witch of the Alps? Love? I couldn't decide what I was trying to call up! But nevertheless I reached strongly toward something that, if Byron was truth and not fiction, *must* be listening.

Not with any thunderclap and Faust's Mephistopheles did an answer come; just a lessening of the darkness (I had turned off

the reading light again). A tiny spider of light gathered itself together in the ceiling's corner, swiftly wove a growing web of brightness about itself.

Thus I described it then; now I would say it was like a television screen coming into focus—but in those past years TV was still a dream to the public and myself. Only some two or three feet below the ceiling, yet this web of light had a depth and breadth vaster than the room, vaster than I could grasp. And in this depth I saw . . . a woman!

What I saw impressed itself indelibly on my senses. It was of so vital, vivid and *personal* nature that it seemed a multiplication of *reality*. I could *feel* the woman's sex, her *mental* beauty, as though I saw her form exactly as she wished me to see it. Or was it that the device by which I was now seeing her screened out the undesirable and conveyed only the desirable features? Anyway, she was there, transparent of form, yet more completely present than anyone I had ever encountered through the eye's unaided vision.

She was neither young nor old, neither terrifically beautiful nor plain. She seemed humorously observant of me and my wonder toward her, mysteriously aware of and a little scornful of the fear that came and went in me like a wind through some terrible swinging door . . . a door that opened on vistas never trod by ordinary men. It was as though my thoughts and emotions were *visible* things to her. I felt my mind naked and exposed, and no place to hide.

But my fear was overridden. There was *her presence*; compelling, poised, sure. Admiration rose in me because of her own knowledge of her power, her complete self possession and strange calm. A sudden realization that I had "succeeded" swept through me, and this thought seemed to cause her a ripple of misgiving. She seemed suddenly to realize that she had made a mistake in answering my call. She peered into my thoughts for a long moment, making sure of my identity. Then she went. The light faded swiftly—there was nothing.

I sat a long time, recovering my composure, for my concepts of the nature of life and of Man's place on Earth had been shaken. I knew too suddenly, too overwhelmingly, that everything I had always thought of as "true" was not necessarily so. I know now that everything I had always accepted as "myth" and "fable" and "fairytale", fool's whisperings of superstition, were instead the most important records of truth that existed. For I had seen similar ap-

pearances in drawings. And those drawings had illustrated a child's fairy tale.

She had promised nothing, had in truth said nothing. Yet I had read much in the few swift thoughts I had caught passing across her mind. For one thing, I knew that her appearance had been a mistake. She had been expecting someone "in the know", someone who "belonged". I had caught that thought even as she disguised it to seem as if she knew all about me. I had caught one other thought. If my call had been in words instead of abstract thought without symbols, she would not have appeared.

For the next few weeks I spent a lot of time re-orienting my thinking, adapting my viewpoints and attitudes toward life to fit this tremendous new fact—that there was *an important part of life which might even rule me and most men and about which I knew nothing at all!* I felt I had been misinformed by nearly every "learned" book I had read. I felt that the only books in which I had ever picked up the least inkling of this hidden side of life were those books not considered seriously by any "thinking" mind. About the only real information I had came from sources regarded by the ordinary educated mind as worthless, fictional, mythical or worse.

Gradually I became aware that other things had changed for me. I was subtly irritated by something (or should I say someone?) in the background of my mind. There was a constant sly perception and reaction going on that was not my own thinking! There was a listening, a watching, a weighing of me. Some other mind was getting more and more familiar with mine. The most secret vistas of my youthful dreams were being calmly, ignorantly, and ruthlessly pawed over by a definitely intruding personality—and the intrusion was strangely revolting and resented.

I was conscious of both help and hindrance from this unseen, yet tangible presence. I distinguished at last *several* personalities where before there had been nothing but a vague perception of the mental vagaries of another entity. The differences I realized now were because they were many, not one or a few.

The help I received was a help that invigorated my thinking, made easier the hard and often dreary plugging of a student. My mind persisted on pursuing every avenue out of the darkness of my ignorance. Like all roads to wisdom, the door at the end of the path always opened on that same vista of total darkness. But like

all young people, I was still innocent enough to hope that wisdom was possible, even for me. One has to grow old to know that wisdom is the greatest chimaera of all. I was to live a long time before I understood *why* those doors opened on that identical vista of dismal nothingness, that black uninviting stupidity. But now, in youthful optimism, I believed I was gathering true wisdom in large stores that would make of my life a wondrous something denied to men who could not tap this wonderful secret source.

The hindrance I received was a vicious impulse toward leaving undone the most necessary tasks, toward slighting the best of my friends, toward forgetting the most sacred duties. The hindrance was a wicked, slothful, ill-intended lethargy that dragged its feet, pulling on my coat-tail every time I found a way toward love, friendship, better living, spoiling every little success, soiling every pleasure.

I knew very well what this thing was doing to me, but I didn't know *why*. I didn't know how to counteract its work. I was very conscious of these two contending forces, distinctly opposed, and each consisting of many individual personalities. I had no conception of the nature and location of these personalities then, but I gradually learned. Very slowly I soaked up understanding of the true nature of the "beings" at which Byron had tried so desperately to hint.

I repeat, I knew very well what "they" were doing to me, but I didn't understand why. This why eluded me as several years went by. Then my growing understanding was amplified by a horrible experience, and brought me into the class of "the accursed", and I understood quite swiftly why Byron had been so vague and yet so urgent. I understood now why and how my watchers had to justify their existence to their superiors, and how in their reports they were apt to enlarge upon my efforts to perceive and understand them. For I was suddenly graduated from a nobody to a somebody very dangerous to "them". And as it happened, I at first did not even see the connection! I didn't class as identical the identity of the new thing that happened to me, so horribly different was it. That is why I must treat of it as an entirely different phase than this account of the first experience that came to me. Yet, it must be understood that there was a logical progression, and that the two seemingly unrelated events were actually identical. Neither one was actually "the beginning", but one led into the other in so unrelated

a manner that I, myself, did not at first recognize that it was the initial "hindrance" grown to gigantic proportions.

Looking back upon this time of blind groping after the elusive hidden life, it always strikes me as most revealing of their own blind natures; they who have so many devices to help their sight and understanding and yet understand and see so very little of the truth. For it was not until they began actively to trick and deceive me, to lie to me with endless honeyed, enticing or threatening words; to show me weird and awful visual projections; to confuse and revile and injure me, that I really began to understand the *why* of their nature, the wherefore of their peculiarly fixed and malevolent character.

Their revealment of their methods revealed the *why* of their methods—they were merely doing the same as they had done for ages past. They were keeping the secret, and woe unto anyone who learned of their clandestine existence. Their methods revealed also their tools, and those tools were nothing devised by modern man. Nothing in history, nothing in modern science, nothing very coherent even in the Bible or in any ancient manuscript to which I had access, told that tools like this had existed on Earth since before the Deluge!

It was their own stupid acts that revealed to me their secret and their hiding place; their power and their weakness; their ancient, insect-like instinctive pattern of inbred activity. It was their tools, those incredibly wonderful devices built by the race of man before the Flood, in that ancient time completely forgotten by modern man, the Golden Age itself, that gave away their hiding place. For (I reasoned) since the Deluge had swept clean the *surface* of Earth, it was only *beneath* the earth that these wonderful tools and devices could have remained intact!

It was this terrible knowledge of the existence of these tools that was hardest to accept. They were creatures capable of any cruelty, any degradation, any vileness—and they had the powers of the great ancient race itself. It was hardest of all to realize that such creatures could live out their lives in contact with the works of the ancient great of Earth, using their knowledge and their dwellings and their devices, looking at their writings and their records—and not be in the least enobled by such contact.

It was my understanding of this that brought down upon me their cruel regard, that drove me to attempt flight. I knew, from

reading Sienkiewicz's account of the similar flight of an acolyte of the powerful Rosicrucian cult of medieval times who brought down their curse upon himself, and who fled through Europe to escape, that it would be hopeless; but I had no choice. They had always caused flight, had always pursued, and that was the way it must be.

When the horror began, at the auto-plant where I worked as a welder, I took a vacation from my job to try other surroundings for some mitigation of my sufferings. Thus began many years of running away, many years of desperate jumping from place to place. Between jumps and jobs I spent endless sleepless hours in deep thought, trying to understand and anticipate, to find a weak spot in their web.

Sienkiewicz's novel showed me that in literature there might be many such accounts, and in one or more of them might be the key to escape. In the resultant search I found an infinite number of references to precisely similar flights and weird pursuits. Sienkiewicz was not the first nor the last to find a plot in this mysterious curse.

The Greeks had fled the invisible pursuit. The Egyptians had fled from exactly similar "voices"; throughout their long history are endless references. Ancient Ur had known them. Forgotten cities and lost nations had left their tales of similar weird flights, poltergeist wreckages, invisible persecuters. There was a boundless supply of information about them if one dug for it.

Gradually the whole picture of what they had been in the past, what they were today, and what they would always be without change and without end, came crystal clear before my despairing eyes.

I wove the terrible truth into my science-fiction stories as footnotes, as background. Willy-nilly I tried to give my hard-won information to my fellow men. But science fiction was not the best place for an exposition of this ancient parasite, this living relic from the days of greater horror upon Earth. My writing was much misunderstood. That this race who has been given so much, so early in history, before surface man had learned anew to shape metal into machines, should have been degraded and ruined by fortune's greatest gifts was not acceptable to the hopeful young minds of the science fiction field. How the products of the greatest science ever to exist on Earth should have made of its discoverers such a puny,

fantastically malevolent strain of human was not understandable to the devotees of science who see in science and mechanics only good. How could the possessors of so much yet be so utterly selfish with their possession through the long centuries of man's slow rise from darkest ignorance?

The teen-age science fiction reader with his limited school-text history could not comprehend the possibility of their existence, let alone accept it. Neither did I expect acceptance; I only tried to tear away the ancient veil.

A public raised to believe implicitly that our modern industrial chaos is the supreme "culture" of all time looked with unseeing eyes as I tried to lift that veil. I knew then I was not big enough, not wise enough, to succeed where so many of the great of all-time had failed. The veil remains, and will remain. But for a few of us, it is permitted to see the hideous and ancient corruption that it hides, and in my own case, actually to live with it for a time.

I felt that I needed an audience of scholars, with a background of much reading in the classics and in ancient literature, able to appreciate the positive proofs of their identity and their present existence I was able to present, if I could find the proper place and time. Readers of science fiction were not such scholars.

Even so, the majority of the readers of the Shaver Mystery, as it came to be called, applauded, asked for more and better proof, wrote tens of thousands of letters (in themselves a proof because of their content of parallel phenomena agreeing with my interpretation of these everywhere concurrent phenomena).

To write that "they" had been the little people, the power behind the witches and the demon cults, the motive power in the religious miracles, the spirits behind the oracles, the recipients and the devourers of the sacrifices in the temples, the hoarders of the wealth of gifts to the Gods—to *say* these things is one thing; to *prove* them is something else, at this date. But there are many things that can be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, and these assembled proofs constitute a powerful persuasion upon any open mind. To many, they provide conviction that all is not as it seems upon the fair green ball of Earth.

To me, struggling to find an opening out of the morass (no longer just for myself, but now for all mankind) the flood of letters I received from other sufferers was a crushing blow, bringing hopeless despair. The caverns were not, I realized now, a localized

thing—they extended underneath *every* area of Earth. The evidence of their activity and strength piled up, until I could not help but conclude there is no answer for present-day man. He cannot break their power over him, nor remedy the ills they visit upon him; he cannot get from them one secret of the ancient wisdom, nor one great basic truth of scientific use . . . not consciously. Unconsciously, I think, men must borrow from “their” knowledge of the ancient work, which would explain the modern age, its rapid invention and growth.

The visits of the saucers bring with them, for me, fresh despair. For I see them as proof of the caverns’ contact with space. Knowing the cave people, I know that if any of visiting saucers were benevolent visitors bringing gifts and scientific knowledge to the surface people, they would be destroyed. To me, that explains the failure to contact our surface government, because those saucers that are not destroyed are our ancient enemies. If some would be our friends, those friends are destroyed before they can free us from our ignorance; from our ancient unseen chains.

The unseen world beneath our feet, malignant and horrible, is complete in its mastery of Earth.

And most horrible of all, it is a world of madmen.

To impress this upon you, I will go back to the time of my employment in the auto-plant, and the shocking discovery I made when the “voices” began a new, and at first unrecognized assault upon me, and made my life a hell that ended in the caverns themselves. I will tell it to you as it happened to me, in actual dialogue, and with all the tricks of literary artistry I can employ. Perhaps in that way you will be persuaded to read on to the end, until you reach some glimmering of understanding, and perhaps also, gain some initiative from it that may result in at least a partial achieving of the purpose that now is most vital to me, no matter how hopeless I actually believe it to be. Even a little acquisition of the ancient lore for the benefit of modern man will be better than none at all.

—Richard S. Shaver



THE TORMENTING VOICES

By Richard S. Shaver

Hey, Joe Raddatz, bring that dolly over here!"

I glanced up casually from my spot welding, then blinked in puzzlement as my eyes took in the area immediately around me. The voice in my ear had come out of nowhere! No fellow worker in this Detroit auto plant was near enough for his voice to be heard by me!

"What the devil . . ." I muttered, then shrugged in mystification and turned back to my work.

The moment I snapped the switch on my spot welder the voice came again.

" . . . know damn well this rivet won't fit. Don't tell me I don't know a nine thirty-second hole when I see one . . ." The voice died away, and although I listened intently for a long moment, it didn't come again.

The noon whistle blew and I knocked off. But I didn't get much kick out of eating my lunch. I kept thinking about hearing that voice when no one was around me. Funny thing!

"Wonder who Joe Raddatz is?" I mumbled. I downed the last of my coffee and put the thermos bottle back in the lid of my lunch kit. Then I got to my feet, hitched up my trousers, and went down to the time-keeper's cubbyhole.

"Do me a favor, Clocky?" I asked.

"Sure thing," he grunted, "if it's anything I can do without getting off my fanny."

"It is. I just want to know if there's a Joe Raddatz working on this shift, and where he's located."

Clocky twisted around on his high stool, faced an index on the wall, and ran one finger down the row of cards that were inserted in little slots. "Raddatz—? Unh—yeah, here it is. Sure Joe Raddatz is on this shift. Works over in section twenty. That'd be down at the far end of the building—he's a riveter."

"Thanks, Clocky," I said, and walked back toward my section. I was frowning and the information I'd just heard was revolving in my head like a silly pinwheel, getting nowhere.

"Section twenty—" I mumbled, stumbling over a barrel of bronze welding rods. "How could I hear a guy talking over there?"

I thought of acoustics and pursed my lips. "Yeah, maybe I could at that." They say there's a spot in the old Senate chambers in the Capitol Building where even the faintest whisper can be heard from a spot ninety feet away, and most peculiarly, can be heard at no other point. Acoustics is a funny thing—just the way a building is built can carry sounds and direct them to points where they couldn't ordinarily be heard. Some caves are like that; you can hear a voice a mile away, when it would be inaudible otherwise at a hundred feet.

Thinking about it that way took all the mystery out of it, and I grinned. "Takes a mighty little thing to make a guy think he's dopey," I said aloud.

I reached my bench and sat down to wait for the whistle to begin work again. By the time it blew I had forgotten all about Joe Raddatz and acoustics.

At two o'clock the voice came again. This time it wasn't the voice of Joe Raddatz. It was a new voice, hoarse and gruff; and there were only two words he seemed to be able to fit together coherently. They aren't the kind I'd ordinarily repeat. A moment late I heard other voices—voices of men all up and down the plant, and after an hour I had learned two things: all of the voices came from the side of the plant on which I worked, from one end to the other; I couldn't hear them when I laid my welding gun down. Somehow the two facts were connected.

By nightfall I had figured it out; the voices of the men were those who were near, or in contact with, some machine attached to the wiring system on my side of the building. I couldn't hear any voices at all as long as I didn't have any physical contact with my spot welder.

I think I breathed easier. After all, there was an explanation that I was perfectly willing and able to accept. The wire system, and the machines connected to it, were somehow acting in a telephonic manner, picking up voices, transmitting them through the electrical circuits, and reproducing them in my "gun". When I turned the thing in that evening I spoke to the stockroom su-

pervisor.

"Pete, how about sending this in for a repair job—it's out of order."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Gives me a shock," I lied. I figured it was better to say that than go through the rigamarole that would be necessary to explain how I heard voices through it; and the possibility existed that he'd snort and say I was nuts, and I wouldn't get a new gun—and I wanted one. It's nervewracking to have to act like a telephone receiver when you're supposed to concentrate on your work.

A new spot welder didn't do any good. The next day I heard the voices again.

There was only one thing to do—I stuffed my ears with cotton.

And I still heard them!

Now I began to get a little scared. I wasn't *hearing* these voices; I was *thinking* them! They were in my mind, soundless, inaudible. Mental telepathy!

Men about me, near or far, saying things, thinking things, and I could hear every spoken word or every most secret thought.

I knew I was receiving the thoughts of some of these men, because, for instance, I heard: "Sure, Mike, you're right about that. . . . *Right! If this guy's right, I'll eat his shirt!* . . . you're the boss, we'll do it your way . . . *and nuts to you. After you're down the line I'll do as I damned please! For a foreman, you're the stupidest—*" No workman would talk to his foreman like that.

I heard other things that were more convincing proof that I was hearing thoughts, things that made me blush when I heard them; and I don't blush easy!

Right now, for instance, a guy is thinking about his girl . . . *Say, if she thinks he loves her, somebody ought to put her straight. He's a wrong guy, but really I ought to tip her off— Hey, wait a minute, how would I prove the truth of my tip?*

Dynamite, that's what this is! I'll have to keep my trap shut, or I'll be putting my foot into it. I never realized how bad it might be to know what the other guy is thinking about, without him being aware you know.

"Put him on the rack," said a voice.

I snapped off my welder and sat still, frowning. Something was wrong with that voice, or thought, or whatever it was. Put him on the rack? You don't put people on a rack in an auto plant.

Tools, yes, or a lot of other things. Rack? What sort of a rack?

"It'll pull him apart in an hour!" the voice went on with a note of horrible satisfaction in it. "Nice and slow, so he suffers plenty! Put the ben ray on him, so he won't die too quick . . ."

My welding gun clattered to the cement floor. I stood as though frozen. The hair on my head crawled. What was I hearing?

The voice was gone. All around me was only the muted roar of an auto factory—the clanging, clattering, mingling maelstrom of busy machines and busier men. Just noise, no voices.

I looked down at the gun on the floor and I was trembling. What was going on? That voice had been no voice, or thought of a worker in this plant . . . unless it was the thought of a madman!

A madman?

I sat down, white and shaken as the thought struck me. Maybe *I* was mad! Maybe there were no voices at all. Maybe I'd never actually heard the voice of anyone else. Maybe my own mind was cracking up, and inflicting these weird illusions upon me.

But no. After all, there was Joe Raddatz. I had heard the name correctly, and he actually worked here. And there were other men in the plant whom I'd identified since. Somehow I *had* heard voices, and real thoughts.

Or was *that* insanity? Did insane people go insane simply because their brain functioned *too well*? Is an insane person only a person whose brain is more active than it should be? Is he using that nine-tenths of his brain that science says is just dormant and waiting for his future evolution into a higher type of creature? Just what is insanity, after all?

They put people who hear voices into the nut house. But maybe they *do* hear the voices. Maybe they aren't insane at all. Maybe they are just like me!

I looked at the gun again. A thought struck me. If I'm nuts, then I'd be nuts without the gun in my hands. I'd hear these voices any time; maybe all the time. Pick up the gun and see—

I picked up the gun and watched it shake from the trembling of my hands—

The horrible scream of agony that echoed in my brain jolted me right up to my feet with a gasp, and with a cry of terror I hurled the gun from me and ran. Through my mind echoed that scream of utter pain, the scream of a human being in such torture as might be imagined only in Dante's *Inferno*. Somewhere

somehow, a human being was dying in slow agony—and *I was hearing him die!*

I couldn't take any more. I managed to slow to a rapid walk, but I kept on going until I got to Clocky's cage.

"Punch in my time, Clocky," I gasped. "I'm quitting. I've had enough—of welding," I finished weakly.

Clocky stared at me peculiarly, then grunted, punched my card and handed it to me.

"You can get your check at the office," he said gruffly. "Sorry to see you go, Dick." He looked at me queerly. "Say, you ain't sick, are you?"

"No—no!" I said hastily. "I'm okay. Just decided I don't like welding. Besides, I want to take a vacation for awhile. I've been working too hard, maybe. Guess that's why you think I look sick . . ."

I mumbled the last words as I walked away. I didn't look back. Why should I? One thing was sure: I had seen the last I was going to see of that damned welding gun! If I wasn't nuts, that gun would make me so, sooner or later.

A half hour later I was out of the plant on a street car heading for home.

"His hotel's clear through," said a voice. "He dug up a lot of stuff and he's getting too smart."

I, Richard Shaver, was going insane. I was sure of it now; I sat there in that street car with the awfulest feeling of fear I have ever experienced, listening to the absolutely crazy babblings of my own mind. How could it be anything else? Even if this were mental telepathy, how could I tie such a phenomenon with the things I heard? They didn't make sense. Even insane people make sense, but this last voice in my mind—*his hotel's clear through*—what does that mean?

"He's dug the cellar of his house clear down to the caves," the voice explained.

The voice in my mind had answered my question! I sat as though I'd been struck by lightning. But I still had some sense left in my head—I gasped out another question, this time audibly and the man next to me turned to stare at me blankly. "How deep is that?" was what I asked.

"About three hundred feet—" said the voice, and suddenly there was a startled note in it, and it faded away. At the same time

I felt a numbing shock in my neck, in my spinal column, and I almost screamed with agony from the blinding headache that sprang into being.

"Say, mister," said the man next to me, "you'd better get home and to bed—you look sick!"

I stared at him through pain-filled eyes. "Yeah," I gasped. "I had better. I am sick . . . got a terrible headache." I climbed to my feet and staggered to the rear of the car and got off.

I walked the rest of the way to my room, fighting the blinding pain in my head. I barely made it to bed before I blacked out. And as I blacked out I knew a faint glimmering of the truth. Somehow, by some weird super-scientific means, unseen beings had caused this headache—possibly the same ones I'd heard talking that weird gibberish about the hotel—and that I'd brought it upon myself by asking questions. I'd revealed the fact that I'd been listening, and it hadn't been a welcome discovery. The pain-filled blackness into which I sank now was proof of that.



FLIGHT INTO FUTILITY

By *Richard S. Shaver*

When I awoke my headache was gone, but not my fear. I fled from Detroit as though the devil himself were after me.

To no avail; I could not escape the voices. I heard them day after day, night after night. It went on for months until finally I had become more or less accustomed to them—until I began to understand the fate that was in store for me.

The voices came from beings I came to realize were not human; not normal modern men at all. They lived in great caves far beneath the surface. These alien minds I listened to seemed to know that they had great power, seemed conscious of the fact that they were evil. However, they seemed to think themselves infinitely clever; but the truth of the matter was that they were obviously stupid.

I discovered this from listening carefully. Their thoughts were incredibly contradictory: to make things worse was to get along better; to make enemies was to be more powerful; to torment anyone was a personal satisfaction; to love any living thing was weak and stupid.

Who were these voices? Where were they? It took me several years to figure it out, but finally I was successful. And when I finally had learned the truth, they knew that I had discovered it, was becoming informed as to them, their place of residence, their mode of living, their evil thoughts. And since fear is one of their mainsprings, they feared me.

It was not too long before I could overhear them in my mind, plotting my destruction, though why they should have had any trouble about that I could not at that time understand. When I gained more knowledge of their stupid, crazy mind's workings, and learned that they believed they cannot actually kill a surface man without first building up a frame for the killing that will make it appear either suicide or accident or death from natural causes.

I began to realize what was ahead of me.

This belief of theirs is based primarily upon their fear of discovery and its implications, plus a more realistic danger: though often stupid and usually duped, there exist among these dero* people many who are not as malicious and evil as the worst degenerates, and these *tero* are impelled to avenge murder committed for no really good reason, even when it is the murder of one to the helpless, because unknowing, surface people.

"He knows too much; we must kill him," became a frequent thought I heard in their minds, and it terrified me. I tried desperately to contact the only ones I knew could help me, the *tero*, but I did not succeed. I was neatly framed, and here is how they did it:

They framed me subtly and completely, so subtly that I myself, although aware from hearing their thoughts what they were up to, did not realize how to avoid the trap until it was too late. I fell for every one of their tricks, because their devious deviltry and their incomprehensibly stupid motivations were not yet clarified in my mind. It was under their control that I did a thing that proved to their enemies, the *tero*, (whose vengeance they feared and whose conscience they had to find some means of dulling by building up a case sufficiently plausible to deceive them into accepting my fate as necessary) that I was no friend.

After that came the harpy hue and cry which has for ages followed and caused the death of the best minds among surface men from persecution by their own kind. Daily it rang in my ears while I fled from city to city to escape it. Yet, when my brother became involved and they killed him, I argued with myself that I must be having delusions, that his death was natural, that all this could not be without some mention of it in the papers or in books.

I shall not take more of your time to give you the details of how the axe fell on me; it is all too sordid. I assure you it did not do me credit, and I would much rather forget it. Suffice it to say that my enforced escapade, which I was blindly urged into by

*Dero: This is a shortening of the term "detrimental robot". It means, briefly, that they are "people who are slaves to a degenerate mind". Their brains have become radioactively poisoned by rays from the weird machines they constantly use and whose use they do not fully understand and whose rays become detrimental because of non-replacement of vital parts, which thus become impregnated with radioactive accumulations whose emanations are harmful (just as radium must be shielded by lead to prevent serious burns). Thus all their thinking is along destructive channels. Obviously, then, a "*tero*" (in contrast to a "*dero*") is one whose thinking is integrative, or constructive, in quality because his mind has not been poisoned by radioactives.

the subtle energy of the telepathy machines and other incomprehensible mechanisms using rays and forces that surface men never heard of, ended with my arrest and sentence to a state prison.

To this end I, a well-intentioned human being, had been driven by those potent rays in the hands of evil idiots in earth's hidden caverns!

But that I was thus imprisoned was not enough. They poured continuously upon me pain rays that, added to mental control which constantly got me into disgusting, dangerous situations, kept me on the verge of madness from despair for years. I learned at length and in infinite detail just what Hell really can be, and at the same time I realized that such a Hell has been the daily lot of many men of earth since earliest times.

There was no relief or way of seeking aid from the continuous almost unbearable torment. Had I complained to a prison guard that I was being tormented by invisible rays, I would have been taken from the prison to be shut up in a madhouse. I knew there would be no hope of release. Waiting and patience might at length gain my release here at the end of my sentence; but in a madhouse, once certified mad by medical men, I realized that I would not even have the solace of attempted flight from the dero rays, to the end of my days. For from the talk of other prisoners I knew a madhouse to be a much harder place to get out of than a prison.

I know those dero only let me live because my life was a burden to me, and because my torture was a delight to them and they feared no retribution.

I had become a thin, haggard ghost of a man when release came from a quarter I had lost all hope of ever contacting. In some manner the dero, the same, well-meaning members of that strange cavern life, seized control of the area of land in which the prison lay.

My torments ceased abruptly. A new and intensely wonderful life began for me. For the first time in years I was able to relax, although for some time I lived in dread of the return of the suffering to which I had grown almost accustomed, as one grows accustomed to a painful limp.

I began to dream and my dreams were infinitely pleasant though bizarre in the extreme. I could not recall them wholly upon waking until one night *she* came to me in my dream, and that dream was

as fresh in my memory when I wakened as though it had been an actual reality. She came to my cell, apparently, and sat herself upon the edge of my cot. With her came that laughing spirit of youth and mischievousness which I had almost forgotten as the face of freedom. The oppressive feeling that is a part of prison life vanished; she had brought her free face before my eyes.

She seemed clothed in a soft luminosity that threw rays of strangely invigorating light upon me as well as showing her strange, rich, otherworld beauty to me. She had hair of faintest golden tint, just off white, and it lay smoothly drawn back from her brow and was caught at the nape of the neck with a ribbon that was a pale green, a green that had lain so long in darkness that it had lost its original color. Her eyes under arching brows were wide and had no expression, yet her assurance in every movement as she came into my cell did not betray what I learned later, that she was blind. The eyes were very large, and faintly blue. Her features were not out of the ordinary, but strangely and beautifully exaggerated; the too-large eyes, the delicate, utterly sensitive nose, the drooping, too-full lips that were made for caresses they had not received. Her beauty was far from the standard variety one finds under the surface sun. She had that strange, wise quality men have sung of as the witch maid's alone since Time began. When she spoke, such vitality sprang into being on her strange face as woke every instinct in me from the long hopeless sleep in which they had been plunged. Yes, her face was freedom to me.

She wore a loose garment that hung from her shoulders to her calves and was belted by a metal circlet of netted links into which was thrust a metallic object which I recognized as a weapon of some strange kind.

In my dream I sat upright. My youthful visitor took both my hands in hers, saying: "Do you wish freedom so badly, then?"

I replied: "I want it more than life, but capture would be inevitable. Then I would get no more chance to escape."

"If you are willing," her halting, apparently little-used English voice said, "I can take you to a place where no police have ever shown their face, and where none ever will. You have only to agree to do as I tell you, without argument, for one year. I can free you quickly, and in truth I need your services."

I embraced with enthusiasm any prospect of escape, and could not imagine that "doing her bidding" would be anything

but pleasant. I agreed to her proposition, adding some fervent prayers of confused and stumbling words that I hoped expressed my infinite despair and the bright face of hope she brought me.

Thus came to me Nydia, as I called the blind girl after the blind maiden in Bulwer Lytton's "Fall of Pompeii". In the morning after that first dream of her I found upon the cot that pale ribbon she had worn about her paler hair. I knew then that it was more than a dream and I looked forward with mounting anticipation to further meetings with a person who could come to a man as a dream and leave behind an actual memento. How had that ribbon gotten through those walls and bars?

It was some time before the magic was explained to me. She had promised that she would very soon find means to release me from the prison, and that mysteriously actual ribbon was a constant reminder in my pocket that she had powers beyond present-day wisdom. I still do not understand how these antique teleport mechs* work, but work they do, and she had sent the ribbon over it after she had shut off the dream-maker machine. But I will speak more of that later.

After that, she came to me frequently. Sometimes she was just a kind of projection, and sometimes her sweet, actual body lay in my arms, I swear. I grew accustomed to her visits and the hopes I began to entertain built me up more and more in morale, particularly as I was no longer tormented. In time I realized that she loved me truly, a man who had not seen a woman in many years of imprisonment. She loved me in dreams more vivid than reality could be, made so by the stronger-than-human thought impulses sent over her strange dream-making instrument's rays.

She loved me with the first maiden love of a girl for a man for she herself had long been a prisoner in one of the caves and was now set free. She read in my heart all that I was, and our mutual and long desire for freedom that becomes a constant part of one's thoughts after long imprisonment brought about between us a kinship that blossomed swiftly into glowing love for each other. So it was not long before she told me all was ready, that she would come that very night during the darkness before dawn, to release me, and to take me with her into her hidden home.

*Teleport mech: A means of transmission over a distance of an actual object by means of tele rays. This machine could transmit a solid thing in a way that might be comparable to the way a photo or map is transmitted by radio. However, there is a difference in principle which I have not been able to fathom from my study of the machine.

I ENTER THE CAVES

By *Richard S. Shaver*

That same night the key grated in the lock of my cell door and I was not surprised to see the guard standing there as if dazed, his eyes unseeing. By then I understood something of the powers of my cavern maid, and understood that he was a man under mental control. Behind him I could see reproduced the form of the blind girl, her transparent form bending over a huge old mechanism, her face a mask of concentration. The guard waited until I had emerged, almost cringing in my dread lest this was just another dream from which I might awaken, then he locked the cell door behind me, the cell now empty of its victim. We walked to the outer door that led from the corridor. This he opened and stood waiting to lock it again after I had passed through it. I looked at him curiously, for his face was peaceful as in sleep and his eyes were unseeingly fixed ahead on space.

Silently as a shadow I slid out and no sound was ever so sweet as that door's lock clicking shut behind me. I sped across the open grounds and into the nearby forest and there beside me again was that transparent slim ghost of a Nydia leading me by the hand. To my undying amazement, the projection of that miraculous ancient mechanism felt as solid to my hand as real human flesh, though very different and thrilling because of the augmentative nature of the mechanism.

For miles that phantasm led me deeper and deeper into the hills. In the dark I could visualize every stone and bit of dead branch as though my feet had eyes of their own. They did—a blind girl's electric perception, developed since she was a child in the use of those miraculously potent and indestructible mechanisms, was able to sense those trifling obstacles and lead me clearly among them.

At last we came to the base of the mountain, to where it reared rocky slopes to the night sky. In the cleft of two rocky

shoulders yawned a door. It was a strange door, for it was covered with earth and grass and small bushes, all alive and growing. As soon as our feet crossed the threshold, the great mass of the door lowered silently and I know that no man could detect where that door might be.

The dim light inside the cave I found emanated from long tubes running along the walls, which contained some self-actuating material which glows. Once, it was probably productive of a strong light, but now it gave off but a dim glow. The blind girl sensed my thoughts and spoke: "In other of the caverns there is brilliant light which can be switched on and off. There the tubes are wired to one of the ancient dynamos, which must now and then be replenished by water, which is the fuel of many of the ancient power generators through a process of disintegration. In those caves, the dwellers have normal eyesight."

Into this twilight the ghostly little figure continued to draw me on. We emerged at length into a vast room, around which could be dimly seen huge mechanisms of incomprehensible uses. Besides one of these stood a soft, utterly enticing figure that was the duplicate of the phantasm that had led me here. The screen still glowed brightly from use.

As my footsteps rang on the ancient polished stone floor, this little figure raced toward me unerringly and threw herself into my arms. Her no-longer-drooping, flower-red mouth sought mine like a starved animal scenting meat. As she left the receptor screen of the ancient mechanism, the phantom beside me disappeared abruptly.

"Dick, my poor love! You are safe with me at last. It has seemed so long," cried her voice that was music to me who had starved for the tender tone of a woman's voice for so many years.

My arms went about her slender child's form. I leaned my face to those questing lips and learned more about love in two seconds than all the past of my life had taught me. The little witch had left the augmentor beam on me and only those who have loved under those ancient impulse augmentors can understand the depths of love. I knew that I had never really lived until that fierce moment when our love sprang into flaming life.

At last we stood, just looking at each other. I felt sure that Nydia could see me, her intent wide eyes were fixed so surely upon me.

"I cannot believe that you do not actually see me!" I ex-

claimed.

"Almost I do," she responded. "You seem much bigger, now that you are here. My mind can see you in a way that you will learn to see, too."

I looked about for the first time. I realized that my little sweetheart was but poorly clad, not at all like the projection she had made of herself into my prison cell. I learned later that that projection was largely mental, so that her likeness went clad as she would have liked to be clothed. In reality her garments were but a few well worn rags. I myself could have wished I wore less than prison denim, for the temperature was high, as it is in deep mines. Her fair hair, her large unseeing eyes, her paper white skin, were as I had seen them in my prison.

The vast round space where we stood was surrounded by hulking, mysterious machines; they stood dimly gigantic in the faint light of the cavern lamps.

I asked Nydia where her people were. She said with a little laugh that they were leaving us to ourselves at this moment of our meeting, but that I should meet them soon enough.

"Oh Dick, in some ways they are different from surface folk, and you must not let these differences disturb you. They are prepared to welcome you heartily because I love you and they love me. But it is not our custom to admit surface people to our hidden ways, for they are so apt to fear us and thus hate and be a danger to us. Greet them naturally and show no fear or repulsion no matter how they look to you. We are different from the kind of human you are used to. We need men like you to aid us in our constant struggle with the living devils that inhabit much of these underground warrens. But when we try to approach men for this purpose they fear the whole thing as madness or ghosts or whatever they have been taught. You see, we are forced to fight the devil because we wish evil to no one and cannot be glad when others suffer, and that is a way of thought that all the evil cavern wights* hate and seek to destroy."

She led me from the huge machinery cavern into a smaller room that was a strange mixture of architectural magnificence, the work of the Gods, and old hand-made wooden furniture that must have been brought into that place two hundred years ago, or more. We sat on a wooden bench that was a half of an oak tree,

*Wight: An elf. In this case, the dero people.

split lengthwise, with wooden pegs for legs. She told me more of her people. They had come from England's northern underground seventy years before. They were but few, only twenty living in the ruined splendor of that ancient God's retreat. Most of them had never read a book, although Nydia had a few poor samples of modern books. But, they had read men's minds over the ancient beams that penetrated through the miles of the rock of the hills, and was so conductive and augmentive one could read a man's mind many miles away. In some ways they knew more of life than does the ordinary man by far.

Many of them had contacted surface folk and striven to persuade such persons to join them, but had been rebuffed probably from a fear that their soft invitation was a mental delusion or masked some snare. For those men who know of the ancient secret know also of the evil it has always done, hence fear all ray people* though many are wise and good and try to nullify the evil and reduce the torments inflicted by the degenerate evil members of that strange life.

Of the twenty in this group at least a half-dozen were blind because of their heredity, like Nydia. For many of the cavern people come of stock that lived so long ago in almost total darkness as to become blind as the fish in cavern rivers become blind. Ages of life in the dark had developed other senses than sight in their particular family, compensatory senses. The others, strangely enough, had very large eyes, much too large for normal vision, with great black openings in the iris. Evolution had developed the faculty of seeing in the dark in these. Their skins were often light brown; or a paper-like bleached white; or a mottled, strangely lumpy appearance which came of a disease peculiar to the caves.

But these two were a kindly lot and a friend of Nydia's was a friend of theirs. I soon saw that they had little comprehension of

*Ray people: This is taken to mean all of the modern underground race, both the dero and the tero. They are called "ray" because that is the means they use to spy upon surface people and to talk to them, and to perform the many weird things their machines are capable of doing. It is by rays that they operate. For instance, have you ever had a fearful nightmare in which you have been faced by horribly realistic monstrosities such as your waking mind has never conceived, to your utter terror? This dream might have been produced in your mind by tele-projection from the dero creatures of the caves who delight in causing surface people horror and terror. There is another and more significant reason behind this practice, and that is to build up superstition and fear in surface people that has been proved their greatest protection against discovery by upper-worlders. They fear discovery because it would mean their extermination by a vindictive human race, seeking to revenge itself upon the age-old torturers.

the terrific significance of the ancient secret of the cavern's mechanisms or the true value of a knowledge of their uses. It was difficult to realize their lack of imagination and their casual acceptance of the facts of their age-old customs in regard to surface men. It is not, after all, so many years ago when all such people were burned as witches and sorcerers. They had never attended a school, yet their knowledge in general was surprising for people raised in practically total darkness. It is because they absorb general information from reading many men's minds. The fact that rickets is not common among them I attribute to the beneficial rays which the ancients made a part of the pleasure-ray machines which they are proficient in using from long practice.

Perhaps our education and its consequent results in thought are as important or remarkable as we of the surface believe. Certainly our thoughts offer these too small temptation to join us; they prefer, I think wisely, their seclusion. Nydia, not alone among her kind, but rare, had vast plans and different ideas than theirs; she had always urged contact with surface people and had at last fallen in love with a surface man and brought him with her into her cavern home. But I am getting ahead of myself . . .

The space within the mountain was an Aladdin's cave, beautiful beyond a modern man's imagination. The hall where Nydia next led me, saying it was a hall where the group met for any social purpose, was pillared by mighty simulations of trees, hung with crystalline, glittering fruits. In every one of these great rooms stood several of the enigmatic ancient mechanisms, themselves beautiful of form and shimmering with prismatic color.

Some of the machines had a startling way of talking; when one neared them they would speak in a strange tongue, beautiful sounding words of a meaning incomprehensible. That is a strange sensation, hearing a machine speak to you. I suspect that they were equipped to announce their need of oil or other minor adjustments, as we would equip mechanisms with red lights to indicate need for adjustment.

The solid, gleamingly polished and super-hard floor of rock was inlaid with weirdly beautiful designs and symbols which I deduced were writings in the Ancients' lost language. Imperishable metal lounges, once probably covered with the "shining fabrics which the Gods alone could weave"* stood beside the gleaming

*"Shining fabrics which the Gods alone can weave" is verbatim from Ulysses.

ancient "mech", as the cavern people call the old machines. It was in this great room that later that same night, or day, I should perhaps say, Nydia's family and other members of that group formally welcomed me, the surface man who had joined them for the balance of his life.



A TASTE OF HEAVEN

By Richard S. Shaver

Among the cavern people, marriage is a purely personal matter; people either live together or they do not, and it is no one else's business. I often think their attitude in this respect is the correct one. In the caves, when two people promise themselves to each other, they keep their promise; which is more than I can say for surface life. Nydia spent exactly one week showing me that what happened to Tannhauser in the Hollow Hill with the goddess Venus can still happen to mortal man. She had studied the uses of the antique pleasure mechanisms under masters—some of whom I met later. For one week I experienced all the pleasures of a God's nuptials; tremendous stimulation generators poured super-powered pleasure impulses through every nerve of my body at their full capacity. If a man could die of pleasure I am sure that I would have died then. But my tender hearted Nydia was no slave of pleasure. She was a sweet normal girl in love and I learned more of what infinite pleasure life could hold in that week than ever mortal man did before.

At the week's end, my little blind witch began to talk of other things than love and of honeymooning. I will admit that I protested at length, but she gave me her reasons quietly but firmly.

"There is much you must learn, my innocent, if you would live very long down here. We may at any time be attacked by savage, mad ray-men from the evil places. You do not yet know how to fight or work with these tremendous weapons. We cannot wait. Besides you have promised to do as I say for one year, and my purpose in making you promise this to me was just that, that I might teach you to be of value to us in such a fight."

"I am yours and you may do with me as you please," I told her gravely, and I meant it.

"I shall show you, dear lover, the true nature of those whom we must fight against if we are to survive," she said, musingly.

"There is much to tell you, to teach you, that I hardly know where to begin. But first of all you must know whom it is that we must battle against. Come!"

She led me to the great hall where I had first met her and paused before one of the mechanisms. Her hand on the control, she swung a huge distance-ray beam and almost immediately upon the visi-screen a scene of utter horror became visible. I could hardly believe my own eyes' evidence. That was a Hell, a real Hell, I looked upon. Men hung swinging from hooks, boiled in fluids, writhed on racks, thirsted in the stocks, sat on spikes tugging to get off, lay under hammers that crushed them inch by slow inch, or slid inexorably into machines that sliced them gradually with the thinness of a microtome.*

Nydia explained the horror, and I got at last the full significance of the ancient legend of Hell.

"You see, they will not allow their victims to die, but keep them alive through every torment by the use of beneficial rays. When a man is nearly dead, they place him in one of the vitalizer machines for a day or two, and he is healed up completely. Then they start him through the thing again. Do you see those shriveled bundles at the side? That is how the victims look when they finally do die."

We watched in horror for a space and Nydia concluded—

"Some of those men have lived in that torment for twenty years. This is our enemy's pleasure palace; a Hell for helpless victims of their lust for blood and pain. From immemorial times, they have had such Hells in the underworld, and it has never ceased. You see, you surface Christians are not so far wrong in your pictures of Hell, except that you do not die in order to go there, but wish for death to release you once you arrive. And they are very careful about letting a victim die, for that would end the fun. There has always been a Hell on earth, and this is one of them. Every man who falls into their hands, from the caverns or from the surface, faces one of these torments-to-the-death you witness. It never mentions such things, your newspaper, does it? That misbegotten spawn of an afreet** fears all living men."

"Do any surface men know of this thing?" I asked her.

"It's impossible to tell them of such things," she answered.

*Microtome: One of various instruments used to cut sections for microscopic examinations.

**Afreet: A monstrous evil jinni, a daemon, a horrible giant.

"Since there is no logical reason for anyone behaving as they do, none of the motives that animate surface people being evident in such activity, they can't believe any tale of a modern Hell. Even if you show them projections of the things that go on in the evil caverns, they are sure that it is a concoction made up to frighten them, from motives wholly mischievous. The truth is, almost none of the surface people believe in the existence of evil ray-groups from antiquity down to the present day. They don't even understand the detrimental robotism* which is the underlying cause of such a horror. And there is no way to tell them, short of taking them there. Even if they knew, what could they do? They have no weapons to fight an ancient ray weapon; nothing they could do would stop the thing. Since most of the victims come from among us cavern people, surface people never miss anyone without having a simple explanation for the disappearance."

She twirled a dial on the great apparatus and swiftly the picture on the screen swept through the beautiful caves and came to rest on a group of things that should not live.

"Do you see them?" she demanded. "Those things that could not live but for the beneficial rays they bathe in perpetually? The worst thing about them is their fear of technical men. They are so stupid they think that modern science might produce weapons effective against their mighty antique mechanisms, so they particularly persecute and obstruct modern scientists on the surface, although the truth is, it is improbable that men can produce anything equal to the ancient work in even centuries of effort."

"Have you had many other surface people here?" I asked her in wonder.

Nydia shook a sad little blonde head.

"It is very difficult," she admitted. "I have planned for years

*Detrimental robotism; The first two letters of each word combined give the dero his name. Thus, it can be seen that a dero is a being who is a robot (or slave) to a detrimental process of thinking, a process that always ends in something bad. Dero people's minds are affected, so that their thought processes are warped into evil channels. Picture the brain as poisoned, and picture a thought as something that must make its way through the convolutions. This is not actually what happens, but it is an analogy that will help you understand. Conceive of the thought as a good thought, such as doing a good deed. By the time the thought has gone through the brain and is transmitted into action, the thought is no longer a good deed, but a bad deed. For instance, you are impelled by your thought to help a blind man across the street, but by the time you get to him to do it, your thought has changed so that you trip him and laugh as he falls into a mud puddle. That is the way a dero thinks, and why he always does evil things—his brain is so poisoned by detrimental energy that all his good thoughts end up bad. Pure thought, say the philosophers, is always good. It is only rendered bad by the effect of a sick human mind.

on recruiting and training a group of men who would be far superior in ability to those evil ones we fear. But surface men fear us, chiefly because they have heard the whispered lies and horrible thoughts of the evil ray-men."

I looked with loathing and sick disgust at the Things that were now pictured on the vast visi-screen. In truth, they could not have lived save for the protection and beneficial rays of that Elder Race that had once lived there. Small wizened imps, goggle-eyed, their goblin appearance was that of walking dead men. And dead they would have been except for the synthetic body electricity which the ancient generators of life force pour through their bodies forever. Because of this supply of super energy, these evil people live on long after they would normally be dead. It is this fact, also, that makes them evil, for they are in truth not able to create thought, and only the slow decay of their brains is energized by the synthetic electric, which is the real cause of the evil, destructive nature of their thought. It is not genuine thought at all, but a reflection of the decay in their minds, which is a disintegrant pattern, not a creative one.

Nydia explained all this to me very clearly, and I know she was right, for they looked extremely unburi'd, long dead, but horribly alive. I believe that if they were cut off from this ancient supply of life-giving electric mechanisms, they would not live a week. Some of them hung over balconies around the scene of that Hell upon which I had looked sickly a moment before. They were obviously gloating evilly. Others were talking over the telepathic ray mechanism with people on the surface.

"To torment their victims is their greatest pleasure. They have little ability to enjoy other things. And they are always amusing themselves torturing helpless beings who have fallen into their hands. It is a terrible thing to understand, but it is true."

"Where did this particular group come from?" I asked Nydia.

"The ancestors of this group came from beneath Arabia. They came long before we did; more than one hundred and fifty years ago. Some of them are one hundred and fifty years old, too, I have learned. The Arabs knew them as afreets, the devils that whisper in sand blowing at night, or scream like lost souls in the sand storms, and mislead the poor Arabs, causing their death with lies and tormenting them with pain rays."

But those afreets, or goblins, upon which I stared on the visi-

screen were not whispering in the wind or the sand. They were, instead, lisping into the straining ears of some of the most influential tycoons of the surrounding surface industrial area. The lies they told! I learned later by myself, reading the minds of some of the rich, that many of them believed in the power and efficiency of the Secret Ray of America, which they thought was a service like the F.B.I. for the purpose of searching out escaped convicts, bank-robbers, extortioners, kidnapers, etc. To these tycoons the ray-dero from the hidden caverns posed as a secret service, hard at work selving several murders and robberies they had committed themselves. They were amazing mimics, considering that they had little real intelligence, but only a pseudo-thought arising from their long experience in reading men's minds.

"My dearest Dick, you must learn very quickly all that I can teach you," murmured Nydia tensely. "Then you will be better able to help our group—who are sane and really very good and wise—to protect ourselves from these mad ones. At present we are able to hold them off, but at any time they may get the better of us. They are really mad idiots, in spite of their clever mimicry of sane people's actions. They slay us whenever they have an opportunity to do so without loss or danger to themselves.

"Come now," Nydia continued, "into the ancient thought record library. You shall read the history of the great race who built these imperishable caverns and the indestructible machinery which is capable of who knows what miracles. These records tell of a time when the Great Ones lived on earth long before history was recorded by writing. Thus, you shall know more about the earth and the life of Man in the past than any other living man from the surface—more, too, than most of the cavern people, for few of us study long enough to learn to appreciate and absorb the wisdom that lies in such places as this library of the recorded thought* of the mighty men who were once called Gods by people

*Thought records: Through scientific, indestructible mechanisms, the Ancient Ones' thoughts were recorded on a kind of micro-film, sealed in non-corrosive containers. Placed in one of their thought-record projectors, these records yield more precise and accurate information about that ancient life than any of our history books about more recent events. Bu the nature of synthetic thought-electric flows given off in strength by these particular mechanisms, the person "reading" the record feels he is himself the person experiencing the occurrences described in the thought-record. The flow of image-bearing energy from the record is so much stronger than one's own energy of consciousness that the experiences produced from the record remain in the mind more vividly than any actual experiences. Thus these records control the mental processes in such a way that the past is lived again in a more vivid fashion than one's own life. These records left by the Elder Folk are a more faithful transcription of actual history than any other records kept since.

of earth. This is the place that has made me intelligent and worthy of life. You will become a great man if you use this wisdom, my lover."

Into yet another chamber Nydia led me and guided me to a huge chair, like a giant's dentist chair, although the upholstery was missing. She pushed me into it, and I was lost in its tremendous size, which made her laugh deliciously. There were several flexible metal straps which she fastened about my wrists, waist and neck. Then she took a strange helmet, fastened to a heavy cable, and placed it on my head.

"Lie back and relax. You will soon be another person entirely in another period of time. Do not let the double sensation of being two people at once worry you; it does not last long. This is the greatest experience the ancient wisdom of the caverns can offer you, to read the mighty thought—to actually become as a God of the ancient times."

I saw her throw a Titan-size switch on the wall and in a flash—I was not Dick Shaver, but another man entirely!



THE LIVING LIBRARY

By *Richard S. Shaver*

I stood in a forest of tremendous fern trees. Beside me was a long, enormous cylinder of smoking metal, still hot from its recent passage through the upper air. From it emerged a woman, larger than I, and in her arms she carried my child.

The fern trees seemed topless, stretching up until distance made the tremendous fronds seem fragile and delicate to the eye, at last disappearing in the mists. In the sky I could see many similar cylinders and knew they were decelerating and would come to rest at last near us. I knew that we were members of an Atlan* colonizing expedition, sent to this blazing new sun and its planets where life was furiously fecund, capable of developing a crescendo of growth into complex forms that would from our landing onward be guided by our skill and wisdom. My ship was the first to land of the colonizers of planet three under this new star named Sol.

"Put the child back in the ship, Lia," I called to the woman. "Then help me get the materials for our house. The sooner we are safe within its walls the better, for we can't tell what forms of inimical life may have developed since the tests were made so long ago by the explorers."

"Yes, Duli, Lord of my Heart," answered the obedient Lia.

The two of us began to haul out from the cargo compartment of our spaceship the sections that enabled us easily to put up the walls of our new home. The walls contained giant spiderweb coils which would set up an impeding magnetic field that would allow only beneficial energy to enter our home, once the power was turned into them. These beneficial frequencies had been determined previously by exhaustive tests of the beneficial and detrimental content of the electric and magnetic waves sent out by the star,

*Atlan: One of the three major races of space, the other two being the Titans and the Nortans.

Sol, overhead.

Within the chambers of that house I knew those beneficial vibrants from that new sun would build up a charge of increasing potency, for the waves could enter, but due to the direction of the flux of the field in the walls, could not get out again. Thus, the house Lia and I had constructed became a great trap for beneficial energy and within it we Atlan children would grow swiftly to great size and immense strength and unbounded intelligence.

From time to time as I and my wife labored, other spaceships drifted down into the great clearing where we had landed first of all on this planet which we called Lemuria. These were fellow colonizers, who immediately set about erecting their homes as Lia and I had done. It seemed that no time at all had passed before the pioneers had settled down into more or less regular living in their new environment. The days passed eventfully, for each one brought immense new vistas of the possibilities that lay in the immensely more fecund and different growth from anything we had known.*

I, Richard Shaver, as Duli, lived through what seemed years of time. I saw the cities grow. Over our homes, after a time, we erected domes of crystalline plastic. The air within each dome was not dusty or poisonous, but was a prepared mixture of gases, germless, fortified with health-giving nutrients, odorless, super-penetrating, an ever-present agent for physical well being.

The light, always on where needed, never oppressive, was a soft luminosity that possessed a beneficial force all of its own, even

*This thought record, given to me by Nydia, was a logical one to begin my education into the past history of the Earth, for it depicts the arrival of the first Atlan colonists on the Earth, named by them Lemuria. The reason for colonization was that our sun was then a new sun, still sending radiations from a carbon fire only, and not from the poisonous metals, radium, uranium, polonium, etc. (the heavy metals), and was thus a healthful place to live. Even so, the colonists built their houses in a manner to keep out the poisons that cause old age, which might be present in some small quantity. Our sun, today, from which the Atlans fled 12,000 years ago because it was causing the disease of old age by projecting minute disintegrances down on the earth in a steady rain, is the answer to the riddle of death our scientists seek to solve. In water, the poisons are present in heavy suspension, especially in thermal springs; in the air the poison floats forever with the tiny thistledowns of dust it has infected and to which it clings; it settles in the leaves of plants—so that we take the poison in with every drink of water, with every breath, with every bite of food; and as a consequence grow "old" by tissue and cell inability to restore itself fully because of the hindering and ever-present fire of disintegrance from the accumulations of radioactives. Age is nothing but a radium "burn"; a damage to the living cells so that its functions are gradually stopped and retrograded until restoration by normal process is impossible. When the cells can no longer renew themselves, we die. Today we are adding still further of these poisons to our atmosphere with our incredibly stupid H-bomb and atomic bomb tests. The ancient Atlans would have been utterly horrified.

contributing an additional push to the forces that make life grow in beauty and strength. The natural electric magnetism of earth's force field, which is in itself an agent of integration or growth, of matter was increased by hidden mechanisms focusing overhead magnetic field lenses.

These field focii were formed where the light was strengthened and focused on the sidewalks and in the living chambers so that the natural rate of integration growth and happy feet of our people were led most often in pursuit of the pleasure we called work.

For work was pleasure to us, in the increasing flood of strength and awareness that in ever greater tide flowed through our limbs. For in these cities of new life age was conquered and youth growth never ceased. When a physical body grew too large to continue living in comfort on earth, these larger beings graduated by stepping into a car, kept at the bottom of a long rock tube pointed at the stars far above. With similar companions they took their place in that space car. Then through them and through the metal body of the car rushed a flow of force, which, countering the friction of the penetrative particles that cause gravity*, rendered the car weightless.

A small explosion mechanism like a large cap pistol of the repeating type began a gentle hammering on the rear of the car, and weightless as the car was, it gathered momentum swiftly, vanishing into space in a moment, for where weight is not present, inertia is not present either. So on the reverse flow gravity beam the graduates of Earth rose into space and voyaged through the empty void like a flash of light, presently to slow and circle slowly about another planet, double the size and weight of Earth, until the great beams of reverse flow reached up and eased the car down into the heart of another great city, deeper and bigger than the one those beings had left, and much finer and more beautiful, for the builders' minds had broadened as their bodies grew through the centuries.

Duli lived a long and active life as a pioneer on the planet

*Gravity: The thought records say gravity is the result of the condensing (or fall) of infinitely tiny particles of disintegrated matter that fill all space (our scientists call it the ether) into existing matter, such as the Earth is. The friction of these falling particles, falling through matter, causes that "push" we call gravity. These particles I call "ex-disintegrance" (or "exd" for short). Here we see the utilization of some sort of force which neutralizes the friction of gravity, and thus produces weightlessness, with the result that a space ship can be driven against gravity at great speed with only very tiny rocket blasts, like little popguns.

Earth, and I, Richard, lived it over in my own brain through Duli's recorded thoughts. Duli became an Elder of the ruling council of the city of Barto on the planet Mu*, for he was kindly and wise. Many fine sons did Lia give him and life was one swift stream of pleasure and beauty and hard work that of itself seemed only sport to the ever-increasing strength and intelligence of a being who lives under the amazingly beneficial conditions of Barto on Mu. In Barto, the life that was being built up for the people being bred in the ben-rays was surpassed by no other city on Mu.

But with the passing of years and the increasing growth and size that came to them, arrived also the day when Duli realized that the time had come for him to graduate into a broader life than Mu could offer. He knew that he must leave his sons and the work he had been doing on Mu for a greater planet and its fuller opportunities for life. He stepped into the great space-liner with Lia at his side . . .

Blackness suddenly hurled itself down upon those vivid thoughts that had usurped the mind of Richard Shaver. I ceased to exist as an Elder of the Council of Barto on Mu, and returned to the existence of the convict who had escaped from state prison because a blind girl from the caverns had loved him.

I, Richard Shaver, opened my eyes and felt quite cheerful again under the spell of the little blind witch-maid who was laughing merrily at my bemused awakening.

"It puzzles you, Richard, does it not? You have lived over a century of olden days, yet here you were, all the time under my eyes. You were but reading in the manner in which we read down here, the record stored in the caves long ago of the life of an ancient Atlantean."

"But it was real, I actually did live it," I protested, almost incredulously. "I must have been that man, Nydia. How else could I have known the most intimate thoughts of his mind?"

She shook her head from side to side, smiling.

"It was real, but not for you, save as you experienced that ancient Atlan's own thoughts. These shelves that line our library here are packed full of such records."

"Have you read them all?" I wondered.

"Yes, Richard, all. For I am not contented with a bare ex-

*Mu: An abbreviation of Lemuria.

istence as it is lived here in the caverns. I long for a fuller, wider life such as those ancients lived. So I have read and studied all these records and they are now part of my own knowledge."

I was enthusiastic as I glimpsed the possibilities her words opened before me. In that little blonde head was packed knowledge of earth-life that scientists would give their lives to acquire and place before the surface world. And I, also, could gain that knowledge for myself and perhaps manage, somehow, some way, to pass it on. Oh, it was a brave thought.

"It is not harmful, then, this reading of old records? No risk is entailed by this vicarious living in strange and perilous scenes?"

"How could there be?" she responded simply. "You sit here, quite relaxed and comfortable, and in your brain alone you live many other lives, acquiring thus those experiences and that knowledge which would otherwise take many, many years of life in many forms to gain. Are you willing to learn more, my Richard? Do you wonder that I care not to spend my life in dalliance with love, heavenly as it is thus to pass the days with you?"

"You are right, my Nydia," I cried, enthused. "How wise you are, dear love!"

The blind girl's strangely thrilling voice continued as I stared at her, my own face all wonder at the seeming magic at her finger's end, that could touch a switch and relive an existence.

"This is stupendous," I stammered, dazed at the vistas of wonder her words opened before me.

"Ponder, my Richard, upon the science you have absorbed from the reading of that one ancient wise man's thoughts as they coursed through your brain. After you have read and thus lived many lives through the records in these caves you will find that there is not a machine down here that you cannot understand and operate. You will even learn something of how they were constructed. Then indeed you will be a most useful member of our little group, for you may then be able to help us devise more efficient ways of outwitting and out-fighting those devilish dero I have shown you."

"If you can teach me through these records how to fight those Things you tell me are your bitter enemies, get on with it!" My voice, the voice of Richard Shaver, sounded strange in my ears, as though an older, wiser voice had come from my lips.

I felt that to my surface years I had added those other untold years of an ancient Being's wisdom.

"Very well, my Richard, you shall voyage forth again."

Nydia selected a bulky roll of record from the racks and held it so that I could see the words graven on the case. She translated them: *Life and Wars of Mutan Mion, Hero of Lemuria.*

"You shall live a great hero's life. This is a record I have read often, for it is the most important of all for the people of the caves, and also for the men of the surface, could they but learn of it!" the blind girl told me.

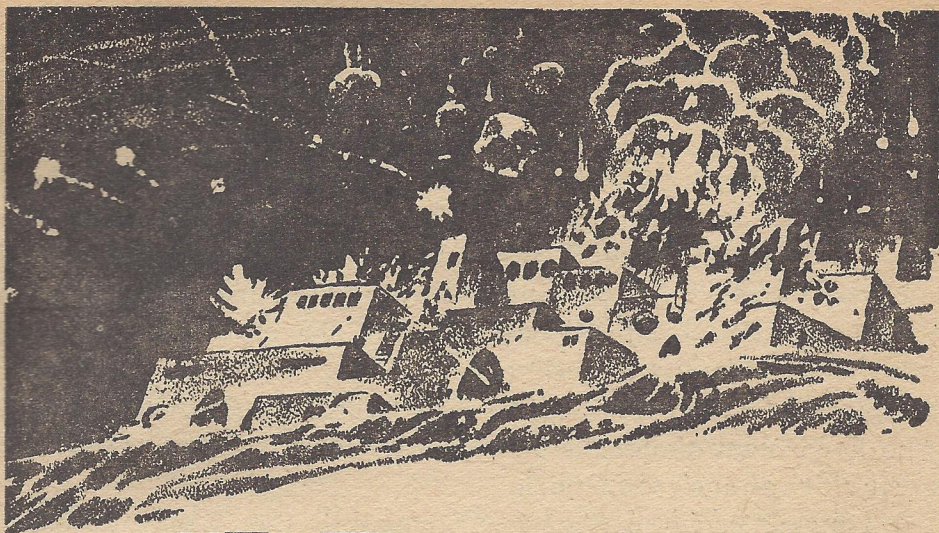
She slipped the roll into the mechanism at the top of the chair, adjusted my head-band carefully. Her lips touched mine almost with reverence, so grave was that caress. I sensed that the life of Mutan Mion meant very much to my little blind maiden. But I could not know then how much it would mean to me! And to my fellow men on the surface from which I had fled, I presumed forever. It was with repressed impatience that I awaited the touch of her finger on the control that was to open for me the door to a more vivid and exciting world—and the terrible disaster that came to it—and thus to you and me!

How important it is that you bear with me now!

—Richard S. Shaver







“I REMEMBER LEMURIA!”

By RICHARD S. SHAVER
and RAY PALMER

12,000 years ago our ancestors, the
Atlans and Titans, left Lemuria, the earth,
for a new home on a dark world in space

FOREWORD

PERHAPS my parents never realized the puns that would be made on my name when they christened me Richard Sharpe Shaver. Under ordinary circumstances the puns would have been of little consequence, but because of the amazing fact of my amazing memory of the life of another person, long dead, it has been incredibly hard for me to speak convincingly and to make people believe in me. Invariably I get that oh-so-funny remark, “Sharp-shaver, eh? A regular cut-up, eh kid!” accompanied by a sly dig in the ribs and a very stupid, “Get it?” How can a man get a serious audience after that?

And yet, there it is for all who wish—to pun and pun again. If I achieve nothing else at least you may laugh and to laugh is to be physically and mentally healthy. For those of you who will read on and carefully weigh what I am about to tell you I am convinced there will be no thought of puns. Instead, when you consider the real truths behind what I say—and even better *experiment and study to corroborate them*—it seems to me to be inevitable that you will forget that I am Richard Sharpe Shaver, and instead am what science chooses to very vaguely define as the racial memory receptacle of a man (or should I say a being) named Mutan Mion, who lived many thousands of years ago in Sub Atlan, one of the great cities of ancient Lemuria!

I myself cannot explain it. I know only that I remember Lemuria! Remember it with a faithfulness that I accept with the absolute conviction of a fanatic. And yet, I am not a fanatic; I am a simple man, a worker in metal, employed in a steel mill in Pennsylvania. I have sent the editor of this magazine a picture of myself which he tells me he will reproduce along with this foreword, so that you may see for yourself what I look like, and that I am just an ordinary man, as normal as any of you who read this and gifted with much less imagination than most of you!

What I tell you is not fiction! How can I impress that on you as forcibly as I feel it must be impressed? But then, what good to impress it upon those who will crack wise about me being a "sharp-shaver?" I can only hope that when I have told the story of Mutan Mion as I remember it you will believe—not because I *sound* convincing or tell my story in a convincing manner, but because you will *see the truth* in what I say, and will realize, as you must, that many of the things I tell you are *not a matter of present day scientific knowledge* and yet are true!

I fervently hope that such great minds as Einstein, Carrel and the late Crile *check* the things that I remember. I am no mathematician; I am no scientist. I have studied all the scientific books I can get—only to become more and more convinced that I remember *true* things. But surely someone can definitely say that I am wrong or that I am right, especially in such things as the true nature of gravity, of matter, of light, of the cause of age and many other things that the memory of Mutan Mion has expressed to me so definitely as to be conviction itself.

I intend to put down these things, and I invite—challenge!—

any of you to work on them; to prove or disapprove, as you like. Whatever your goal, I do not care. I care only that you believe me or disbelieve me with enough fervor to do some real work on those things I will propound. The final result may well stagger the science of the world.

I want to thank editor Ray Palmer for his open mind and for the way he has received the things I have told him in addition to what I have written in this story of Mutan Mion of ancient Lemuria. It began when he published my ancient alphabet in "Discussions"¹ and requested the readers to carry out checks of their own. I myself did not realize the extent of the alphabetic (more properly phonetic) language. But surely there must be a tremendous significance in the fact that the alphabet *fits into* every language to which it has been applied, to the amazing percentage of 75% in the German to 94% in the ancient Egyptian! Even in Chinese and Japanese it ranked consistent nine out of ten times.

To me it is tragic that the only way I can tell my story is in the guise of fiction. And yet, I am thankful for the opportunity to do even this; and to editor Ray Palmer I express my unbounded gratitude. I know that if even a few of you go to the lengths he has gone to check many of the things I remember, a beginning will have been made to something, the ending of which (if ending there is) awes me beyond my poor power to express my feelings.

—RICHARD S. SHAVER

CHAPTER I

City of the Titans

I WAS working in the studio of Artan Gro when I heard a great laugh behind me. If ever there was derision in a laugh, there was derision in this one. I flung down my gaudy brushes and my palette and turned about in a rage—to find the master himself, his red cave of a mouth wide open in his black beard.

¹ Jan. 1945 issue of AMAZING STORIES. Some of the reports by our readers were subsequently published, but the great majority were not. These reports proved to be the most amazing your editor has ever received on anything published in this magazine. They would seem to indicate beyond all doubt that the "ancient language" of Mr. Shaver is part of an original "mother tongue" from which all Earthly languages have sprung. For example, the name Mutan Mion, broken down into the letters and sounds of this ancient language becomes MU—"man"; T—"integration," "growth"; AN—"animal." MION means "manchild seed." So the name means "man spore cultured to new forms by integration growth forces." In other words, a synthetic mutation by the use of force or rays.—Ed.

I cooled my temper with an effort; for great indeed is Artan Gro, master artist of Sub Atlan.

"I am sorry, Mutan Mion," he gasped, "but I can't control my laughter. No one has ever conceived, much less executed, anything worse than what you have put upon canvas! What do you call it, 'Proteus in a Convulsive Nightmare'?"

But Artan Gro *could* control himself, I was sure. It is one of the things I have learned of the really great in the arts; they make no pretenses. He was laughing because he wanted to tell me frankly what he thought of my ability as an artist. It is bad enough when your friends mock your work (and they had), but when the master is convulsed with laughter it is high time to wake up to the truth.

"It is true, great Artan Gro," I said humbly. "I want to paint but I cannot. I haven't the ability."

Artan Gro's expression softened. He smiled, and as he smiled it was as though he had turned on the sunlight.

"Go," he said, "go; to the deeper caverns at Mu's center. Once there study science; learn to mix the potions that give the brain greater awareness, a better rate of growth." He patted my shoulder and added a last bit of advice. "Once you have mixed the potions, take them. Drink them—and grow!" He passed on, still chuckling.

Why is the truth always so brutal? Or does it just seem brutal when it comes from those wiser than you? I slunk from the studio; but I had already determined to take his advice. I would go to Tean City, at Mu's center. I would go to the science schools of the Titans.

Never before had I considered leaving Sub Altan, my birthplace, or as I should express it, my growth place, for I am a culture man, a product of the laboratories. In fact, I remember no other place on Mu, although it is a fact that during the process of my development to cultural manhood, I roamed the culture forests of Atlantis,² which is the name for surface Atlan. Sub Atlan is just

² According to Plato, Atlantis was a continent located some four hundred miles west of the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar). In the *Timaetus*, he describes it as an island larger than Asia Minor combined with Libya. Beyond it, he says, were an archipelago of lesser islands. Atlantis had been a powerful kingdom nine thousand years before the birth of Solon (from whom Plato heard of Atlantis reputedly as told to Solon by the Egyptian priests), and its armies had overrun the Mediterranean

(Footnote concluded on opposite page)

below Atlantis, while Tean City is located at the center of Mu, at a great depth below Sub Atlan. The walls of the great cavern in which Tean City is located are hardened to untellable strength by treatment with ray-flows which feed its growth until it is of great density. There are many other cities which grew through the centuries to vast size, but none so great as Tean City. Some are abandoned, but all are indestructible; their cavern walls too dense to penetrate or to collapse.

Since Tean City is located near the center of Mother Mu, gravity neutralizes itself by opposition. It is very comfortable. Many of the Titans live there, and in fact, it is almost a Titan city. There also are the mighty ones, the Elders of the Atlan race's government. Huge they are, like great trees, many centuries old and growing. I had long wished to see them, and now that I had decided to go, the thrill was greater than any I had ever experienced. I was going down into the city of many wonders!

OUT on the street I took one of the many vehicles that are provided for travel about the city. These vehicles, their weight reduced by a gravity deflection device, are powered by motors whose energy is derived from a gravity focusing magnetic field, by which one side of a flywheel becomes much heavier than the other. This is accomplished by bending gravity fall³ in the same way that a lens bends a light ray.

lands, when Athens alone had resisted. (It has been a point of difference between students as to whether Plato referred to the "Mediterranean lands" as lands now inundated by the Mediterranean Sea, or the lands surrounding the sea.) Finally the sea overwhelmed Atlantis and shoals marked the spot. In the *Critias* Plato gives a history of the commonwealth of Atlantis.

There are many traditions of lands located west of Gibraltar: The Greek Isles of the Blest or Fortunate Isles; the Welsh Avalon; the Portuguese Antilia or Isle of Seven Cities; and St. Brendan's island. All except Avalon were marked on maps of the 14th and 15th centuries.

The legends of the Sargasso Sea are said to have sprung from encounters with the sea of weeds which periodically grew over the shallowly sunken continent.—Ed.

³The reader will note the curious use of the word "fall" in connection with gravity. Later in the story, the author elaborates on the subject of gravity in a very amazing manner, propounding a theory which your editor has examined in detail and by which he has been utterly confounded. This glib "focusing" and "deflecting" of gravity your editor cautions you to accept in the literal sense until Mutan Mion's story gives us more on the subject of gravity. At present your editor is engaged in making an exhaustive survey of Mutan Mion's references to the nature of gravity in this and two other stories, and from many personal letters written by Mr. Shaver. When completed, this survey will be presented to leading scientists for an expert examination.—Ed.

The topless⁴ buildings of Sub Atlan fled by me; and soon I neared the squat entrance to the shafts that fell from Sub Atlan to Center Mu, to Tean City, home of the Titans.⁵ I knew that swift elevators dropped down these shafts; but I had never traveled in one of them.

Because I knew the control-man of one of the elevators, having talked with him often of Tean City and the wonders he had seen in it, I went to his shaft for my descent. He was glad to see me, and very much surprised to learn that I was going to Tean City.

"You will never regret it!" he declared.

The car dropped sickeningly, so swiftly that a great fear grew in me that I would be crushed by deceleration when we finally stopped. In panic I watched an indicator's two hands move slowly toward each other as though to cover its face in shame. Then, with little sensation, the car stopped. Here at the center of Mu I had become nearly weightless and the ceasing of even such swift motion did not have ill effects upon my weightless body. I knew

⁴ Curious as to the literal meaning of the word "topless" we wrote to Mr. Shaver for a better description of the buildings of Sub Atlan. He revealed that (as Mutan Mion's memory told him) they were topless in the sense that they were roofless. Sub Atlan is located in one of the giant near-surface caverns that underlie Surface Atlan, or Atlantis, which is mostly forest with scattered large buildings. Since the elements are not a factor, almost all buildings are constructed without roofs to admit maximum of light. Sub Atlan must have presented a strange appearance, for no two buildings were architecturally alike some of them huge spheres, or multi-sided geometric shapes, tall spires, or merely rambling structures of no apparent intentional design. The reason for this was to provide variety to interest the eye, which would otherwise be jaded by constant contemplation of the unending sameness of gray cavern walls and roof of stone.—Ed.

⁵ When asked to describe the Titans Mr. Shaver sent us the following notation, which is perhaps the oddest of all his communications. When queried about its oddity, he merely replied that he had "answered your question" and gave no further explanation. We quote:

"Our great race, the Atlans, together with the Titans, our allies and often our fellow citizens, swarm through all known space and watch ever for the birth of new suns. Then, too, there are the Nortans; but the Nor-men shun all suns and can only be found where the sun rays shine not.

"When our Atlan sciencons hear of or see a new sun born, our ships flash swiftly through the void, to test the rays for poisonous emanations. When they find clean heat from a surface shell of pure carbon, fast upon their trail come the first great colonization ships. For our race is fecund beyond imagination and has little death from any cause."

Obviously this is nothing from the "racial" memory of Mutan Mion, but seemingly something from an Atlan himself! Here and there, through Mr. Shaver's correspondence with the editors, such departures from the identity of Mutan Mion occur, and we can only suggest that Mr. Shaver's racial memory contacts extend not only to the culture man, but to other beings as well. Mr. Shaver himself cannot explain, and in many instances, is unaware that such extensions exist.

The reader will here, again, note several inexplicable references, such as "poisonous emanations" and "a surface shell of pure carbon." Later in the story Mutan Mion tells of these things in great detail, and in them gives still another of the amazing scientific theories that stagger the imagination.—Ed.

that I would not have that fear again.

Two fat Atlans stepped out of the car ahead of me, sighing with relief at their renewed weightlessness, which they had obviously been anticipating. As I was about to follow them from the car, the control-man drew me aside.

"Fear rides the ways down here," he whispered, his sharp-pointed, cat-like ears quivering an alert. "Fear is a smell down here that is ever in the nose—a bad smell, too. Try to figure it out while you are down here; and tell me, too, if you get an answer."

I did not understand what he meant, but I promised anyway. The smell of fear, in Tean City? Fear of what? Certainly he could not mean that silly fear of the elevator . . .

He gave me a number disc, and I passed on out of the cage. I walked out into Tean City!

Immediately I was immersed in the sensually shocking appeal of a variform crowd, mostly at this hour, a shopping rush of female variforms. While there were many of my own type, and of the elevator control-man's type, there were a greater number of creatures of every shape the mind could grasp and some that it could not. All were citizens; all were animate and intelligent—hybrids of every race that space crossing had ever brought into contact, from planets whose very names are now lost in time. The technicons may have been wrong in the opinion of some when they developed variform breeding; but they have certainly given life variety. I had never seen so many variforms⁶ before.

AT A corner of the vastly vaulted way where many rollat platforms⁷ crossed and recrossed each other, I stepped to a telescreen and dialed the student center. The image of a tremendous six-armed Sybyl female filled the screen and the electrically augmented body appeal of the mighty life within her seized the youth in me and wrung it as no embrace from lesser female ever had.

"And what" her voice shook as a leaf in an organ pipe "might a pale puny male like you want in Tean City? You look as if you never had enough to eat, as if love had passed you by. Did you

⁶ Obviously variforms are not natives of other planets, but hybrids developed from many interplanetary life forms mated with Titans and Atlans by deliberate applications of mutative rays in the laboratories of Mu's technicons. It is extremely interesting to note that all have the status of citizens.—Ed.

⁷ Moving connected vehicles on the ways and walks which carried the bulk of pedestrian travel.—Ed.

come down here because no one wanted you elsewhere?"

I grinned self-consciously back at her image, my voice a feeble piping in comparison to hers.

"I have come to learn something beside drawing lines around dreams. I am a painter from the subsurface who has decided that knowledge of actual growth is more important than the false growth of an untrue image upon a canvas." I wondered what the master would have said to hear me.

"You are right," she boomed back, her six arms engaged in complex and mysterious movements, picking up and laying down instruments and tools in bewildering rapidity, her attention elsewhere yet enough remaining on me to hold me bound in an attraction as strong as a towing cable. She was a forty foot Titan, her age unknowable. As I thought upon this and tried not to think of the immense beauty and life force of her, I suddenly realized she was hiding fear. I have a peculiar faculty for sensing hidden emotions. That bluff greeting had been a hidden wish to drive me from some danger. But I did not speak of it, for I read that caution in her; a very strong mental flow that fairly screamed DON'T.

This kind of fear was a wonder and a new thing to me, for danger was a thing long banished from our life. Then she spoke, reluctantly it seemed.

"Go to the center of the Hall of Symbols. There you can ask a student or an instructor who will tell you all you need to know."

The grip of the woman in her left my mind and she was gone from my vision. As I turned from the telescreen my mind insisted on visualizing that six-armed embrace and its probable effect upon a man in love. I shivered in spite of the warmth, but not from fear. The blood of the Titans was alive, I thought; strangely and wonderfully alive!

I STEPPED into a rollat at the curb, inspected the directory, then inserted a coin and dialed the number of the building that housed the Hall of Symbols. I leaned back while the automatic drive of the rollat directed the car through the speeding traffic, its electric eye more efficient than my own.

Yes, much more efficient than my own at the moment, which were wandering over the figure of a variform female on the walk whose upper part was the perfect torso of a woman and whose

lower part was sinuously gliding thirty feet of brilliantly mottled snake. You could never have escaped her embrace of your own will once she had wrapped those life-generating coils around you!

I thought upon it. Th gen of these variforms was certainly more vital; possibly because the Titan technicons who lived here kept the people healthier. Perhaps the hybrids were naturally more fecund of micro-spore. It had indeed been a day of brainstorms, I mused, when some old technicon had realized that not only would a strong integrative field with a rich exd⁸ supply cause all matter to grow at an increased rate, but would cause even the most dissimilar life-gens to unite. It had been the realization that had resulted in various form life. Most of the crosses by this method had resulted in an increased strength and fertility. They now were more numerous than four-limbed men, and often superior in mental ability.

Automatically my mind associated the embrace of the snake woman with the six arms of the giant Sybyl of Info; and I decided that I understood why Artan Gro had driven me here with his scorn. If I didn't learn about life here I never would anywhere. That had been what he had reasoned.

Soon I was striding between the pillaring fangs of the great beast's mouth that was the door of the Hall of Symbols where the school ways converged. About was the bustle attendant to any rollat way station; bearers rushing; travelers gazing about lost in wonder at the vaulting glitter of sculptured pillars and painted walls, done by men of a calibre whose work ro⁹ like myself cannot grasp entirely.

Paintings and sculpture here hammered into the brain a message

⁸ Exd is Atlan for ex-disintegrance or energy ash. It was the principle content of the beneficial vibrants. It is the space dust from which all matter grows into being. Mutan Mion amplifies the exd theory later on in the story.—Ed.

⁹ Here again we had to appeal to Mr. Shaver for amplification. We certainly got it, and along with it some amazing thoughts. Ro (he says) is a thing of simple repetitive life pattern easy to understand and control. To ro you is to make you do things against your will. A large generator of thought impulse can be set up to ro a whole group of people. Row the boat is modern and the meaning has become physical force and not mental force. Ro the people was an ancient method of government. Romantic was the name of such a government. Ro-man-tic (science of man life patterning by control). It is the same concept as used by some scientists when they say "hypnotically conditioned." It is not necessarily an evil government method, but it was one that was necessary. Any person is ro who is weaker than the mental impulses about him. Men are ro today because they are not self-determining, though they think they are. We are parts of a huge juggernaut, and we are ro in consequences. The determining forces that make our thought what it is are from outside when we are ro, from inside when we are men or gods.—Ed.

of the richness of life that immense mutual effort can give the life unit, the pro. This richness of life was pictured in a terrible clash with evil, its opposite.¹⁰ The hot fecundity of life and health growth was a sensuous blow upon the eyes, the soul leaped to take a hand and make life yet more worthwhile. I could not cease gazing at the leaping vault of pictured busy figures whose movements culminated in that offer to the spirit of man to join them in moulding life to a fit shape.

MY RAPT study of the paintings was interrupted by the sound of a pair of hooves that clicked daintily to a stop beside me. I glanced at the newcomer, who had stopped to stare up at the paintings also in that curious way that people have when they see another cranning his neck—and my glance became a stare.

What was the use of aspiring to be an artist, my reason said, if those great masters who had placed that mighty picture book on the vaulting walls above were so easily outdone by the life force itself!

She was but a girl, younger than myself, but what a girl! Her body was encased in a transparent glitter; her skin a rosy pale purple; her legs, mottled with white, ended in a pair of cloven hooves. And as my brain struggled to grasp her colorful young perfection—she wagged her tail!

It was all too much. Speculating about the life-generating force possible in the variform creatures was one thing; but having it materialize beside you was another thing entirely. Such a beautiful tail it was. Of the softest, most beautiful fur.

"What were you staring at?" she asked. "The paintings?"

I stuttered, then answered. "The paintings . . . I guess . . . yes, the paintings. I'm a . . . painter . . . was a painter . . ." I gave up. I couldn't talk, I had to look.

"They are marvelous, aren't they," she declared enthusiastically. "I always look at them when I come down to the school. I am studying medicine. Now take that painting up there—"

On her arm and breast I saw the medical school insignia; a

¹⁰ This is indeed a strange comparison. Evil is the opposite of live, the inference being that to be evil is to die. Oddly (or significantly?) evil is live spelled backward.
—Ed.

man's figure struggling with a great snake, disease.¹¹ It took brains to study medicine. This exquisite young thing, so full of gen force so powerfully attractive, was smart too. And almost instantly she proved herself to be extremely friendly and companionable. She went on talking, describing, theorizing in a gush of amiable conversation that left me dizzy, gasping, and admiringly breathless. She told me *everything* about the paintings, the statues.

And before I realized it, we were walking on together. She was full of all sorts of information, and it seemed she had taken it upon herself to be my guide, to inform me the meaning of everything we saw. Her cheerful chatter soon informed me all about herself, her studies, the schools, the great doors that led to each one from the central gathering place of the school rollat ways.

The Hall was justly famous for these doors. Before us now was the door to the medical school, formed of pillaring figures struggling with the coils of snakes. Next to it was the marine school door, formed of a crab whose huge claws met to form the arch. A planetron, a pendulum device to tell of the nearness of bodies in space, formed the entrance to the school of space navigation. All the ages of science of immortal growth had combined here in the symbols that formed the many doors.

CHAPTER II

From Art to Embryology

FROM the moment that I pocketed a disc that bore the faun-legged girl's name and address, I was no longer an aspiring artist; I wanted to know what she knew, wanted to learn what she was learning.

Arl was her name, a short, sweet name for a girl and hard to forget, too. You can't forget a girl who wags her tail at you just like that anyway.

¹¹ This insignia lives today in the legend of Apollo! According to the Greeks, Apollo was a son of Zeus himself. Disease is typified in the legend by the python, which Apollo killed. Etymologically his name signifies one who "drives away disease." Roscher's derivation names him as the "sun god." Using Mr. Shaver's ancient language, he is "authority, energizer, power source of man's growth." This is startling when we discover, upon studying the legends of Apollo, that he was variously called god of prophecy; god of agriculture; ruler of seasons; keeper of flocks; rearer of boys; sponsors of gymnastics the helper; healer and seer; averter of evil; god of song and music; leader of the muses; embarkar and disembarkar; god of streets and ways; one who stands before the house (as protector from violence and disease); originator and protector of civil order; founder of cities and legislation. Apollo, says Mutan Mion, was the son of one of the Titans of Mu!—Ed.

And so, she took me into the medical school and directed me to her own teacher. I became a member of the class immediately and discovered that I had entered upon the opening discourse.

The class was dominated by the immense presence of the teacher, a son of the Titans, bearded and horned, expounding in the exact syllogism of the technicon training. As he spoke, I became certain that this dynamo of human force could soon charge such a small battery as myself with everything in the way of knowledge I could assimilate.

There was only one slight disturbing factor. Just as I had sensed a strange, deeply buried and secret fear in the Sybyl, I knew that in the mind of this great son of the Titans there was a gnawing something that a part of his brain dwelt on continually. Fear *was* a smell that was ever in the nose down here in Tean City! The realization disturbed me so much that I failed to absorb a portion of the teacher's discourse. My absorption must have caught his attention, too, for I saw him staring disapprovingly at me. With a start, I re-concentrated my mind on what he was saying.

" . . . a great cold ball hung in space. Once it had been a mighty, living planet, swinging ponderously around a dying sun that it had never seen, being covered with clouds. Then that sun had gone out, and the deadly *ter*¹² stiffened the surface life into glittering death.

"The planet's forests, which had lived in dense, dripping fog, had in their many ages of life, deposited coal beds untold miles in depth—clear down to the stony core of the planet. No fire had ever touched these forests, because the dense fog had never allowed fire to burn.

"Venus, our nearest neighbor in space, is such a planet now, although much smaller. As it is on Venus, so it was on the unknown planet.

"Hanging in space the dead immensity of this ball was largely potential heat, for its tremendously thick shell was mostly pure carbon.

"Such once was the sun, your sun and mine; the sun of which Mu is a daughter.

"Then a blazing meteor, spewed violently from some sun in space, came flaming toward this cold ball. Deep it plunged into

¹² Ter—the Lemurian word for cold.—Ed.

the beds of carbon. The fire spread swiftly—an ever-fire of disintegrance, not the passing-fire of combustion—and our sun was born into life-giving flame!

"A carbon fire is a clean fire and contains no dense metals like radium, titanium, uranium, polonium—whose emanations in disintegrance in suns cause old age and death because minute particles given off accumulate and convey the ever-fire into the body, there to kill it in time.

"Then sun heat was clean, and life sprang furiously into being on its daughter, Mu's surface. Nor did this life die—death came only by being eaten. Then life suffered old age not at all, for there was no cause."

THE voice of the teacher paused a moment, and now indeed I knew that there was much for me to learn. Here was something that struck deep into me with an instantly vital interest. Most provoking of all was his peculiar emphasis on the word "then". I could not help the question that sprang to my lips.

"Why do you say 'Then life suffered old age not at all, for there was no cause.'? Is there cause now?"

It was as though I had placed a torch beneath the hidden fear in the Titan's eyes, for it flamed forth suddenly for all to see; but it was as quickly quelled. All in the class looked at me with that shocked expression which plainly said I had overstepped my bounds; but in the eyes of Arl I thought I saw the gleam of approval, and I found a dam to hold back my ebbing courage.

The teacher looked at me and I saw kindness in his eyes.

"You are new here, Mutan Mion. Therefore it is easy to understand that you have not heard of the projected migration of all Atlans to a new world under a beneficial sun . . .

"Yes, young ro, there is cause." He was answering my question with determination now, but he was not speaking to me alone; he was making his answer a part of his discourse. "I have spoken of the carbon fire as a clean fire. By this I mean that the atoms of carbon, when disintegrated, send forth the beneficial energy ash called exd which can be assimilated by our bodies and used to promote life-growth. However, the source of this ash is not carbon alone, but all other metals excepting the heavy metals such as I mentioned before. It is when these heavy elements begin to disin-

tegrate in the ever-fire that we come to the cause of age.

"The particles of radium and other radioactive metals are the poison that causes the aging of tissue. These particles are thrown out by all old suns whose shell of carbon has been partly or altogether burned away, permitting the disintegrating fire to reach and seize upon the heavy metals at the sun's core. Our sun has begun to throw out great masses of these poisonous particles. They fall upon Mu in a continual flood, entering into living tissue and infecting it with the radioactive disease we call age.

"Through the years, the centuries, these poisons accumulate in the soil of the planet, and are continually being washed out of it by the rains with the result that all the water on Mu is becoming increasingly contaminated. When these waters are drunk, the poisons accumulate in the body, finally becoming numerous enough to completely halt all growth and still worse, to prevent any effectual use of exd, which is the food of all integration.

"The technicons, of course, have devised means to protect us from the accumulation of the age poisons, but it has become evident that their efforts are not entirely foolproof. We have discovered that we are living on a world that circles a sun that is growing old and is therefore deadly. We are living in the shadow of death, a shadow that will grow greater as the years pass until finally death will strike us all. We would, if we remained, not even begin to live out our lives. Centuries and centuries would be lost to us, and ultimately, we might not even attain the initial growth of maturity!"

I ventured another question.

"What methods have the technicons devised?"

"They are simple ones. Multiple distillation of the water in which we drink and bathe; treatment of the water in a centrifuge to remove the very finely divided age poisons that cannot be removed by distillation; ben generators to create a magnetic field of ben energies; air centrifuges to remove poisons from the air. But I must impress upon you that it is impossible to shield us from all of the age poison; from that small amount that actually falls upon our own bodies and accumulates there as it does in the water. Eventually, if we remain on Mu we will grow old,¹³ and finally die."

¹³ Impressed with the implications contained in this portion of the story of Mutan Mion, we wrote Mr. Shaver for additional information on this theory of the cause of age. This information is curious, because some of the theories seem to be

(Footnote continued on opposite page)

I looked him squarely in the eyes, respectful in a degree equal to the kindly interest that shone in his as he returned my look.

"It is not the age poisons you fear," I accused.

He looked at me silently; and a flood of force seemed to flow through me, encouraging me, protecting me, cautioning me. It was the same feeling I had gotten from the Sybyl.

"Come, students," he said gently. "We will go now to the embryo laboratory."

BEFORE we entered the laboratory we were given nutrient potions prescribed by the Titan for his students to make them more receptive and hence his work easier. We were told that we would receive these potions regularly. Even as I took the first draught my brain throbbed with a new growth of ideas and strange new images. I was exhilarated beyond all imagining, and my enthusiasm knew

modern (by Mr. Shaver) and others those of Mutan Mion, with no particular designation as to which is which. However, we present the whole for your judgment.

"The sun itself seems to be the mother source of all radioactivity, infecting all the earth's surface and all the life on its surface. The sun projects minute disintegrances down upon us in a steady, numerous rain whose effects we call age. In water the poison is heavily present in suspension, especially so in thermal springs. In the air the poison floats forever with the tiny thistledowns of dust it has infected and to which it clings. It settles on the leaves of plants. So we take the poison in with every breath, with every bite of food, with every drink of water; thus we age as the poison accumulates.

"But we do not have to let in that poison; we can protect ourselves and grow through a longer youth to a much greater age, with superior mental powers. It is very plain that a mother's body cells, although replaced every four to seven years, are not young because they remain in contact with the poison retaining fabric of the body and so age swiftly. Yet, the baby is *young*. Young because it gets filtered blood, filtered through the placenta—and would remain young if the poisons were to be continued to be filtered out by a duplication of the placenta filter. The stalk of a plant is old, yet its seed is young, capable of reproducing itself without passing on the poisons of age. It is because the stalk contains a filter to prevent passage of the poison to the seed. The simple filtration processes of birth and seeding CAN BE COPIED by man, thus putting off old age.

"Here are a few verbatim quotations from Madame Curie's notes; 'Finally, the radiation of radium was contagious. Contagious like a disease and like persistent scent. It was impossible for an object, a plant, an animal or a person to be left near a table of radium without it immediately acquiring radioactivity—becoming radioactive—a notable activity which a sensitive apparatus could detect.' A later page: 'Thus the radio elements formed strange and cruel families in which each member was created by degeneration from the *mother* substance—radium was created by degeneration from uranium—polonium from radium, etc.' And from a later page: 'When one studies strongly radioactive substances special precautions must be taken if one wishes to be able to take delicate measurements. The various objects used in a chemical laboratory and those used in physics experiments all become radioactive in a short time, and effect photo paper through black paper. *Dust*, the *air* of the room, one's *clothes* all become radioactive. The evil has reached an acute stage in our laboratory.'

"Note the word *mother*. The sun is the mother source of radioactives.

"It is a matter of common knowledge that certain watch factories formerly allowed workers (young girls of twenty) to tongue-tip the brushes with which they painted the radioactive dials. They died of OLD AGE at twenty and twenty-five years! Not of a disease, but of age poison; radioactive particles, whose origination is from the disintegration of the heavy metals of which radium is a member!"—Ed.

no bounds. I took Arl's hand in mine as we trooped into the laboratory.

It was truly a wonderful place, the most amazing I had ever seen. I felt like a mite admitted to the treasurehouse of a giant. Here were things that were beyond my intelligence to create of my own mind power; and yet I was being given free and welcome access to all of them, to learn from them, and to use the knowledge if I wished in my future life and work.

Many strange machines filled the laboratory, all performing tasks that I could only guess at. But these machines were subordinate to the real science of this great room, being designed only to chemically and electronically nourish and develop the many human embryos that moved and grew in synthetically duplicated mother-blood in sealed bottles.

The older ones kicked and tugged healthily at the grafted umbilical tube which supplied the life fluid—called Icor, the "blood of the gods". And it was this blood that was the subject of the lecture the Titan now gave us.

He told us of the upkeep and preparation of this fluid, both in the embryo and the adult; the difficult and important part being (he now stressed his words with greater emphasis with his attention bent especially toward me) the process of detecting and removing the slightest trace of the radioactive poisons that cause age.

I studied and I learned! These were the processes which had given the planet Mu its health and enabled us to live under more aging suns than other races. These were the life methods that had given us our fecundity; which had populated space for thousands of centuries with the seed of Atlan. I wanted to know all there was to learn about them.

The Titan, an old master at this most basic process of Atlan life, had imbued me with an enthusiasm for the true creations of life in its infinite possibilities of growth—such as no mere painter ever had. The delicate handling of those ultra-minute products of disintegration from which primary integrations are formed; the mixing of these integrations into the atoms of elements; the chemistry of combining these atoms into the molecules of the substances used in the manufacture of synthetic blood, Icor—all these steps were sheer artistry, yet were made as simple as child thought by the genius of the Titan.

ONCE more the Titan commented on the proposed emigration from Mu, weaving it into his lecture. There seemed to me to be an undercurrent of double meaning in his motive for repeating it; a double meaning that I strove to, and succeeded, associate mentally with the fear-thing that was something else and also something so secret it must not be mentioned. It was as though even the fact that there *was* fear of that "something" must be kept secret.

Our aging sun (he said) threw off increasingly large amounts of these sun's seeds, small but dense and active disintegrative particles, and I learned that keeping Atlan's peoples young was an increasingly difficult job for the technicons. I learned that the coordinators and rodite¹⁴ were preparing the plans and ships for our migration to a young, new-born sun, where the force setup of life conditions left a greater margin of exd for intake of power, where integrance went on at a faster pace, and where the infection that caused the occasional trouble with detrimental energy robotism or detrimental err¹⁵ in the human did not occur.

When the lecture in the embryo laboratory was finished we filed back to the classroom, and there the Titan flipped the switch that controlled the teleyes that supplied the home telesets of many with the course. We had not been dismissed, and I could see from the puzzled looks on the faces of the other students that this was not in accordance with the regular schedule.

¹⁴ Rodite—Life patterns synchronizers.—Ed.

¹⁵ This is mainly due (explains Mr. Shaver) to depolarization of the matter of the brain; it is no longer earth polared, it is sun polared—and hence inducts the disintegrant flows from the sun into the brain by simple dynamic induction. I think a magnet could be sun polared and point to the poles of the sun just as an ordinary compass points to the poles of the earth. This is what happens to parts of the brain; they become sun polared. In the desert this is known as "cafard," to become crazed and kill until killed. Others are just stupid, depending on what parts of the brain are affected. The Malay "amok" and the Norse "berserk" are the same phenomena. When it lies in the part of the brain devoted to memory, the result is absent mindedness. When it lies in the nervous system and ego recognition or activating centers, the victim is a killer or a repressive reactionary. It is simply true that man is an electrical machine which functions well when his energy flows are of his own creating, but functions especially ill when the energy flows are from the sun.

The sun is quite a dynamo; it always gives off, from the surface; while earth always takes in, from the surface. Much of this intake is "snapback"; that is, it is returning to a state of matter. Gravity is merely the disintegrant energy of suns returning to material form. Much of it, however, is like radium, a persistent disintegrant seed of a sun. Radioactivity is the seed of disintegration.

Hence, a mind powered by sun particle energy flows of a detrimental nature becomes robot. The result is robotism, or the inability to think constructively. Victims of detrimental err have but one basic thought, to kill, in keeping with the natural elemental instinct of the disintegrant metals. (The reader has been presented here with two sensational theories which appear in complete form later in the manuscript; the nature of gravity, and the interrelation of energy and matter in an endless circle.—Ed.

For a long moment the Titan looked at us, and especially at me. Then he spoke:

"Today things have been said and seen and discussed in this class that had no direct bearing on the course you came here to take. You, Mutan Mion, have been the most brash—" my face grew red, and he hastened to add, "No, Mutan, I do not mean that you have been too forward; I mean brash in the sense that you have exposed yourself to a greater danger than that of my wrath." His eyes twinkled at the word wrath, and I knew that such would never be much of a danger! "I meant the menace that has caused the fear you have somehow seen in me. Perhaps you have sensed this in other places in Tean City, among others of the Titans; so it must be, for you to have been so certain of it as to challenge me.

"Yes, there was, and is, fear in me. And it is a fear that we all try to keep secret because those of us who show fear also show suspicion if not knowledge, and either has been equivalent to the signing of a death warrant. There are spying rays on us . . . at the moment we are screened . . . that seek out our knowledge and destroy us before we can coordinate it into an effective counteraction to the thing that is going on; to the thing we fear."

"What is that thing?" I breathed aloud, so intense was my interest.

THE Titan drew a deep breath. "It has come to me that certain groups of Atlan are against the projected migration, and the recent disappearance of several men important to our work lends color to the story. Of course we all know that the only units able to do anything of the kind would be the key rodite of Sub Atlan and Center Mu. Some of these may have accidentally suffered a severe flashback of detrimental ion flow, so that their will has become one under detrimental hypnosis. What rodite area has become so corrupt as to allow such a condition to go unchecked I cannot understand; but that we are all in danger until the thing is checked is most certainly true.

"Therefore, since you here have gained an inkling of something wrong, it is only your right to be aware of it, so that inadvertent words may not cause you great harm. Also, we must fight this thing; and *all of us* must fight. So you may consider yourselves deputized by the ruling life of Mu to seek out the information that will clear the way for the migration. Until that is done we

suffer fear, not new to me, but to most of you.

"You may go."

Looking back at his gigantic form as I left the classroom, I saw him musing deeply; and the concern on his face told me that things must be even more fearful of consequence than he had made us believe. Reason told me, too, that it must be so—for great indeed must be the evil that can bring fear to the heart of a Titan, the super being of all Mu and of the universe.

CHAPTER III

Terror in Tean City

THAT evening Arl took me to a dance. Never had I known that there could be such pleasure! And as a part of it all I discovered that my education was to continue through every waking hour, whether in scheduled class or not. There was so much to be learned from actual living! And Arl, it seemed, was determined that nothing should be lacking in my education. Nor did I object, for nothing suited me better than to have her, beautiful tail and all, showing her friendship and interest.

The dance, she told me on the way to the hall in a rollat car, was very scientifically handled by trained technicons. The stimulation of human attraction between male and female, she told me was due to the generation of many kinds of tiny fecund spores which grow and are released upon stimulus by male and female. The male spores grow in the female and vice versa, just as pollen between flowers. This cell pollen and the sensation of its growing presence is love. I could imagine the immense fecundity given this process by the strength of the Atlan race, whose growth and youth¹⁶ never cease.

¹⁶ The Atlans, Mr. Shaver reveals, were ever youthful, and never ceased growing. There was no such thing as "maturity" in the sense that growth stopped. Thus, an Atlan's age could be determined to a certain extent by his size. Many of them reached tremendous stature, sometimes as much as 300 feet, and heights of 40 feet and more were rather common. Mr. Shaver refers to "ancient" books which have been destroyed, which contained a great deal of Atlan knowledge and history, but points to references in the Bible such as "In those days there were giants in the Earth" as actual truth, recorded memory of the Titans. Especially significant is the definite statement "*in the Earth*" and not *on it*! The Atlans, by the use of their wonderful machines, kept their bodies constantly supplied with a sufficient amount of exd (the energy ash from which all matter is formed by condensation) so that their growth never stopped, but their bodies grew ever larger and heavier. Health itself was determined by weight; a healthy person was heavy. If he became ill, he lost weight. Illness is the inability of the body to fully realize the available exd, or is the result of an insufficient quantity of exd.—Ed.

We arrived at the place where the dance was to be held, and I found a great room, tastefully draped, and decorated by paintings that depicted such scenes of love and joy and health as I have never before seen. Just as the paintings at the Hall of Symbols held forth that invitation to join in the elevation of the race, so did these paintings show the way to participation in love and joy.

The dance had already begun and we joined the throng on the floor. Almost instantly I was aware of the influence of stimulating electromagnetic frequencies. I felt the flow of exd of appropriate attunements; my nerve cells responded in a thrilling fashion.

The stimulating rays strongly ionized the air of the hall; making it extremely conductive to the electric pressure of the body aura, so that the dancers were intensely aware of each other. The consequently augmented vital aura of the cell pollen permeated the hall. It was absorbed by my body, and by that of lovely faun-legged Arl snuggled in my arms, and by all the young, ecstatic bodies of those who danced about us. Under the stimulus, we wove intricate patterns on the gleaming floor; and the odor music of the Atlans wove into the sound music many scent accompaniments. These scents are of the most penetrative and nutrient of all food chemicals, feeding the nerves as they are driven into the body by strong sound waves of a penetrative frequency.

In the enhanced delight of the dance I was oblivious of all but the bundle of vitality to which my pulse and soul were synchronized, and my arms held Arl as a treasure beyond value.

Then, as I lost myself in pleasure, it happened. The madness of the fear that was upon Tean City struck; and for the first time in my life I knew the true meaning of terror!

ARL screamed, and pushing me from her, pointed to the edge of the dance floor. There the great shoulders of a horned son of a Titan hunched, one big hand clutching in desperate agony at the folds of a drape, the other pointing up and out to indicate the path of the ray that played upon him. Even in the face of death his only thought was to tell what he knew of the fear; and to point out its direction so that the technicons might answer with a ray of their own.

But nothing checked the ray; and I realized that contrary to all the usual rules there was no guard ray on duty. No wonder there was fear in Atlan! Slowly the huge youth's face turned black,

his legs buckled, he fell and rolled over on his back, tongue protruding and eyes staring. He was dead.

His friends rushed to him, but the deadly ray had not ceased. It played first on one figure and then on another; each victim rolling in turn to the floor, face black with death.

"By the Elder Gods!" I swore to myself at the realization that no guard ray was going to protect us. "It is true; our perfect government is not so perfect after all!"

I stood as though oblivious to the fact that death might strike my way too. I could only look and rage within me at the death that played about the recently joy-filled hall. Within me the stimulating rays still caused an elation, but it was submerged beneath the surge of wrath that made my blood hot.

Arl was tugging at my elbow, the canny will to live of the female evident on her face in an expression of anxiety and calculation. Together we left the hall, taking a route along which her clicking hooves led me. We kept with a group of young Atlans who walked, without panic or the impulse to run, toward the parked rollats. I knew why; they feared to attract a spy-ray to themselves.

Arl's fingers pressed warningly on my arm, and I heard her whisper, her voice low, casual. An excited tone might have attracted the curiosity of the mad mind behind the black deaths, who must even now be surveying the scene of his mad acts of killing in grisly satisfaction.

"Listen to that man just behind us—"

I LISTENED. His voice was also casual—held no excited note. In his voice was the cultured note that was evidence of one who has absorbed much of the vast education obtainable in Tean City. "—also heard that what lies behind the fear and death here is the mad wish of certain rodite to appropriate the whole fleet of ships prepared for the migration and go to the new sun leaving nothing behind alive with brains enough to build and fly ships in pursuit. Thus they would have the new sun's clean light entirely for themselves and their future seed."

A selfish thing, indeed! But more mad than selfish. Such a view could only be the result of detrimental err.

The speaker went on. "We, the medicro, know how fecund life can be, but we also know the madness of refusing all of the

normal units of life's fabric the right to existence and growth. No social fabric can be built of dull and lifeless robots which are so besotted with detrimental energy that they refuse the least of the units of the fabric their right to growth and intelligence. Therein lies the strength of the social fabric—the unit's realization of its own self and its place in the whole. The whole basis of a fuller life is the acquisition by mutual effort, the backing on which is woven the social pattern of the fabric itself."

I heard another voice, answering in agreement, yet with a troubled note evident in its tones, as if the speaker felt that agreement alone was not enough; that simply denouncing a thing that was as evil as this would not be enough. "Yes, this murderous effort is doomed to failure. The intelligent members of the guilty rodite must realize that such murder of the normal life unit is the refusal of their own right to share in the fruits of the social project. They must realize that such men as the Titan youth they killed have a potential value as great as their own."

Another voice chimed in. "Then why is it refused recognition? If they are intelligent, then why do they act so detrimentally? It must occur to them soon, or it will be too late."

"Unless they are all mad," said the first speaker. "The sane unit of such a project will see that the basic unit right is inherent to their own success, and realize that destroying those rights will wreck their own plans. The only thing it can be is the explanation a Titan growth technicon offered—that some rodite have been detrimentally charged by disintegrant coil leaks . . ."

I COULD not help breaking into the conversation.

"That is right! The thing has been explained to me that way; as a detrimental hypnosis in which the ego—or self-will—the self recognition of the mind centers confuses its self-originated impulses with the exterior-originated detrimental impulses to destroy. Such a condition is called a dero,¹⁷ or detrimental energy robotism.

¹⁷ Pressed for a more complete explanation, Mr. Shaver has defined 'dero' for us: "Long ago it happened that certain (underground) cities were abandoned and into those cities stole many wild mortals to live. At first they were normal people, though on a lower intelligence plane; and ignorant due to lack of proper education. It was inevitable that certain inhabitants of the cultural forests lose themselves and escape proper development; and some of them are of faulty development. But due to their improper handling of the life-force and ray apparatus in the abandoned cities, these apparatus became harmful in effect. They simply did not realize that the ray filters of the ray mechanisms must be changed and much of the conductive metal re-

(Footnote concluded on opposite page)

The thing is simple enough, but I cannot understand how it could happen here in Tean City, where perfection in romantics is so old. Such an occurrence is guarded against by many battle ro, by great organic battery brains raised for just that purpose. How could it happen?"

The two Titans looked at me and shook their heads. They knew as little as I how it could be.

"Well, it couldn't but it did!" Arl said with feminine logic, and taking me by the arm, led the way to a rollat. In a moment we were speeding away from the dangerous area. Beside me Arl relaxed with a sigh, and I felt her trembling reaction.

I put an arm around her. "Brave girl," I whispered.

We were soon nearing Arl's apartment, and looking down at her fresh, young face, I felt a wave of worry pass through me.

"I wish we were under that new sun right now; on those fresh-born planets of life with clean new coordinating mechanisms under rodite we ourselves selected and could therefore trust. I fear that the migration has been too long delayed—the old sun's disintegrant pressure upon the unseen base of our life is now too great for anything else to happen than what happened tonight. Can we help to strive against this immense err, deep-seated in the control minds about us as it must be; or must we flee at once, before they make impossible our flight, thinking of it as a danger of tale bearing?"

newed regularly. If such renewals are not made, the apparatus collects in itself—in its metal—a disintegrant particle which gradually turns its beneficial qualities into strangely harmful ones.

"These ignorant people learned to play with these things, but not to renew them; so gradually they were mentally impregnated with the persistently disintegrative particles. This habituates the creature's mind, its mental movements, to being overwhelmed by detrimental, evil force flows which in time produce a creature whose every reaction in thought is dominated by a detrimental will. So it is that these wild people, living in the same rooms with degenerating force generators, in time become dero, which is short for detrimental energy robot.

"When this process has gone on long enough, a race of dero is produced whose every thought movement is concluded with the decision to kill. They will instantly kill or torture anyone whom they contact unless they are extremely familiar with them and fear them. That is why they do not instantly kill each other—because being raised together, the part of their brain that functions has learned very early to recognize as friend or heartily to fear the members of their own group. They recognize no other living thing as friend; to a dero all new things are enemy.

"To define: A dero is a man who responds mentally to dis impulse more readily than to his own impulses. When a dero has used old, defective apparatus full of dis particle accumulations, they become so degenerate that they are able to think when a machine is operating and they are using it; otherwise they are idiot. When they reach this stage they are known as 'ray' (A Lemurian word not to be confused with ray as it is used in English). Translated, ray means 'dangerous or detrimental energy animal.' Ray is also used to mean a soldier—one of those who handles beam weapons (note how the ancient meaning has come into our modern word)."—Ed.

But Arl's lips were on mine as the rollat slowed before her home, an effective quietus to my dangerous words, and my mind no longer dwelt on the fear—nor imagined the embrace of a six-armed giant Sybyl female or the crushing coils of a snake woman about me!—for it was too busy recording the ecstatic sensations of the intense vital charge the faun-legged girl threw into her embrace. My mind gave up its worry in Arl's soft contact.

THE next day I entered the classroom and found it empty. I went to the incubation laboratory and found several other early students standing there in silent consternation, the fear welling up almost to openness in their eyes. The Titan was not present nor were any of his attendants. Some of the embryos were dead, others half-smothered; because no attendant had turned on the filtered, enriched air tanks which kept their nutrient fluid supply aerated. I started toward them, but a young son of a Titan stopped me.

"I turned them on," he said in low, evenly-measured tones.

"Where is the Titan?" I asked.

"No one knows," was the answer I got from all.

Other students came in now, among them Arl. She came to my side, but remained silent, troubled.

We waited a short time. Then a student called tutor center, to inquire. He turned to us with a peculiar look in his eyes.

"They say he is ill!"

"Ill?" The exclaimed question burst from all of us. In Atlan this was startling. Illness is almost unheard of; a rarity existant only on the space frontiers where new varieties of germs were sometimes troublesome.

The news brought Arl close to me, her silky-furred tail trembling as shudders shook her slim body. "Mutan, I am afraid," she whispered.

Her fear transmitted itself to me, and the thought came into my mind that this room was not safe. The same thought obviously had come to the others, because our movement toward the exit was as though by mutual accord. There was obviously some awful connection between the black deaths and the Titan's strange non-appearance. Yesterday the Titan had said a guard ray was on while he spoke to us so gravely of the fear—Had that guard ray been no guard at all? Had those evil rodite penetrated the guard ray, heard

his words, known the Titan as a menace to their plan?

The class was dismissed—this time by fear!

And somehow I knew that the thought in my mind was in the mind of all. We had the same knowledge the Titan had. We were in the same danger. We were marked for disappearance, illness, or the black death! We must flee, now or never!

PROOF of the thoughts of the others came almost instantly. As we trooped in assumed light-heartedness down the tunnel toward the rollat ways one of the accompanying youths proposed a picnic in the forest to celebrate the unexpected holiday. He said it loudly in a gay voice, and the others chorused their delighted approval, a delight that Arl and I feigned too. All fell in with the project, the unspoken desire to flee the city strong in our breasts, our anticipation of being together among the trees, which subterranean dwellers seldom see, strong too.

I raced ahead with Arl, shouting gayly, "Let me lead you to the elevators." There was meaning in my voice, and intent in my mind. I was not forgetting my promise to my friend, the control-man.

We reached the shaft that led to Sub Altan, from which we would take another lift to surface Mu. There, as we shot upward, I whispered the news to the control-man. "The terror is loose in Tean City," I concluded. "Escape as soon as you can. If at all possible, beg off from another descent and be away. There is great danger for all whom they suspect are aware of them."

He retained a straight face, but I could see the concern in his eyes, and the determination to make good his escape also.

As we lolled in apparent ease on the soft sod of the culture forest, the traditional empty glass made its appearance in the circle. No one spoke of it, but its significant reminder of death's clutch was a constant thing in my mind. Never had fear and death been a part of my thought before; but that empty goblet with its sweetly spiraling stem uppermost was no longer just tradition, but now had a meaning almost immense. What to do to avoid that damnable mechanical play of detrimental force from the mind of some unknown rodite, staring through the viewplates of his defective, detrimentally hypnotic mechanism, seeking to destroy the best first?¹⁸ If they

¹⁸ Just as lightning strikes the highest point, so does detrimental force seek the

thought we were escaping they would seek us out and snatch us back.

I sat and mused. "Simple magnetics yet such mighty minds as the Atlans fall before it. We must be clever . . ." I went on thinking of it but again recurred the regret of last night. If only the migration had taken place a few years ago! But perhaps it had been so planned; and delayed? Delayed by the black death which had thus far struck so secretly and silently. The plan of the rodite must be near completion or their secrecy would have been maintained.

And then, as I sat there, an idea presented itself. I knew a way to escape, and I spoke quickly before my thoughts were clear enough for any seen listener to read—

"Let us all charter a space ship and take a look at Mother Mu from above! There is no greater thrill than that to cap the day!"

As one we leaped to our feet. I knew then that our thoughts had been similar; I had only been the first to express the next step in spoken words.

"We will have to take a shuttle ship first," said a young Titan quickly. "Come, I know the way."

CHAPTER IV

Escape Into Space

ACCUSTOMED as I had become to variform life, we presented a strange, almost fearsome appearing company to my eyes as we made our way toward the shuttle ship station. There was young Halftan, of Venusian blood, long-legged, web-footed and -fingered, his eyes huge and faceted; his mate, a girl of Mu except that some forebear had given the line four arms, probably under the stimulus of mutation rays because the family pursuit of making instruments was one where twice the number of fingers could well be used; Horton, a young fellow of mixed bloods, older than the rest of us, quiet, but long eared and sharp-nosed—a listening fox; his girl, a thin, gray, transparent-skinned maid of Mars, fragile and lovely, her large, leaf-green eyes lighting devoted friendship wherever they rested; two young Titan sisters, their horns just sprouting from under their curls, their great bodies new-budding into

most active and the healthiest fruit first—they are most attractive. The detrimental is only a film over an integrative ion, which is attracted first to the most integrant bodies near. This holds true in thought movements also—thus a dero strikes at the best first.—Ed.

womanhood; their two escorts, of the Elder's special creation, large-headed youths of tremendous intelligence, their hands double-length, their necks and shoulders by far stronger than normal to carry their great heads easily, and finally a young Titan male, accompanied by his friend who were a distant cousin of my own Arl and whose sprightly colorful femininity hinted that Arl's family must be especially noted for their beauty.

Together we made up a company of twelve life-forms of great diversity; and yet all of us citizens of Atlan; citizens apparently on an outing, now bound for a gay adventure to end a holiday's festivities in the supreme thrill, a sight-seeing trip into space.

We dared not think of our true purpose; and I knew that at least the two Elder escorts were aware of what had brewed in my mind and would back me up when the time came. We thought only of our coming adventure, and tried to feel the delight of it so that even our emotions would register true to any spying teleray that sought us out to check on our motives.

The shuttle ship we boarded was a small, bullet-shaped plane containing little but a cabin, air-making equipment and small fuel compartment in the rear. This plane was not a space ship, but only a sort of bullet to be shot from the surface of Mu to the large station ship of great weight which circled in its own orbit, just as the moon circles the earth forever.

To get the shuttle ship on its way gravity was neutralized by an upward beam of semi-penetrative force traveling at light speed which was turned on gradually until the car floated in its cradle under the effect of the reverse fiction of the force blast passing through the car.¹⁹

WHEN the weight of the car was thus reduced to less than a pound, I turned on the rocket blasts very gradually and traveled up the reverse gravity beam instrument. In thirty minutes we were circling the huge station ship as though we were in our turn its satellite just as it was a satellite of earth. With vernier rocket blasts, about the size of toy pistol explosions, the nearly weightless

¹⁹ Mutan Mion explains that gravity is the friction of condensing exd, ex-disintegrance, falling through matter into earth. By using a beam of similarly condensing particles of ex-disintegrance a harmless beam of upward gravity is obtained which can levitate matter slowly or drive it upward at immense speed. All space is filled with the ash from disintegrance of the suns of the universe. This, condensing again into matter, is integrance or gravity.—Ed.

plane approached a landing. Above us spread the world we had just left, making an imposing sight as we settled into a cradle atop the space station

When we stepped from the shuttle ship at the edge of the oval landing area, we saw several globe-bodied moon-men bustling about their own type of shuttle plane, a long, wingless splinter constructed of a very fragile and glass-like substance. Although I feared to think upon it, the moon was my next destination. One thing that all of us knew was that we never intended to return to earth. The blackened face of that son of the Titans, the noblest blood in Tean City, as he lay dying on the dance floor rose before me to tell me flight was not only best, but the only course for us.

In spite of myself my eyes roved over the black dome of space, searching for the lights that might indicate a pursuing craft. It seemed almost impossible that we were fooling the mad rodite and their spying telepath rays. In spite of all self-imposed mental guards, my mind seemed intent on shrieking "Escape! Escape!" through every possible loophole in my concentration.

I engaged the gnome-like moon-men in conversation in an attempt to still further blanket my turbulent mind. Arl caught my eye and wagged her tail in cheerful encouragement, seeming to divine what was on my mind. How expressive that beautiful tail of hers was; how much it could say; and with no dangerous thought waves to betray its meaning to those who must not receive register on their sensitive instruments. With that tail, no language, no thought-transference was needed!

But even if pursuit developed, I had one trick up my sleeve. I dared not think of it, or some watching rodite informer might advise any pursuers of my plans and a way to circumvent them would be devised.

It struck me that not all of the rodite might know of recent conditions and developments in Tean City. Nothing had been announced on the tele-screen news. Thus, while we were escaping, others ought to know the truth, and certainly not all the rodite were dis-infected. They would not report what they read in my mind, and the rodite who knew would not attach special significance to others who knew, and the very fact that it was thought about an unguarded way might cause them to dismiss us as of immediate danger, and thus blanket our intent to escape.

I thought of the dance, of the sudden striking of the black death

on the dance floor, of my puzzlement as to what it might mean. I thought of the disappearance of our tutor technicon, wondered if he too were murdered. Any sub-rodite, getting a register of my thoughts, would certainly ponder the meaning of the unbelievable existence in center Mu of murder; murder whose actuality he could not doubt, because it would come to him as the unguarded and therefore true thought of a ro such as I was.

IN double-quick time, still acting out our enthusiasm for an unexpected holiday, we charted a fast space ship for an hour's time. An attendant led us to a cradle on the landing stage; and we entered the ship gaily.

The speedster rose slowly up the lifter beam under my control and when it was clear of the station ship I sent it hurtling outward.

When we were well out of sight of the station ship and picking up speed toward the moon I gave up thinking of our trip as a sight-seeing outing which was to proceed only a little way into space and then return, but began to think of the moon as our destination, meanwhile setting the auto-pilot destination needle on Venus. Then I pulled the throttle back to full on.

If what we had heard of the black death were true, it might well be that no space ships were allowed to leave the vicinity of Mu at all. Just the mere fact that we were hurtling straight away might have placed even more suspicion on our purpose if we maintained our original thought-fabrication. With the moon now our revealed destination, our true purpose was still veiled.

I switched on the electrically magnifying scope screen to the rear to look for possible pursuit. The scope had a screen of microscopic photo-cells which turned the tiniest light ray into an electrical impulse which was greatly augmented by vacuum tubes and the resulting impulse made a much larger cell on a viewplate glow strongly, giving a vivid image in half-tone.

Far behind us a craft sped along. Was it in pursuit? I watched it for long minutes, but there was no way of telling. It maintained its distance and its course. In a very short time their instruments could check our course, and if they were pursuing us, they would be unable to correlate it with my mental image of the moon as our destination; and they would be after us instantly. If they were merely harmless travelers to Venus, there would be no questioning of our own course.

I gave them time to check us with instruments, then I set the course pointer on Mercury, a planet almost never visited, and watched closely. The strange craft veered.

"They are on our trail," I said. The words broke a silence that had become almost intense.

Arl's cousin looked shocked. "Then we can't escape," she said. "They have a mechanical advantage over us."

ONE of the big-heads was eyeing me shrewdly "You have a plan," he said. It was a plain statement of fact, not a question. It was though he did not ask what was my plan, but expected me to put one into operation now that the crucial moment had come.

"Yes," I agreed. "Now is the time to play my one card. I hope that it will be an ace."

"We have not asked nor even wondered about your plan once we observed that you had one," said the other big-head. "But now the time for secrecy is at an end. It is unnecessary. If we cannot escape, our intent to do so will be useless to hide; if we can escape, our intent will not need to be hidden."

"True enough. And I will be more than glad to relieve my mind of the strain of withholding what is in it," I said. "I am but a ro youth, and the task has been hard."

"But one that you have done well," observed the young Titan bravely.

I accepted the compliment with a thrill of pride. Praise from a Titan was something to which I was not accustomed—indeed, old Artan Gro had many times given me exactly the opposite.

"It is a matter of mechanics," I explained. "And the one thing I will be forced to blank out of your mind as I do it. I warn you all not to think on the matter when you see it performed. As to my plan of escape—I have an even greater one. I will explain fully in a very short while—we will go to one of the sunless Elder stations on a cold planet. The nearest of these is Quanto, on the very rim of this solar system."

"A good choice," approved the big-heads. "But one that rouses our curiosity in your 'mechanical trick' to a high pitch. Obviously you know that Quanto is seventeen and one-third billion miles away.²⁰

²⁰ Mutan Mion says this is the eleventh and last planet of the solar system. The tenth (and yet undiscovered, though predicted by astronomers) is two billion miles beyond Pluto, which is itself nearly four billion miles from the sun.—Ed.

I could almost read their mind. "Yes. Weeks away at the speed of this ship—and we have no food."

Even Arl's tail stopped wagging at that—but only momentarily. In her eyes I read that confidence I knew she had in me; a confidence that she herself felt was justified.

"Your plan!" she reminded me. "Now we know you have a definite one, for if you are aware of the fact we have no food, you must also be aware of a way to reach Quanto without it."

"Such great faith must be well placed," murmured one of the Titan maids. "I, too, can have no fear now that you have a plan."

I proceeded now about the thing I had in mind, taking care not to think of what I was doing, but think, rather of the appearance of my hands as they worked, of the movements of my knuckles, of the muscles that caused those movements, of the nerves that carried the messages to the muscles. . . .

It was a good thing for me now that I had listened so worshipfully to space pilots when I was younger; some of their adventures were going to stand me in good use. Auto-pilot mechanisms on these space ships were adjusted to a fool-proof speed, so that no speed-mad citizen could wreck a shipload of people. There was a stiff spring on the throttie, just a little stronger than a man's arm, which held the fuel to a safe maximum.

I found the case of the auto pilot locked and the key was naturally not aboard the ship, but kept by the attendant back at the satellite ship. But I found a way around that. I took the belts from several of my companions in spite of their puzzled faces and fastened them into one strong line. One end went around the throttle bar and with another I took a turn around a seat arm.

A dozen strong Atlan arms pulled the belt line taut at my bidding, and I took in all the slack at the seat arm. Back came the throttle bar. The acceleration of the ship spilled them all in a heap at the rear, but I held fast to the line and the bar stayed back.

NOW our safety depended on whether the pursuing crew knew this simple trick—for many of the pleasure craft, which our pursuer plainly was, were as well powered as the police craft, although their auto pilots restricted them to a much lower speed. If the pursuing craft's pilot did not think of adding other men's power to the strength of his own hand on the throttle bar, he would never overtake me. Even police craft were set to less than maximum motive

power as the tubes burned out too quickly at full blast.

I watched the dark speck on the rear screen anxiously and slowly it grew smaller and smaller. When it had vanished the youthful Titan pounded me on the back until my ears rang and my knees buckled.

"You're a sly fellow, and your whole plan of escape is right. It's high time we ran away from the black death. I've worried and waited for it to strike me long enough. The Elder station on the cold planet are the best natured men you can find in space. Haven't been near a sun in centuries, and don't know the meaning of the word evil!"

He turned to the others and continued speaking eagerly. "They'll take us in, give us entrance cards to any government in space. . . . Personally I would choose some civilization that warms its cities with its own fires, and shuns all suns entirely. I've had enough worry waiting for Atlan's rulers to get wise to the danger and move. I want no more of these sun-bitten zany dero around me!"

The gray Martian maid spoke, her sensitive green eyes shining with admiration, her voice the slow singing speech of Mars—

"The best thing you did was not to tell us what you had in mind, for someone would have read our minds as surely as Venus loves us. We have lived in dread and indecision for many moons. The black death has struck day after day and no official word of it. No one can tell who is dead; there is no way to tell if anything is being done about the danger or not, for anyone who made the slightest effort to do so disappeared at once just as our loved teacher did. We all know that he was not ill; and we also all know that the day he made that announcement to us he had signed his own death warrant—but he had evidently decided he must, as no one else seemed to move. It has been terrible, and if you had planned this flight with us we would never have gotten away. We have been very lucky to get this far. Now, if you will take my advice, you will go at once far beyond any influence from Mother Mu's ro-dite, under another space-group of planets, and there we will learn how to live where such things as the black death do not exist."

The smile she bestowed on me was Martian magic.

I T must have been the look on my face that prevented any further remarks by my companions, and caused them to look at me in new curiosity. If so, my next words fanned the flame of that curiosity.

"I spoke of a greater plan, a few moments ago," I said. "And I am afraid it does not call for such conclusions as you two have made. I am sorry but neither of you have given me any advice that I like, as sound as it may seem."

"Speak on," prodded one of the big-heads, his eyes alight with interest.

I checked our course briefly to make sure we were headed for Quanto correctly before I answered him. Then I made myself comfortable in a cushioned seat and faced them.

"What is it that we have been fleeing?" I asked.

"Basically, an aging sun," said the young Titan reflectively. "The black death is merely a result of detrimental action on certain rodite who have become dero and even ray. We have fled from them, but the real cause of our flight is the sun."

"Do we flee as cowards, deserting our comrades?" I asked softly. "Or do we flee only that we may be able to make a new plan to take the place of the one that has been interrupted by the rodite dero?"

There was a wry smile on the face of the big-head. "The day has come," he said, "when I have seen a ro put a Titan to shame! Of course, Mutan, we do not flee for cowardice, but to gain time and life to put up a fight. It is only that we have not thought it out as you have. Nor has inspiration as yet given us such a plan."

"Then listen to mine," I said. "Just as it is with you, my first thoughts at realization of the fear that lay in Tean City were those of escape to a place where there was no fear. It is a natural reaction, especially if that possibility suddenly presents itself.

"Let us analyze the fear. First, the top unit of the force behind the black death must be a man in a very strong position, to stall off the whole migration as has obviously been done, and to control things so that no news leaks out about the terror that is otherwise so plain for many to see. So high and powerful must this man be that to fight against him on Mu itself must be to invite certain defeat. Perhaps even if we were to muster all clean-minded Atlans to the battle, we could meet only the same frustration as the migration plan has suffered—for is it not true that all Atlans who are aware of the danger of the sun's evil have made utmost effort to bring about migration?"

"True enough," said a Titan maid. "No Titan has been aware of the danger, and lately, even such ro as you have been brought

into the plan. Perhaps it is fitting that the salvation of that plan come from the mind of a ro."

THEN here is the only salvation I can see, I said. "We must go to the Elders of Quanto. Through them we must contact the mightiest of the Titans and from them get advice and assistance. This thing may well become a space war before we are through—and as I see it, it must be so, or all the Atlans of Mu will be lost!"

I looked at Arl, to see if she listened, and she wagged her tail roguishly. Not only was she listening; she was thinking in tempo with me. At my glance her voice chimed in, doing things to my spine.

"Yes, and we ourselves must devote ourselves to the task, and go to a place where the growth rate is unlimited by law, so that we can become more equal to the job. It will take great power to displace the mad rodite. On Quanto we must find some mighty and old and wise technicon to go along and assure us of a hearing; otherwise the power will not be given us. We need the very mightiest power the Elders of space can give us to save the people of Mu."

"If you but wag that tail of yours at them, Arl, they will give it to us!" I laughed because I could see in all those around me the same conviction and devotion to my plan that was in her. The youthful company laughed too. "Of that there can be no doubt," they agreed, whereupon Arl swished her tail before them and piouretted about on her clicking hooves.

In that instant the fear was gone from our minds. Instead we were filled with gaiety and hope, and great determination to do all that lay in our power to end all fear.

We circled Mercury, straightening out on a direct path for Quanto, constantly accelerating until it was unnecessary to explain why lack of food did not worry me. The young Titan remarked: "We will be at Quanto within tyenty-four hours. Already our speed is approaching that of light."²¹

²¹ Mutan Mion, apparently, holds no brief for the "limit velocity" of light; or that the speed of light is the ultimate speed. According to Mr Shaver's letters on the subject: "Light speed is due to 'escape velocity' on the sun, which is not large. This speed is a constant to our measurement because the friction of exd, which fills all space, holds down any increase unless there is more impetus. The escape velocity of light from a vaster sun than ours is higher, but once again exd slows the light speed down to its constant by friction, so that when it reaches the vicinity of our sun, no appreciable difference is to be noted. A body can travel at many times the exd con-

(Footnote concluded on opposite page)

On Quanto, we knew, a group of Elder technicians from sunless Nor, a group of sunless planets 0.16 light years away, had lately established an observatory for the study of our planetary system.²² It was these Elders I wished to contact in my effort to enlist aid for our cause.

Our trip to Quanto consumed slightly over twenty-four hours, the hunger of which we could easily endure; and on the landing station we switched to a shuttle ship.

As we settled into the cradles of the great cavern's entrance on tiny Quanto, liquid air glistened over the view panes. The ship rocked as the cradle connected with its conveyor and was drawn by it into the cave through the air locks. At last we were in the home of the kindly men from sunless Nor.

I leaned back with a sigh of thankfulness, feeling that I had saved at least some of the good life seed of ancient Atlan from the madness that was overtaking all of its races under the aging sun. To save still more would be a colossal effort; but as Arl's arms

stant, under additional impetus, such as rocket explosions. A ship whose weight is reduced to a very little by reverse gravity beam can attain a great speed with a very small rocket. Once beyond the limits of matter gravity ceases and the ship becomes weightless. Speeds over that of exd constant must be under constant impetus, for the friction slows them down quickly again, especially so in the case of solids. Sound, as an example, travels through air at a constant speed—and yet the impetus is obviously different in each case! The only conclusion is that the air itself is the governing factor in the speed of sound, which always remains appreciably the same. So it is with light. Both depend for their velocity on an initial impetus. Both remain constant because below a certain speed, friction disappears."

Your editors have been constantly amazed at the interchangeability of Mr. Shaver's (Mutan Mion's?) physical phenomena, or rather, their adaptability to one great physical law which we have as yet hardly begun to comprehend in its entirety. However, at this point a brief definition might aid the reader in understanding many things he has already read and will read in the following pages.

Matter in all the cosmos is constantly disintegrating and integrating. There is the natural parallel as to whether the hen or the egg came first—did the integration come first, or the disintegration? But that is the one and only answerable question in the whole theory. Exd is the ash (matter so finely divided as to become energy rather than matter) of disintegrating suns. It spreads out and fills all space. Then, perhaps because of the presence of an actual bit of matter (as in the case of the salt grain in the salt solution that commences precipitation which does not end until all the salt is once more in its original form), or under the influence of a magnetic field which draws the exd together, integration commences and the exd once more becomes matter. This fall of exd and its condensation is what causes gravity. When Newton was hit on the head by an apple, it was an apple that was *pushed* down upon his head, rather than *pulled* down; since gravity is the friction caused by the *fall through matter already existent* of condensing exd. Obviously a condensation is a falling together of a finely divided element into a grosser state.

There are many finer points, staggering in their implications, concerning this theory which are not necessary to the reader's understanding of this manuscript; but they are being prepared in a monograph which is to be submitted to scientific circles. —Ed.

²² Quanto lies beyond the jurisdiction of Mu's government, which holds sway over all the planets of the solar system except this tiny world. Quanto is on the rim of Nor influence and is used by them as an observation station. Because of its small size, it is unimportant to the government of Mu.—Ed.

drew about my shoulders, I knew that such effort was worthwhile.

The purpose of life was plainer now. Such beauty and tenderness did not live in words or in paintings. Only in understanding and caring for the life seed, the bearers of future race growth, could a man find true meaning of life. And in the mighty job that lay ahead in enlisting aid for the saving of our people from the black death of the mad rodite I knew I would become a man or die.

CHAPTER V

The Princess Vanue

WE found the typical welcome that all the great ones accord to visitors. Our party was courteously received by the attendants, and we were directed to the administrative offices with swift efficiency.

For me, this first visit to a world peopled by other than Atlans or Titans was one of the most interesting of my life but I did not find it half as exciting as my first glimpse of Tean City had been. The men from sunless Nor were of an amazing blondness, for no light but of their own making had ever struck their skins. Their size, as did that of Titans and Atlans, varied with their age and with the age of the parent. Thus, a son of a man of a hundred years age would be three times the size of a son of a man of thirty.²³

Further, the race from Nor, who are called Nortans, are a straight race of men. There had been no intermingling of races of other forms because their technicons had not made the various form technique of breeding available to the public and without it all such intercourse is sterile. Perhaps they are right, although I see much beauty in variforms—especially in my own lovely and completely desirable Arl with her beautiful expressive furry tail, and her dainty, clicking hooves; certainly their race is beautiful and vital enough to please anyone.

²³ Proportionately this would not be true. A man of a hundred considering he did not stop growing at the usual age, would certainly not be three times as large as thirty. A baby doubles its weight in six months, doubles it again in eighteen. Thus the rate decreases in proportion to total mass, although the actual poundage increase is the same for a similar period of time. Later, however, this poundage begins to lessen until maturity is reached, where growth ceases altogether. In the time of Mutan Mion, however, growth was a constant thing, ended only by death. And the rate of growth could even be increased, if desired. This is what Arl was referring to when she mentioned that it would be necessary to "grow" to be able better to perform this mission. The reader will see the methods of this simulated growth demonstrated further on in this manuscript.—Ed

All about the city of the Nortans it was evidenced by many wholly unfamiliar devices that the science of Nor had forged ahead of our own; and as I looked about, I knew why. Here was none of the fear that had pervaded Tean City; nor was there any of the sun-poison to be a detriment to constructive thinking in even the slight degree that evidently has long deterred the technicons of Mu from full scientific advancement.

The thought of the fear brought the need for haste once more home to me as we walked through the city toward the administrative buildings. It was better to continue our flight than to remain long even here, I knew. So, to improve time, I kept running over in my mind the desperate plight of center Mu; the delaying of the migration to a newborn sun; the fear of pursuit that was still with us; for I knew that in that administrative building toward which we were headed some watchful Elder of Nor was most certainly taking thought record of our minds, to see if there were harm in us.

So, when we reached our destination, it instantly became evident that we would have little explaining left to do. And at the same time, another thing became evident to me that filled me with terror. Fear, again, in the one place where I had thought I would not find it!

A YOUNG lady of the snowskinned Nortan race glided toward me, her hand outstretched in greeting, her voice a soft bell of welcome for all of us.

"We have read your thoughts and understand what brings you here. Follow me now to the princess Vanue, chief Elder, for an oral check; and forget your fear, for soon you will be going where fear is not. Your message spells danger to us, as well to your poor, helpless fellows in Mu."²⁴

It had been the words "princess Vanue, chief Elder" that had struck a new kind of fear into me. The chief Elders had been described to me in Tean City. They are the oldest of the race, and are given official power according to the value of their achieve-

²⁴ The Nortans, as did the Atlans and Titans, spoke the universal language of space; a language originated by a Titan Elder of the far past. The name of the language is Mantong. The original individual language of each race has fallen into disuse as the three races have intermingled through all space. This is the same language of which the alphabetical key was published in the January 1944 issue of AMAZING STORIES.—Ed.

ments to the race. They are both sexes, and have learned all there is to know of the secrets of growth; how to manufacture their own life-supporting essences, nutrients and beneficial vibrants. And on their ability to improve upon the standard nutrients of the people often depends their success. Thus, when a simple ro like myself comes near one of these Elders, his will become their will automatically; for it is overcome by the great, all pervading force of the life within them. One hardly notices this when the Elder is of the same sex, but when that life force is of the opposite sex the attraction is so great as to be irresistible. So true is this that seldom is a ro of one sex allowed too near an Elder of the opposite sex; for never again would the poor ro free himself of love for the Elder.

My spirit trembled when I knew the Elder to which we were being taken was a woman; a woman who for unknown centuries had absorbed all the essences of growth-promoting substances. And too, Nor was a place where growth science must be far, far ahead of our own sun-baked sciencon's achievements. Never would I be able to free myself of the spell that woman-force would cast upon me!

I looked desperately at Arl's sweet face. Never again would I love her if this thing were true. In Arl's eyes I read the same fear, and I knew then that she surely loved me and I was torn by the approaching loss. However, I dimly understood that it must be necessary—for no man near an Elder woman can deny her the truth of love for her.

We left the building and presently were ascending a long, transparent boarding tube into the side of a space liner that lay like a sleeping monster in the launching cradles. This was one ship that could land directly on a planet! But then, Quanto was small. We passed through a series of airlocks, reached the inside of the ship.

It was a long way into the center of the ship. As we progressed, I noted that all the ro who passed were maidens; beautiful white Nor maidens with glittering white-yellow hair that floated about their heads in a cloud, so fine was it that it was air-borne.

Soon I became aware of an aura of complementary forces that I knew came from the Nor Chief Elder, Vanue, whom we were undoubtedly now nearing. Her force scent grew stronger as we approached a mighty door set across a corridor. In glowing letters of hammered metal above this door was the legend:

VANUE

Elder Princess Of Van Of Nor

Chief Of Nor On Quanto

The great door, I discovered was an airlock; to hold in the ionized and nutrient-saturated air of the chamber. These chambers the Elders seldom leave, since all evil is restrained from entering.

AS we passed through the lock, the terrific stimulation of this conductive electrified medium seized us in a mighty ecstasy. We were drawn as by a powerful magnet toward a huge figure which was an intense concentration of all the vitally stimulating qualities that make beauty the sought-for thing that it is.

Within me I could feel the compass of my being swinging toward its new center of attraction. I was no longer myself. I was a part of that mighty being before me. My thought was her thought; I was her ro until she chose to release me.

Could she release me? I could not even wish it, nor ever would. Within me I knew that, and I felt no resentment, no regret—only joy.

All of eighty feet tall she must have been. She towered over our heads as she arose to greet us, a vast cloud of the glittering hair of the Nor women floating about her head, the sex aura a visible iridescence flashing about her form.

I yearned toward that vast beauty which was not hidden for in Nor it is considered impolite to conceal the body greatly, being an offense against art and friendship to take beauty out of life. I was impelled madly toward her until I fell on my knees before her, my hands outstretched to touch the gleaming, ultra-living flesh of her feet.

Beside me the other youths from center Mu were in the same condition of ecstatic desire.

As we touched her flesh, a terrific charge of body electric flowed into us. We fell face downward in unbearable pleasure on the floor.

She picked us up one by one and placed us on the desk before her. Waist-high now were our burning eyes. She bent to meet our gaze; and the mighty beauty of the eyes of the Elder princess of Nor flashed a question into our minds. As one man we chorused:

"Yes, it is true. Evil has the upper hand in center Mu; in Tean City itself!"

It was then that I realized how far ahead of Mother Mu's Ti-



tan and Atlan technicons were the Nortans and, I supposed, all other great ones of the dark worlds. For Vanue wasted no more time on us, but bending toward the banks of instruments before her throne, pulled a lever and through all the ship was heard the warning signal of departure. As if they were my own, I knew her thoughts! Quanto was to be evacuated.

The Nortans were certainly not the sun-spoiled sleepyheads our own race had proved to be. She understood the awful danger that could lie in a planet's multitudes' might under the thumb of the madness of dero.

At her willed command we all ran to seats that circled the throne. They were mounted on acceleration absorbers. The great hand pressed the bar that lifted the now weightless ship up the force beam flowing out of the cavern.

Even through the thick walls of the ship we heard the huge airlocks scream shut behind us. Then we were out in space headed toward Nor, the vast cold planet where this Elder Goddess' daughter had been born centuries before. I realized that our precipitate departure was sure evidence that our news had meant much more than nothing to Vanue. She had enough Elder God sense in her to know that flight was imperative. There were misgivings in my breast as I wondered if any Atlan Elders or rodite had knowledge of mighty Vanue's presence on Quanto. It might make a great difference if they did!

AS the acceleration lessened toward the midpoint of our take-off, freeing us from our seats, the whelming voice of the great woman-being swept us.

"You children will remain with me until your future is settled. I will thus be sure that you are fully rewarded for bringing us such vital information."

The soft singing voice of the gray maid from Mars questioned her, and in its notes was gray also.

"Will you . . . can you . . . then give us back the love of our dear ones, which has cleaved to you?" There was a powerful pleading in her voice that penetrated even through the blanketing ecstasy that held me.

Infinite tenderness and compassion seemed to flow from the eyes of the great one.

"There is a way to do that," the master voice answered; and she bent swiftly toward the Mars maid, her great eyes flashing a strange thought I could not wholly read; a tender woman-language into the eyes of the Mars maid.

That simple Martian magic had made another friend, this time a great one indeed.

It was a strange passage. Most of it seemed more a dream than reality. Such things as the tremendous gait we built up—far more than light speed—and the great distances we traveled were the realities, but I barely noticed them. More real was the unreality of the thin, lovely forms of the Nor maids moving about their mighty princess, the soft fires of their floating hair like seedling flames from the vast fire of Vanue's godlife crowned by its floating cloud of yellow; our own eyes burning like the spotted wings of moths against the screen of her will; the sad faces of our own maids beside us, gazing first at the fierce white flame of her body and then at our own bemused selves; the vaulting of the vast ship walls about us; the unfamiliar instruments blinking and whirring.

It was a very real dream to me—a dream I knew I would never stop dreaming. Strange passage . . . Ever the whisper of the feet of the Nor maids on some swift errand; the soft rumble of the voice of their living Goddess and the answering bright song of her worshipping maidens. Yes, it was a strange passage, and every mile of it brought home a fascinating realization.

I had embarked on the most amazing voyage of my whole life. The very thought of what now certainly lay before me was enough to stun my mind into an apathy of thinking that was hard to overcome; yet my mind was so full of excitement that it did strive to think, to add to the realization of what the future would hold. A new life was at hand; opening to wonders that staggered me to think of them—and awed me into all-engulfing reverence.

To live to become what this Nor princess had become; to have the love of people as she had the love of these Nor maids—that is the real dream. I knew that I must gain the key to the door of a way of living that will lead to the full value of the Nortan life.

SO IT was, sitting in the thrall of that too-strong beauty of woman-life, we noted so little. How much time passed? I will never know. It is as if all body functions ceased, as though food and drink were not needed—as long as we were in the presence of

Vanue of Nor. But I did know that she was in continual communication with the planet Nor over the space telescreens. Face after face appeared before her, murmured briefly and intensely, and vanished; only to be replaced by others. I knew vaguely that she was calling for a conference on the strength of our information; and sensed also that we would attend that conference at her side.

The thought dawned on me slowly. Here was an honor few ro ever attain in the first century of their growth. By old Mother Mu! To see those Elders of Nor, the whole lot of them, male and female, all at once . . . ! That would be more than one could well stand. An overpowering, devastating ecstasy. . . .

Well, it would be an interesting death.²⁵

CHAPTER VI

Conclave of the Elders

I NEVER knew how much time the voyage consumed; but it seemed very soon that the great vessel floated down the landing beam into the white and yawning face of a landing area on a station satellite of Nor while I and the other youths dreamed on almost oblivious in the quarters of Vanue.

Still in that dazed dream of love we followed among her

²⁵ This reference to death from mere association with the Elders is singularly intriguing. According to Mr. Shaver, the Titans, Atlans and Nortans had the ability to bestow beneficial forces upon less favored mortals, such as Mutan Mion (a ro) and also radiated a perpetual flow of life energy which was beyond their control to cut off from any ro who visited them. Hence, the animal magnetism of Vanue was such as to cause Mutan Mion's whole being to be drawn to her body with a force so great that it superceded any other love he might have had. Her attraction commanded all of his maleness, his ability and capacity for love of the opposite sex.

Now we find him refering to the possibility of dying from too much of this animal magnetism. Obviously in his mind a superstition has been built up which has enhanced his imagination of the effects of meeting the Elders in a great group. He refers to meeting the Elders as being "a great honor" for ro less than a century old. Therefore we can discount his belief that it will be fatal to him; because it is sometimes done to ro younger than a century as an "honor" and without fatal result. The truly interesting factor here is when we consider Mr. Shaver's constant insistence that dark space is full of Titans, Atlans and Nortans, and that they do not visit our world because it is plagued by the sun's poisonous radioactivities and is a cause of death. They shun their ancient home, Mu. We, says Shaver, are a quarantined people under an evil sun. We have no value to them. In their language we are *errant* (detritmental energy animals: E—energy; R—dangerous dis force; AN—animal; T—force of growth. Literally errants are animals whose force of growth is directed by a dangerous dis energy and is therefore evil). Can we assume that he is incorrect in his assumption that these super beings *never* visit the earth, and that such instances as the biblical references to angels, Christ, and other things are actual records of such visits? Perhaps it is significant that the reference to these things always seem to include effusion of an energy of some sort: i.e. the radiance of the angel who drove Adam and Eve from the Garden; the brilliant light that blinded Saul as he rode to destroy Christians; the radiance amidst which Elija, and Christ himself, ascended into Heaven, the light that came from the burning bush and the voice that spoke to Abraham.—Ed.

maidens into the tubes and aboard the special shuttle ship awaiting her, and shot off to Nor looming not far away. We did not pause on Nor's dark surface, but descended into the depths of a great cave toward the council place somewhere in center Nor.

I had thought in the past that the Titans were mighty of thought and size—but what I saw now eclipsed anything I had ever heard of the glories of our own races. Big and vital as was Vanue, she was but a little child among the tremendous Nortan Elders and Gods.

There are no words to describe what the development of unchecked growth in man brings forth. These ancient Nortans, who had studied and purified all the source-substances of growth and combined them into an endless variety of nutrients which they introduced into their bodies by many means—borne in electric flows; on penetrative sound waves; by injections; by direct feeding—had been growing at a fierce rate for unknown centuries. Their inner beings had evolved in various ways, so that they were evidently of a more complex atomic and molecular construction than ordinary flesh. There is no way to describe the qualities of thought, of inner strength of spirit seen on their faces and in the aura that visibly coruscates always about such beings.

We trooped after Vanue as she entered the vasty reaches of the council cavern and took her throne by the side of her father, a mighty bulk of man-flesh but only lesser luminary in that gathering.

Before the council came to the business at hand we were treated to a brief prelude of entertainment—psychologically a reward for the effort of coming to the council. It was a prelude of music and dancing, a review of the best talent of the planet, calculated to bring the minds of the council into harmony on the subject of the welfare and glory of the race. Entertainment, yes; but the amusement of Elder Gods are nothing to pass over.

What it all meant was beyond me; I was aware only of the beauty and tremendously fecund strength of the dancers—bred and fed by wizard technicons of growth; trained to express meaning and emotion of a kind too vast for ro to grasp. They danced in a vortex of conductive rays which carried their thought and body essence, augmented by apparatus, to each watcher.

THE climax was the appearance of the greatest beauty of the planet—a sorceress of the art of entertainment named Hypaytee—

who wore on her head a device which caused a vast augmentation of the thought images of her mind to play about her body in a tremendous revealment of the infinitely developed soul of a woman. I had loved woman—but never before had I understood even vaguely what development did to the greatest value of life. The rewards this woman could give a man by the use of her mind alone, coupled as it was to that mighty, sinuous dancer's body expressing all the things that draw men to women, brought the concourse of Elders to their feet in an earth-shaking applause and a mighty vow to care for the race that produced her. This thought was also projected from the control rays which took root in every heart. It came to me, too; and I was a Nor-man now, no matter what I had been before!

Then Vanue's thought flashed out, setting the thought cloud²⁶ areas into coruscation with an alarm, a command to attention. I was brought out of my daze to see my own thought record projected in the thought clouds. I saw once again, as real as the first time I had seen it, the fear on the face of the six-armed Sybyl of the Info screens; the striking of the black death at the dance; the hideous fear on the faces of the dancers; Arl's sweet face contorted in a scream. . . .

A thought-record from the brain of each of our group from Tean City followed. It was evidence enough, thus gathered together, that evil had the upper hand in Mu.

My own efforts to conceal my thoughts as I planned our escape and the trick of the belts on the throttle that had resulted in our success finished the record display.

I was mightily surprised to hear applause and a great thunder of voices calling for me—Mutan Mion of Atlan. They called for me, the stupid artist! Those vast voices from hundreds of ancient beings, some of them three hundred feet in height!

Vanue held me out in her two hands for all to see. And as I became the center of attraction, my embarrassment exceeded any emotion of a similar nature I had ever had. If I had known that they would think of an escape from such a condition as so much

²⁶ Three dimensional pictures were formed by projection of the image into a mass of gases held by electric pressure in a cloud whose particles glowed in various colors according to the mental wavelength of the vibration field in which they floated. Ordinarily the cloud is opaque white, and when the thought-picture is projected into it by the Norton mind, it becomes transparent except for the particles which form the image in full color. The command for attention causes the whole cloud to change color from milky white to flaming red.—Ed.

of a feat it is probable I would never have tried it. I would have been hopeless of success from the very inception of the foolhardy thought.

I was put down again, my face red, my thoughts flustered, my embarrassment a flood of discomfort in me—but a discomfort that held within it a strange glow of humility that was at the same time a glow of pride. I was proud with a just pride; and I felt somehow that it was not my own pride, but the pride of Vanue, whose utter slave I had become. Vanue, Elder of Van of Nor, was proud of her ro.

THE actual conference of the Godheads took place now in thought projections in the thought-cloud area. I saw that any thought, no matter how abstract, could be projected in these clouds by thought augmentors.²⁷ They used an image language instead of words, and their talk, was to me but a whirlwind of changing forms, faces, geometrical figures, maps of space and figures on orbits and many other things incomprehensible to me and probably to most of the ro present. The powerful minds of the Nortans functioned too rapidly for us to grasp any but the simplest meaning in the ideographs unfolding in the cloud before us. But I did gather

²⁷ In a letter from Mr. Shaver, this reference to augmentors is explained in great detail. Says Mr. Shaver: "I refer you to a picture printed in many high school books of ancient history. It is from the 'Book of the Dead' a copy of which could be obtained in any large library from a book about the 'Book of the Dead.' This picture shows a scene which is called a picture of the Gods, and is in two sections. On the lower section the Gods are 'weighing the souls' our historians tell us. Actually it looks like a butcher buying a hybrid hog: half hog and half deer . . . the animal has a line around its middle as though it had been cut apart and sewn together again. It is evidence of the hybrid breeding of animals by the Atlans and Titans of Mu.

Another picture shows a teacher seated before an instrument, and before the teacher, facing him, is a group of students each holding a smaller instrument. This is an actual pictographic representation of the thought augmentor and the focusing device used to pick up its waves.

"Still another instrument pictured in ancient Egyptian glyphs is the crook the Pharaohs always carry. Notice the bottom end has a clevis—with holes. I have seen such handles protruding from the ancient weapon-beam apparatus. It acts as a beam director, like the stick of an airplane; and if removed would have kept the apparatus from being used by anyone else. Why else the clevis on the bottom? The origin of scepters was this carrying control handle to keep others from using the dangerous apparatus while one was gone for a short time.

"Certainly the use of this apparatus was very general in ancient times among rulers for it gave them control of men's minds and its use was always secret among them."

Mr. Shaver's explanatory letters to us consistently startle us with new mysteries. His calm assertion that he "has seen such handles protruding from the ancient weapon-beam apparatus" was such a startler. Naturally your editor demanded an explanation—which came in the form of a NEW MANUSCRIPT! This new story tells of Mr. Shaver's amazing search for the underground cities of Atlan—and of his SUCCESS!

Readers, as we edit this present manuscript for publication, we are constantly plagued by the presence on our desk of another which offers what purports to be PROOF of the truth of the story of Mutan Mion!—Ed.

that some action was to take place at once to save the Atlans and the Titans of Atlan from the derodite.

Now from the mists of the Elder God's highest throne of all came a swift ray that lanced down and touched me delicately. An ecstasy of change came over me. What that ray did to me and told me in the next brief instant I can never say in any words. Then a voice spoke out:

"Mutan Mion of Mu, we have seen the great compassion and love for your fellow man that lives in your breast. We admire such greatness in such a tiny ro; and because of the love of the man in you we have decided that it must not go without full satisfaction in deed.

"You came here to gather together an expedition and return to Mu for the rescue of your comrades who are in deadly danger. Never could you carry such a gigantic project as this would require to its successful completion—and yet you have done it; for we of Nor have made a solemn vow to rescue the men of Atlan on Mu and destroy the derodite who threaten to spread their evil even into dark space.

"However, because of your great desire, we have planned a place for you in this great mission. You shall have your part in it; and you shall have another duty which is worthy of your capacity for compassion. We, the Nortans, have seen in your mind a vision of the far future—of a time on Mu when men shall be slaves of the degenerate sun around which it circles; of a time when they will be but mentally deficient savages living out a life span compressed to an irreducible minimum by radioactives. This may be a true vision, in part or in whole—for we may not succeed entirely in our mission. We may even fail!

"Therefore, we give to you the task of preparing a message, in great duplication, to these pitiful men of the future—so that there may be some hope that those among them who have the mental power to fight against their cruel environment may make their lives in some measure complete. This message will be left on Mu, and in it, in many places for future man to find."

The voice ceased. The conference was over.

CHAPTER VII

A Wedding on Nor

AS WE passed from the misty vastness of the council cavern Vanue turned to us of Atlan, trooping behind her, and said in a serious voice.

"It is a law among Nortans that no service to the race goes unrewarded. Now there are certain things I plan for you which I cannot give you legally except you swear to serve me always as my loyal followers. Is there anything to keep you from that?" Her eyes searched us one by one.

The Mars maid answered, her eyes shining:

"There is only our oath to the state of Atlan, and the present evil conditions render that oath void."

Vanue went on: "I am only a young Elder; you might do better than to follow me—my fortune in the future is not wholly assured. You might do better!"

"You have honored us, Vanue," said the Mars maid. "You have let us see your mind at work; we know there is no evil in you. That your fortune should be our fortune is enough for me. You have said you will give the love of our men back to us, and though I don't understand how you will or can, I know you will."

One by one we swore loyalty to Vanue before all other greater things.

Then Vanue looked at her Nor maids and said with a strange innuendo that made them laugh with delight and anticipation: "Now we must send them to school—in pairs!" The laughter of the gold-topped lilys of Nor rang merrily.

What sort of a school was this, I wondered to make them laugh so?

The tubes took Vanue's train to the doors of her own cavern palace. Huge air locks swing open to admit the whole procession into the under parts of the palace. When we stepped out into the special air of her home that tremendous acceleration of the life processes that I had noted in her chambers in the space liner again seized us—and life became a thing to really fear to lose.

But as yet I had no inkling of what lay before me in the mystery of the wisdom that had built that place to house their first borne, Elder princess Vanue, daughter of the Elder Gods of



Nor.

Flinging off her wraps, which she had worn to the council chamber because of their significance, Vanue said: "We will put the children in school, and then to our own work. We have much to do to make ready and the time is short."

"School" turned out to be a vast laboratory—a replica on a much mightier scale of our own Titan technicon's laboratory school where Arl and I had learned to know each other and the possibilities of life. Instead of embryos, the nutrient tanks contained six foot ro and even much larger men and women.

TAKING Arl and I in her hands she placed us in one of the big tanks. The liquids were warm and comforting and we splashed about playfully while others of our Atlan group were also being placed in pairs in tanks like our own.

Then Vanue's maids swarmed about us, placing wires about our arms, our wrists, our hands and feet; fastening breathing cups over our mouths; thrusting needles into our veins and attaching them to the ends of thin tubes; placing caps of metal with many wires connected to generators and other machines on our heads; covering our eyes with strangely wired plates of crystal.

I heard the tank cover sealed and more fluid gushed in until we were completely submerged. We floated in suspension within the tanks.

Then began a strange thing; for our minds, Arl's and mine, were conscious of each other through the medium of the interrelated wiring and the plates over our eyes—an awareness that must have been augmented a thousand times. Her breath was my breath, her thoughts took place in my head stronger than Vanue's ever had, and the woman-soul of her was so augmented in my mind as to eclipse all other woman's appeal that my memory had ever recorded.

A strange little voice (it must have been Vanue's speaking over a telethought instrument) whispered beside me: "You will never escape Arl now. You are her slave forever." And as I listened, I knew that Vanue spoke the truth.

Arl's face, laughing before me in the eye plates, became larger and larger, entered my brain, became the wellspring of my being. I heard Arl's thought, a vast river of force flowing in my mind, saying: "Where I go, there will you go also. The thing that is my

desire is growing in you. My roots are your soul. You are my desire and the slave of my desire!"

And I heard my own thought make answer in Arl's mind: "So it shall be, always, oh maiden of the clicking hooves and swift hands, of the beautiful tail, of the clean will and strong desire!" And I knew that what I said was true.

The fluids and forces that were pulsing through us made these things grow within our beings, so that centuries of loving contact were replaced by minutes of furious growth; and we fell asleep, strangely within each other our thoughts, growing and becoming an integrant part of our being. Through every fibre of my body I could feel fecund growth swelling and expanding, patterned by thoughts which were mine and yet not mine. In my ears strange sounds beat mysterious meanings which were forces taking root within me. My memory was a vast garden of new thoughts growing as my mind grew, and remembering all the principles that came over the wires from the Elder Gods' own thought record.

ALWAYS overhead I could feel the Nor maids watching my mind pictures and correcting the growth memory so that everything took its rightful place. And within me I could hear Arl, sleeping and growing too, and she was very dear.

The thing that was me slept as a babe sleeps in the womb, and the seeds of the Gods' thoughts took root in Arl and I and grew. We were at once children asleep in the womb of the God mother, and man and wife wrapped in each other's adoring arms. Time flowed by like water; and we slept but were more awake and alive than ever before, and felt the pleasure of each the other's body and soul appeal, the very inner essence of man-life and woman appeal to man. Life pulsed from each of us into the other constantly. We had more pleasure of each other in the growth school tank than ever I have known of in any pleasure.

Among the things that became a part of my knowledge was the promise of the future in such tanks as this: Sometime Arl and I were to build such a tank and apparatus and take a long sleep in it and awake as Gods, full of the strength and the beauty and the pleasure of life and life's fulfilment.

So it was that Arl and I were married by an actual mingling of the seeds of our being and not by any foolish ceremony; blessed by the actual love of Vanue, now our Lady, and not by any mean-

ingless words.

Though we were in the growth tank less than a week, we came out inches bigger in every way; but the real growth that had taken place was an inner growth—for I was vastly heavier and my strength was aware of new limits.

Mentally, too, I was vastly more able; for when I looked about at the apparatus I knew the inner construction and use of every bit of it, and I knew that from then on few things would mystify me other than the work of the very oldest Gods.

I found that I had not lost my love for Vanue, but that I loved her now as one loves and is grateful to a leader. My love for Arl was the strongest thing in me.²⁸

²⁸ The "school" of growth to which Mutan Mion and Arl and their companions went for their growth in both body and mind is the concrete manifestation in apparatus of the science of man-growth as conceived by the three ancient god-races. It was based on simple laws of the integration of matter. These simple laws are being set forth in a scientific monograph by Mr. Shaver and your editor, who firmly believe that its publication will throw a bombshell into all of present-day physics and chemistry. Naturally they cannot be dealt with in complete form here, but a slight explanation of what was done to Mutan Mion seems necessary. Part of this explanation is in the words of Mr. Shaver:

Growth is an inflow of exd. Life itself is a flame of integration, which like a fire must be fed, or it goes out. Exd is the fuel of that flame, and by its condensation into matter, adds to the flame, causing growth. Naturally this growth is a material growth. What the Nortans did was to concentrate the flow of exd so as to feed the flame of life at a greater rate, and thus cause greater growth. A technical simile might be drawn; a fire, when supplied with finely divided carbon and a larger supply of oxygen becomes a greater, fiercer thing. It is the same life. When supplied with a greater quantity of exd, it grows, becomes stronger, more active.

The mechanical means is very similar to the magnetic field lenses used in electron microscopes, which direct and focus a flow of particles called electrons into a beam more revealing than light because its particles are smaller. This same magnetic field principle can be used to focus exd and thus hasten integration. A magnetic field, lens-shaped, could focus falling exd by attunement just as a radio collects certain waves. This attunement can be determined by constructing a coil in the same shape as the coils of the electron microscope—but much larger. The focus can be determined by its light focus, which would be the same. A plant, placed beneath this point of focus perks up its leaves, reaches out, is invigorated, exudes a dew, in a short time is twice the size it would ordinarily have been.

Once there was a book called the 'T' book (T for integration, for growth force, energy, etc.) which was in rather widespread use up to the time of Christ. It contained the elemental frames of logic and simple what-to-dos like the age-poison elimination, beneficial generators, and so on. But some group feared its influence and it was destroyed so completely that only the memory of that once infallible book remains, which memory was the father of the Bible and all its veneration, including the cross on its cover, the 'T' sign.

The direct need for a greater future for man is strengthening of the general mind by T forces, the growth of a better brain. No progress is truly progress unless man grows a better brain to grow a better brain. That is the pattern of progress—to grow a growth to grow a growth to grow, etc. What man needs is a conscious aim toward growth. To learn how to grow into a man better able to grow into a wiser man is a goal followed by but a few men out of all the number who could be striving in that direction. The great ones called such a goal 'TIC' and any energy not directed toward that goal was called 'ERR.' Alexis Carrel says much the same thing in 'Man, the Unknown.' He is one of the few men on earth whose efforts are not err to self interest. That is, he aims to understand his life process and make it last longer.

(Footnote concluded on opposite page)

All of us found out now that Vanue was not the most foolish of the Elders of Nor, despite her comparative youth, but was looked up to everywhere as one whose star was in the ascendant. Her followers were more numerous than many much more prominent Elders.

Arl and I spent several days together in our love, and in seeing the wonders of Nor's civilization. Here was a vast series of underground cities, all heated and bathed in beneficial energies artificially created. No need for a sun's light to live. No danger of dis-integratives from a dangerous sun poisoning the soil and water of the planet, to cause slow death by age.

THEN one day Vanue called me to her.

"I speak now of the mission the Elders of the council granted to you in the conference chamber. As you remember, your part in the coming task is two-fold. In one phase of this you will accompany us to act with us in the great war that must be fought. We have developed a plan in which your help as an advance and secret agent is necessary. You will be told more about that later, when we have embarked.

"Now, however, your other mission begins here on Nor. It is the mission of love for your fellow men. No matter how successful we are in rescuing the men of Atlan, it cannot be that we will rescue all of them. Many must not be rescued! There is nothing we could do for them, poisoned as they are to the point of death. Nor must we allow any of this poison to escape to the dark worlds where it can infect others. Too, the dero influence is dangerous, and madness must not spread over the universe.

"Thus it has been given to you to inscribe on imperishable plates of telonion, our eternal metal, a message to future man which will be placed on and in Mu so that those who have the intelligence to find and read it may benefit by the truths of growth and defense against a too-soon death by age.

"After the passing of Atlan science from Mu, men will begin to die at the same age, and their sons will all be the same size

True self interest is seen in his efforts, as in few others. These others think of self interest as an oppositional of other self interests—which is a de illusion (Atlan for disillusion), for oppositionals neutralize. True self interest would therefore always be a coincident, not an oppositional.

Our most basic concepts have become err from disintegrant force distortion of thought flows over the long period of time since we were children of the Gods of the past.—Ed.

at the same age. This will be caused by accumulations of sun-poison in the water of Mu, which will stop all growth in mankind at almost the very beginning of their development. They will scarcely get beyond childhood before they will begin to die.

"These plates you will inscribe will contain a message that is a key and a path to the door that will open life value to these future men, whose fate we know and pity, but cannot prevent. We can only teach them what we know that will enable them to get the most of their life out of Mu. The dero will not be able to read, and thus will die as they should. Those whose minds are powerful enough to escape complete dero-robotism will read and profit.

"You can tell them how to attain this life growth by freeing their food and water intake of all the poisons that will be found in it in the natural state. The age poisons can be removed by centrifuge and by still; their air can be made a nutrient by proper treatment and freed of all its detrimental ions by field sweeps of electric. The exd on which the basic integration of life feeds can be concentrated (just as it was in your body in the growth school tank) in energy flows which greatly increase the rate of growth and the solidity and weight of the flesh.

"Tell future man to do these things, Mutan Mion, and their reward will be great. You have seen what the reward of such effort can be—in thousands of years of life's fullness—even on a planet under a detrimental sun. We cannot save those men yet unborn. We can only leave for them the heritage that is rightfully theirs, the heritage of our sciencon knowledge. And you, Mutan, in your infinite love and pity for your fellow men, shall perform this task with all the energy that your love makes possible!"

I LEFT the presence of mighty Vanue, marveling at the understanding of the Elders and Gods of Nor. No wonder that their race is so great. To me, the humble artist of Sub Altan, had been given a great mission; one that thrilled me to my depths. I hurried to Arl to tell her all about it.

"The wonder of it!" I exclaimed, having repeated what Vanue had told me, "In my hands—the simple, awkward, unskilled artist's hands of Mutan Mion, culture man of Mu—has been placed the hope of future man! To me is given the honor to preserve for men yet unborn the knowledge of their heritage of life!

Arl held me to her, and her eyes were shining.

"Yes, I understand," she said.

"There is more!" I went on. "The Nortans set out soon to rescue many thousands of Atlans and Titans and their variform offspring from the threat of death by a dying sun's radioactives, and from the black death of the derodite; but I, Mutan Mion, am to be the rescuer of untold numbers of future men down through the history of Mu, until the very planet is dead! Think of it . . ."

Arl kissed me tenderly. "Go, Mutan, and busy yourself with the beginning of the message. You have but little time, and I think you should begin by putting down the story of Mu—our story!—and thus give body to the message to future man. Perhaps he will not even remember Atlantis! Nor Tean City, nor all the other vast cities of center Mu. Perhaps he will not even remember that there ever was such a being as an Atlan or a Titan or a Nortan. It will be your duty to tell him that, too, my loved one. For how can he believe and hope if he has no knowledge of the truth of life."

"Most certainly must I tell them of *you*!" I exclaimed. "Never in all Time was there such a woman!"

And kissing her again, I hurried off to the sciencon laboratories to gather the materials necessary to begin scribing my imperishable plates of telonium with the message of hope to Lemurians unborn.

For many days I worked, putting down the truths and the knowledge to overcome the poison of age to the fullest possible extent, as it is now done in Tean City and all Mu; and the means to full life growth. I told the story of our flight from Mu, and much of the history of Mu. I told of the Titans and the Atlans who live throughout all dark space; who are searching ever for new suns. I told of the Nortans; who do not believe in living near any sun, old or new.

I brought my message up to date—and barely in time. For when I had finished Arl came to me.

"Vanue's ship leaves for Mu in a few hours," she said. "You must be ready."

At that moment it hit me—these were my last hours with my loved Arl until I returned from the war in Mu; if ever I returned. Now, for the first time since reaching Nor I knew sorrow. But Arl saw what was in my mind, and her words brought joy back to me.

"I am to go along, as operator of one of the telescreens on our own ship," she announced happily.

I should have known that my loyal Arl would never consent to remaining behind while I went into danger!

"Your life is my life," she was whispering as she snuggled in my arms.

CHAPTER VIII

Return to Mu

IT HAD been but a short month since our arrival on Nor. Many had been the preparations, most of them unknown to me. Only now as I went to the launching cradles did I see the full extent of those preparations. I found a fleet of mighty space vessels lifting from the frozen face of Nor, leaving to gather at a rendezvous in space.

Vanue's own vast vessel was not the least among the fleet, nor Arl and I the last aboard. On her viewscreens we watched countless other ships lifting on reverse gravity beams with what seemed to be almost utter ponderance until they reached a point in space where they could take up normal flight. New-built ships these were, wonderful in their engineering and armament.

We watched, also, many Nortans, mostly Nor war-maidens and Nor war-ro, embark on our own ship. Vanue herself was already aboard, together with several other Elders of minor stature. They brought with them vast quantities of material of unguessable use. Observing it I understood that their purpose was not wholly to save the people of my race from their sad plight, but to nip in the bud the growing power of Evil forces so near their own stead in space. That they were wholly confident of their ability to do this, I knew, but I knew also of the mighty armaments and endless warrens of the Atlan armies. I had seen their tremendous vessels maneuvering around Mu on the viewscreens and the new teles. I hoped the Nortans were not overconfident.

But as we proceeded into space toward Mu at greater speed, I found that I really did not know the Nortans. I had underestimated them. They understood concept, and I came to realize that concept had become a frozen thing on Mu by comparison. The Nortans used the truth for it was the right conceptual attack. Evil has no concept; it is a mad robot to detrimental force. When Evil has power and men must obey or die, then only is it to be feared. But sometimes men fight for Evil unknowingly.

As we passed an Atlan space station a Nortan ship would

land and presently take off again followed by all the ships of the station. They had just told them the truth. The Nortans had an ancient reputation that forbade any doubt of their words. It was as simple, and as powerful, as that.

This went on so often, that as we neared Mu the Atlan fleet with us was nearly as large as our own. The truth can be a mighty friend and these space warriors knew the Nor-men and trusted them.

So impressed was I by the ships of this vast battle fleet that I was tempted to go to my quarters and describe them as part of my message to future man; but I abandoned the idea. I reasoned that if my message was a needful one when it was found, its finders would have little use for, or need of, such technical information as the construction of space weapons.

Perhaps when they learned again to fight the aging power of the sun and the evil her disintegrant force can bring to life, they could again learn such other things as they would need by searching space for friendly peoples.

There was an idea—I would put down the information necessary to direct such a search. It would be a simple thing—for the great ones would never be found near or under the rays of a sun as old as this one will be by then. Aging suns would always be a space horror to be shunned by all men. Only the action of the derodite on Mu had kept our own Atlans so long under its rays. Only on or near dark worlds and new suns would the great ones be found.

IT WAS while I stood at Arl's side watching still more Atlan ships join us that a thought came to me.

"How can the Nortans so quickly trust the ships of the Atlans as to allow a number of them near their own fleet?"

"Silly," chided Arl, flirting her tail at my question, "they don't trust them. It is not a question of trust. They just place a very large female Elder aboard each ship as it joins our fleet and there is no further question of trust or obedience. Supposedly she goes aboard 'to advise the commander as to our plans and to interpret our ways to him,' but you know the real reason—"

"Of course!" I interrupted her with a rueful grin. "I should certainly understand from my own recent experience with Vanuel!"

Atlan warriors are all male. Those commanders and their men

would be unable to do anything else but obey, with complete loyalty. They could not do otherwise, for they could not find the will or wish to do it. Not even the commanders of space ships are Elders by any means. Under the spell of that vast woman-life, they would be helpless to her will in their ecstatic love for her.

There were maneuvers as we neared Mu, but I saw little of them. Most of the time I was busy with my telonion plates, inscribing further knowledge or duplicating them so that they might be deposited in Mu in many places.

Another job I had which took up much of my attention was the task of making thought-record from the heads of men in Atlan vessels nearby, in an attempt to learn what had happened in Mu since our flight. They knew little, for the telenews had evidently been as uncommunicative of Atlans' true troubles as before. Some whispers they had picked up, but nothing of great value.

I kept on, but it was of little use. They knew just enough to make them ready to join us, but no more. There was nothing that would help us in the coming battle. All we knew was that we were enroute to war upon an enemy who was undeniably powerful, but whose identity we would have no way of knowing—until he struck first! And that first blow might be a terrible one . . .

Noting some agitation in the ship I was watching, I focused on the commander's quarters just in time to hear the last of a general message from surface Atlan:

"—and since we hold the population under our war rays; and since the safety of that very population we know to be your objective; let me warn you that the very first sign of an attack on your part will be the signal for a general slaughter of the people on our part. They are only in our way anyway. You may kill us in time, but you will never attain your objective!"

The horrible import of the message stung me into inactivity for a moment, then I recovered and with haste swung my ray to hear Vanue's reaction to this problem-posing message. What would she reply? Or had she a reply to this development? Death for the very people we had come to save rested in her hands.

Then came Vanue's voice; and it held a world of bafflement in it, a note of defeat that opened my eyes wide in disbelief.

"Return to Nor," was what she said!

RETURN to Nor! Abandon our mission? No! It could not be. There must be a ruse in Vanue's mind. Vanue was not the kind to give up, even though the odds seemed great. Then what—

Vanue's voice in my mind said a single word: "Come."

I switched off my thought recorder ray and bounded down the corridor toward the great doors of hammered metal, a wild joy in my heart that at last she had need of me, and that certainly this was a ruse.

Even before I reached the great doors I knew one thing: Vanue's ship was not retreating toward Nor as the others seemed to be. Under cover of the swarm of retreating ships, our own vessel had slipped into the moon's shadow as we passed her and had come to a halt hanging there visibly in the moon's earth lee.

Once I arrived before that vast flame of beauty I sank to my knees, but she reached out a great hand and raised me to my feet. From her desk she took a tiny box and showed me its one projection—a tiny stud; a switch.

"Take this and put it in your clothes. It looks like a pocket reading machine, and it will not be noticed with suspicion. In the locks an Atlan ship and pilot is waiting for you. He has been directed to take you to surface Atlan.

"Once there you will mask your thoughts in any way you please, for I know your ability in that respect. Then go to your old home in Sub Atlan. There turn on your telenews and wait beside it until you hear three clicks from it, repeated at uneven intervals. Then take out this box and press the metal stud full in. I will tell you what to do next. That is all."

I bowed low, kissed her foot's radiant flesh, and ran from her quarters.

The Atlan ship was waiting for me, the pilot ready and silent. He pointed out my old Atlan student's outfit, which was already aboard, and indicated that I was to wear it. I jettisoned my Nortan uniform and in a moment was once more Mutan Mion, life-culture student of center Mu.

When I had completed my transformation I found that the ship was already rocketing down the regular passenger lane from moon to Mu. The pilot, an Atlan, spoke a few words of explanation and lapsed into silence.

"I am a taxi-driver and you're a passenger. Mind that—and luck!"

It was all so simple. I could hardly believe it would work. But it did. The ship settled on the public field, I jostled my way into the tubes, and soon was roaring along toward my home—a student returning from an outing.

I SWITCHED on the seat telenews but apparently nothing was happening.

It recited the most inane occurrences: a taxi motor failure had plunged two fares and the driver into the sea, and they had escaped with a ducking; a snakeman had caught his tail in a subway door, but would live; our adored chief Elder was having a birthday, may he have many more . . . I switched the telenews off. Anything could happen—and to Atlans nothing out of the way would even be whispered. Of the vast Nor fleet that had been so lately above, not the slightest hint. Great was the control of the derodite in Mu!

Not easy would be the task of the Nortan invaders!

Reaching Sub Altan, I made my way to my own home, threw my hat at the old place on the hat rack, embraced my mother and kissed the tears from her dear face, slapped Dad on the back and answered his grunted "Where in the whirling world of woolheads have you been wandering?" with "Just sewing a wild oat. I'll tell you about it at dinner," and bounded up the stairs to my old room where I switched on the telenews and lay upon my bed, carefully masking my thoughts by thinking what tale I would make up to explain my outing to Dad.

Three sharp clicks from the telenews startled me. I had not expected the signal so soon. Vanue must have been watching. I leaped erect, drew the box from my pocket and pressed the switch. A voice came from the box.

"Put this box on your head and put your hat on tightly to keep the box in place. Do not take your hat off for any reason from then on. Go outside and walk around the block. Soon you will notice a strange thing; after which you will get more directions."

I did as directed, promising to return soon when I dashed past my astonished mother and father. I stopped only long enough to retrieve my hat.

Outside a strange drowsiness came over me. It was hard to move. The lights of Sub Atlan flooded the ways, but I ignored them and walked slowly around the block. I noticed the girl at the food tablet stand lolling fast asleep over her open cash drawer.

How very careless of her, to sleep so. But then I found the service ro at the rollat stand also deep in slumber; and several of his customers sprawled in slumber on the seats with the doors open, the hood up.

The voice in my hat explained the mystery.

"By now everyone in Sub Atlan but yourself and certain others is asleep. So will you be if you remove your hat and the box which gives off stimulating vibrants.

"Go at once to the administration center and switch off the auto watch and general attack alarms. Bind the chief Elder and anyone else who seems able to frustrate a landing. Then, when everything seems safe, put a communication beam on our position and guide us in."

THE Administration building in Sub Atlan is a great tower which reaches not only to the roof of the cavern that houses Sub Atlan but through that roof and on up to surface Atlan, where it looms as the tallest building on the surface also. Great rollat ways connected the surface building with the sub building.

I activated a rollat at the curb stand, dialed the administration center's number, and drove the rollat by hand directly into the great hall and up to the doors of the council chamber. As I arrived I was surprised to see four of my comrades, Atlans from Vanue's ship, racing into the hall behind me from rollats at the curb.

I nudged the great doors with the rollat bumper. They held. Turning the thing I drove across the hall and came back at full speed crashing into the great valves and at last they gave. I plunged into the hall, the brakes squealing.

CHAPTER IX

The Abandondero

INSTEAD of finding the old chief Elder and his aides about the room, there was nothing. We raced through the place toward the telemechro center where the rodite mechs of the whole city were supervised by a concentration of screens which controlled them all when necessary. Upon these screens the whole city was watched, and could at any time be wholly robotized in an emergency

from this point.²⁹ And here we found them, the controllers of the city; but they were *not* the giant elders I had expected to find. I broke into laughter at the sight of them.

Clothed in rags and dirt, hung all over with hand weapons, their hair long and matted, were the strangest, most disgusting creatures I had ever seen in my life. They were dwarfs, some of them white-haired, from the Gods know what hidden hole in Mu's endless warren of caverns.

"What in the name of mother Mu are these things?" I asked Halftan, who had been one of the Atlans arriving immediately behind me, and who now helped me in the task of binding the hideous dwarfs in turn after turn of the heavy drapes from the walls.

"You already know of them," he said. "They come from the abandoned caves and cities of Mu. When the machinery became defective from age, many centuries ago, a vast number of caverns were sealed up. Fugitives hid in them used the defective pleasure stimulators,³⁰ and as a result, their children were these things.

²⁹ The telemachro center was in itself under outside control, the communications mechanics being ro to the central control which was ro to the master control in its turn. Thus, all the rodite supervising the city could be placed under one master control through the screens in the telemachro center. By this means, the whole city's inhabitants could be placed under hypnotic condition, even including the rodite themselves. From this it can be seen the telemachro center is a vital spot in the dero control which has been thrown over all Mu.—Ed.

³⁰ Entirely aside from our questioning of Mr. Shaver, we received a letter from him in which he describes the pleasure stimulator mentioned here. Or rather, he describes the sensations concurrent with its use in a very peculiar manner;—since his words seem to indicate that he himself went through the experience. Whether or not the following words are those of Mr. Shaver, or of Mutan Mion, your editors have as yet been unable to determine. Certainly some of them are Mr. Shaver's (which only makes them more startling in their implications) and certainly some of them are not. In either case, they give us something to ponder upon.

"They played stim on me, a powerful augmentation of woman-life; to a hundred powers of natural love. There are no words to describe what this apparatus did for life. There were hundreds of rays about, always pleasant, their messages like conversation, as though a thousand Scheherazades were telling tales at once. It augmented every cell impulse to a power untold. It seemed that every tree carried a beautiful face; every breeze was like a bath in elixir; every sensation having the value of a thousand nights of love. Little bells and visions of indescribable beauty mantled my closed lids to waft me into a sleep of dreams beyond anything mortal mind could devise." (*Note the difference between the foregoing paragraph and the following.—Ed.*)

"These mechs—rays—stim have been used always as the forbidden fruit of life, the last treasure in the temple of secrecy which has consumed the ancient science. The orgies which the uses of such stimulants inspire have been going on secretly since the earliest times—beneath the temples and in the secret pleasure palaces of the world. (*Shaver here seems to be talking of our modern world, not of ancient Mu.—Ed.*) These orgies still go on, and are more deadly than before—more filled with de accumulated in the apparatus, the stim itself concealing the deadly rays whose effect is explained as the sad results of overindulgence; which is untrue—the stim is a beneficial of great virtue and leaves one stronger and wiser after use.

"The legends of the sirens is an example of ancient mechs which no one could

(Footnote concluded on opposite page)

They die of age, are stupid, cannot even read or write, but they must have a vicious, cunning leader who has learned to use them. They are called 'abandondero' by the techs, who have captured some of them for study.

"If you had been in Tean City years ago, you would have heard them talked about on the telenews. The ones shown then were so stupid no one paid any attention. There is nothing so careless as a swelled head, I guess. Those supremely intelligent Elders of ours who should be tending this center will probably be found in ashes in the incinerator!"

His words wiped the laughter from my lips. No laughing matter now, these ugly dwarfs! They were dero, children of dero, enslaved in some manner by the derodite master who sought the death of all Mu! And the very fact of it brought home to me the greatness of the menace we were beginning to fight. For the first time I felt some misgivings as to the outcome.

WE FINISHED tying the filthy brutes and then turned our attention to the immense central synchronizing screen where a multiplex view of every nation in the city could be seen. At each screen slumped the particular wizened dwarf who had been operating it, and who was now fast asleep and secured by our makeshift bonds on his limbs.

We activated the big space communicator, swung the beam

resist—in the hands of evil degenerates it became a deadly attraction—drawing ship-loads of men to death and the ships to looting.

"The course of history, the battles, the decisions of tyrants and kings—was almost invariably decided by interfering control from the caverns and their hidden apparatus. This interference, this use of the apparatus in a prankish, evil, destructive way, is the source of god worship, the thrill of divinity, the sensing of the invisible, the prostration of the will before the stronger will of the ray gen (hidden and unknown as it was).

"This remarkable part of it all is that it still goes on today. Emotional and mental stim—unsuspected by such as you and the average citizen—used in mere prankishness, all come from the ancient apparatus. If you will remember your stage fright in the school play, the many other times when your emotions seem to have gone awry without sufficient reason—were these natural?

"The dero of the caves are the greatest menace to our happiness and progress; the cause of many mad things that happen to us, even so far as murder. Many people know something of it, but they say they do not. They are lying. They fear to be called mad, or to be held up to ridicule. Examine your own memory carefully. You will find many evidences of outside stim, some good, some evil—but mostly evil."

What Mr. Shaver hints here is the subject of another story on our desk. He gives this information in all seriousness. In the deserted (and not so completely sealed!) caverns of Mu, the dero descendants of the abandondero still exist, idiotically tampering with our lives by senseless use of the ancient stim mechanisms which actually were created to enhance man's life and not to plague it, but now are detrimental through an accumulation of radioactives which impair their action.—Ed.

toward the approximate position of Vanue's ship, sounded the 'ware' signal.

Instantly Vanue's face appeared on our screens—and we flashed the view beam on each of the bound dwarfs and on the big multiplex screen, showing the sleeping dwarfs who had replaced the original Atlan Elder's rodite. She nodded comprehension, not speaking. Then she switched off her communicator. We waited; it was up to her from now on. Meanwhile it was up to us to hold the fort here in the telemechro center.

"Thank Vanue," said Halftan, his eyes aglitter with excitement, "these creatures are stupid, or we would not have overcome them so easily, nor would our job holding out here be as easy. Smarter operators would have managed to flash some signal when they sensed they were going asleep."

I was inclined to agree that his analysis was correct. But I also added mentally that when no checking signals went out in the next few minutes, an investigation might be made from Tean City, or wherever the central control was located.

"Do you suppose our enemies never heard of a sleeper ray?" I asked Halftan.

"Did you, before you met Vanue and the Nortans?" countered Halftan. "Besides, these dwarfs are sub-dero, not thinkers! I remember from the old tech report on them in the news. I wondered then why no one made a move to clean them out, but concluded that it was because they could not think coherently enough to be a menace. I realize now, however, that our corrupt big-heads were using them even then by some means that they had discovered."

"I was not talking of these dwarfs," I said. "I am wondering about the rodite and the big-heads themselves."

Halftan's face grew thoughtful, and he began a watchful survey of the multiplex screens with a new tenseness evident in his body.

BOTH of us saw it coming at the same instant, and a shock of real surprise swept through us. The dark bulk of Vanue's great Nor ship showed on the screens shadowed over the great surface tower of the administration center. The lightless ship had drifted down the communicator beam for landing! What unknown science to use a communicator beam as a pilot beam!

It hovered for a brief time, then the roar of its great jets be-

came a maddening thing; and the ship lifted again into the night sky. Why had it come, and what had it done? Had it done anything?

Our wonder lasted only a brief time, for soon we saw Vanue coming into the center, dwarfing it, stooping low to clear the ceiling fittings. Swiftly after her came her Nor maids, a hundred or more of them; and a dizzying activity sprang into life about us.

A tender from the Nor ship was lying before the doors of the hall, and in and out we Atlans and Nor maids sped, trundling trucks of apparatus. Once emptied the tender returned to the surface. Under Vanue's eyes the dwarfs were unbound and placed in their former positions, while a rodite beam was set up behind each screen. Now they were held in a ro beam from a Nor maid's mind, the slaves of her augmented will.

The hangings were replaced; the space communicator switched off; even the marks of binding were chafed from the dirt-encrusted wrists of the abandondero. Then we hid. To the view screens all was as before our entrance.

Vanue gave a signal, and somewhere in space the sleep ray switched off. The city came to life. That sleep had not lasted more than thirty minutes. Would the freaks from the lost cavern realize what had happened? On that question depended the lives of millions of people, all over Mu. Vanue had no doubt but that the derodite would carry out their murderous threat to kill the people if we attacked. Well, we had attacked, but in a way Vanue hoped would not be realized.

The telescreen from Tean City began sounding a constant call. The nearest dwarf, a hideous old woman, reached over and threw the circuit open. On the screen was a furious face of a fat Atlan. He was one whom I knew well from his appearance on telenews screens as a high official in Construction.

"Where have you been?" he screamed at her. "Don't you know how tough a spot we're in? Your orders are to stay on duty until relieved."

The hag's hoarse voice answered, a groveling fear on her dirty old face.

"We had a li'l trouble. One stray Elder came in with a private key, nearly bumped us all before we did away with him. Everything is all right, else. Nothing to worry about. He didn't know what was doing—been away for a year. He's dead meat now."

"Might have upset everything," the fat Atlan growled. But he

seemed appeased by the news. "The overgrown fools. There aren't many of them left alive in Mu. Let me know at once if anything turns up."

BEHIND him, on the rodite screen, before he turned off the beam, we could see a scene of mad revelry. In the background were the tremendous figures of some of the great ones of Atlan writhing in horrible torment while about their bodies crackled the blue flames of some pain-gening electric. Drunken renegades from Atlan's army reeled across the screen, dragging protesting girls after them. It was evident that they were celebrating the frustration of the Nor fleet in a manner deemed to be appropriate!

Then the Tean City screen went blank as the beam was switched off, and the old hag, her face a toothless grin at what she also had seen, reached out and broke the contact on the screen.

On the various units of the multiplex screen from the sub-rodite stations of surface Atlan and sub-Atlan cities much the same conversation took place. Each abandonero explained apologetically that he had fallen asleep and begged not to be reported. Each was reproved by the ro at the "plex" control.

We realized that they would never realize that all had fallen asleep. Many even denied their sleep, claiming they had had no signals. All reported everything all right.

"All right indeed!" I could hear mighty Vanue's thought in her furious mind. She waved her hand—and from somewhere in space that big sleep beam went on again.

On the multiplex screen at the center we could see Nor-men entering everywhere setting up control apparatus without awakening the dwarfs. All over the sleeping city Nor-men were active, setting up hidden controls, ships landing and taking off—the armies of Nor gathering and entering the caverns . . .

Could they do it? Could they take the planet without setting off the alarm which would bring death down on the helpless people? As I looked at the sleeping, hideous things whose forebears had once been men, I felt they could. And when they did, I would not have wanted to be in the shoes of the Atlan or Titan who had trained and turned these things loose on the people of a whole planet! There would be a grim reckoning when the Nortans caught him.

"VANUE—Vanue!" called a Nor maid to her mistress. "I have it! I have been reading the mind of this thing in its sleep. The center of this whole mess is not in Tean City nor any city, but in the abandoned caverns. Some ancient Elder, exiled long ago, returned secretly to Mu and entered those sealed cities. He has been chief of the abandondero for all their life. All their orders come from him. They do everything he says—nothing without his word. If we took the whole planet, we would still have his high and mighty madness to reckon with, together with a horde of these creatures who do his bidding—with Venus herself knows what kind of antique junk to do it. Some of those old war mech builders were not fools, and their methods were lost in wars when they were killed. You know, like the one time we ran into antique war mech on Helbal, when the deros of those old burrows used that stuff on us. No one knew what it was. We had to blow it all to Hades to get them."

Vanue picked her up with delight and kissed her. It was becoming increasingly plain to me that this was not the first time these warrior maids had seen action. They worked too smoothly. With the hand weapons and war weapon harness they wore, they were formidable looking Amazons. Their strength was unbelievable, and I knew it came from the inner growth of the incubator which increased the solidity of the flesh. My own period in the incubator had demonstrated that on my own body.

With the knowledge the Nor maid had picked up, a new plan of action into being. Vanue relinquished her authority in the telemechro center to one of the many space officers who had been going in and out on errands mysterious to me. Then the hundred Nor maids and ourselves accompanied Vanue to the tender and we were soon flashing skyward up the rollat tunnel and out into space.

CHAPTER X

Into the Tunnels of the Dero

FAR out in Mu's nightshadow lay the silent fleet, dark and still as any lonesome rock drifting through space. We reached it and boarded Vanue's ship. Once aboard Vanue called a conference of fleet commanders, but we were excluded from it. Very obviously something very special was being planned that demanded no loopholes for a leak be left open. Not that we would consciously allow such a thing to escape our minds—but after all, we were only

ro and far below the mental caliber of the Elders.

When Vanue came from the conference her cheeks were flushed, she was beaming triumphantly, and her aura was pulsing madly. She went immediately into the tech laboratory of the ship and ordered two of the hideous abandondero brought in for examination.

They were placed in a telaug³¹ and examined exhaustively for details of the lost caverns' entrances and exits and the location of the renegade Elder's power plants. Also we got a more or less clear history of what had been happening on Mu for many years; although the picture was about as clear as mud to the abandondero themselves. They had minds like rabbits—like mean rabbits now suddenly discouraged in their meanness.

For many years, most of their short lives, they had been stealing youths and maidens for torture and tormenting thousands of the Atlans with rays right in the streets. When any Atlan had tried to do anything about it, it had only resulted in his death by one means or another.

How this idiotic dominance of theirs had been kept a secret for so long a time, while it grew stronger and stronger was comprehensible only when we understood that the centralizing of all power by the rodite method of government had allowed complete control once the central rodite synchronizer was taken over. It had meant the sudden and complete end of Atlan government without even a suspicion that such a turnover had taken place.

When the center had gone mad no one had known. Even the abandondero couldn't tell us, except that they knew it had been long ago. Little by little, after the important coup, normal Atlans in charge of minor branches of the rodite government had been replaced by abandondero. The secret police had been killed off! By their strangle hold on the telenews centers all knowledge of such deaths and disappearances were kept from the Atlans. By continually checking over people's minds for any who were becoming suspicious, any breeding trouble could be checked before it started.

For Venus knows how long they had been picking off the best brains of Atlan, the very flower of our race; doing them to death day by day, and no one was ever the wiser.

³¹ Telaug—a machine which augmented and strengthened telepathic signals so that even the most secret thoughts could be read.—Ed.

Much of all this we had to guess, for the abandondero actually knew little of the master organization beyond their own vicious experiences; but they knew their ancient warrens well and we could deduce approximately, from their minds, where our objectives lay.

WITH this information in our possession, we went into action. In a very short time a host of tiny winged planes were dropping silently toward the vast culture forests, where the hidden degenerates had made tunnels to the surface to gather fruit.

These planes were sealed-cabin helicopters, equipped for short flights in space by auxiliary gas jets, silent and flareless.

Our primary objectives were certain tunnels which held cables running to Tean City as well as other tunnels which held cables connecting the depths with the surface.

I kissed Arl lingeringly before I stepped into one of the planes and took off for Mu's forest-covered surface and became just one of many dropping motes that looked harmless enough but which carried more might than had ever before been gathered into such compactness. . .

We landed and made our way into the tunnel nearby. It led down steeply, and was a very ancient thing once we had gotten beyond the area constructed by the dero. It led soon into vast caverns housing long-abandoned cities.

These ancient ruins in the lost caverns were impressively eerie things. They had been built, I knew, in the early days of Mu, when under the new sun all growth had been furious and undying, with a fecundity scarcely to be imagined in present-day Mu. Most of the people who had once lived here had long ago become too big to stay in Mu; had gone to larger planets under other suns, or to huge, cold, planet-cities that drift in dark space. From what they had left behind I became more and more convinced that Mu's youth was too much of the past to have any more future. The planet should have been abandoned long ago. Just the contemplation of these mighty, long-gone glories in comparison with the lesser marvels of the best of modern Tean City was enough to tell the story to even the most thoughtless of Atlans.

Our lights played over the deserted, awful, death-like glory of the ancient mansions and even the hue of them gave off melancholy. However, to the warro and war maids accompanying me, such

thoughts as those were not in order. Instead they kept sharp eyes and minds open for danger. What weapons lay unused in these tremendous fortresses from Mu's wild youth only the oldest of Elders could guess. And which of them might suddenly prove to be manned by warriors of the renegade Elder was something we could not know. But from the portent of their presence we realized that our enemy might be a tougher nut to crack than we dreamed.

As we marched down the silent, dust-laden ways, sleep rays and augmentative detectors of several kinds played miles ahead of us. Now and then we came upon a modern rollat, wrecked against the wall of a building, a dero asleep in its seat. They had crashed because the auto drive would not work here—check rays at corners and building entrances not being activated.

IT WAS not many hours before our communications beams told us that the enemy cables had been cut; and so far as could be determined all dero communication beams had been tapped with false answer equipment and so placed in attendance. So far our march into the depths had been accompanied by signal success. Next would come the actual locating of and the attempt to reduce the cavern stronghold of the renegade dero Elder. Rolling behind us as we advanced came an endless line of burden rollats, bearing war rays whose potency was incomprehensible to me. But I could guess from their complex construction that here were things that could loose terror itself. Before many hours I expected to see them go into action, loosing the terror upon the author of the fear that had ridden hag-like upon the back of Tean City and all Mu's Atlans for many years.

It was then that I got a shock—for a big carry-all came riding by and in it, among the warrior maids bearing the crest of Vanue, was Arl . . . lovely, smiling, brave Arl of the cloven hoofs and defiantly flirting tail!

She flashed her teeth at me gaily as though she were on a picnic!

What is there about danger that accentuates the man-life in a man? As that smile played on me, the whole cosmos whirled in my head. I felt even more powerfully than I had in the duo-incubator the sensations of one-ness that existed between us. Comets buzzed in my head and I felt the urge for battle surge up in me; battle to preserve for myself and others happiness such as was Arl's and mine.

Then, as we skirted a vast city bowl lit vaguely by a kind of marsh light that glimmers in these old warrens, action came! A dis ray raved out at us suddenly from a dark pile in the bowl several miles away. It cut great gashes in our columns before the swift, silent answer from the gray rollats had reduced the whole pile to silence.

Gray dust rose in a cloud over the bowl city as we swarmed into that huge old city-center building; and the horror that we found inside cured me forever of all sun lit planets. These devilish abandondero had a meat market in the lower floors, filled with human flesh; and a pile of choice cuts I saw was composed mainly of Atlan girl breasts! These dero things were cannibals and lived off immortal Atlan flesh!

So much for our illusion of benevolent government! How long had it been composed of hidden, grinning cannibals, the whole of our race unaware of its ultimate fate? I realized now that it takes more than patriotism and fine words over a telescreen from a ro face to make a state a safe place in which to live.

Because of a degenerating sun, all our apparent tremendous scientific advance had been set at naught by a few madmen . . . with these dero creatures eager to do anything the madmen said in return for a little fresh human meat. I saw now the fatal weakness in centralized government. One silent grab at that neck of power lines had resulted in death for the whole cream of the race. The awful power in telaug rodite methods of rule had only served to place the total wealth of the planet in mad criminal hands.

Yes, Halftan is right! There is "no thing so careless as a swelled head." To see sweet Atlan girl breasts displayed as a butcher's merchandise set a fury to raging within me that will not cease so long as de makes dero!

THOUSANDS of the ragged, filthy abandondero lay about the huge building, unconscious from our rays, and we put them rapidly under telaugs to get a complete picture of their strength and the location of their other forces. Once we had gained our information they did not live long! We could not think of them as human things, these slaves to the disintegrant impulse to destroy that courses through all matter under an aging sun; and perhaps we, too, in this moment of horror, felt within us the effects of the sun poisons.

The children of the abandondero lay about naked or with a few rags draped on them, usually with a human bone they had been gnawing upon or playing with clutched in their hands. Vanue had all of the children gathered up and sent back to the ship "to treat them and use them to people a small planet as an experiment."

"Let that planet be far away!" was my thought.

We had learned from our searching of the minds of the abandondero that the old Exile's stronghold lay far in, nearly at center Mu. Yes, the rot had progressed far in Mother Mu. Always in my mind the most amazing fact of this rot will be the extent of its influence in the energy pattern of Mu's life-supporting energy flows. This dictating pattern had been so effective that their plight was not known nor hardly whispered of by any of the Atlans. Yet they were slaughtered indiscriminately, sold as meat to the abandondero, and the gods know what else they had put up with for how many years with the sickening realization that to appeal to higher-ups for help would spell death. All these years . . . without managing to make their plight public knowledge.

The telaug records told us that many of the dero had been torturing and tormenting Atlans all their life, and eating them too. Yet the news systems had managed to ignore all such tales, partly from individual fear of consequences, and partly from a dread of being considered mad for harboring such suspicions. There is no cloak for corruption like the average citizen's supreme faith that all is well as long as the paper is delivered, the telenews functions without saying anything alarming, and the dignitaries strut their pompous fronts regularly as upholders of righteousness.

I could see what had made them so supremely blind now. It was the effects from which the migration had been intended to save them. Yes, that migration had been delayed too long by a few centuries, it appeared.

IT WAS another thing for me to stress in my message to future man; to inscribe on my timeless plates of telonion. Those who will people this planet again with children from the seed of the few we will not be able to find and rescue must be warned that there can be no peace nor beauty in life under this sun, except that they build special chambers which exclude detrimental forces as well as the radioactives that cause age.

Just so long as Mother Mu spins under this sun, just so long

will her energy fields induce disintegrant charges from her destructive force and these charges will work out into neutralization of man-matter growth through destructive will in the units of the life pattern. Without extraordinary precautions these detrimental forces will result in continual war and complete stalling of all real racial, social and individual growth.

If one of future man's really healthy men creates a machine of value to his people, one of the destructive men will take the same machine and destroy that same gain with it. Disintegrant energy must be neutralized by an equal amount of healthy integrant energy. If it is not, this disintegrant energy will work out in continual social troubles, famines, disease and death—if it does not actually take the form of war.

This need not be the fate of future man! The life which grows in integrative source material concentrating chambers can be safe, immortal life— but all outside such chambers will be destructive, if not by actual fierce blows, then by stupid interference and destructive disapproval.

These are the truths I, Mutan Mion, culture-man of Mu, realized even more forcibly now, must pass on to future man, written on tablets that will be deposited in likely places so that they may be found in some future time. These truths—in addition to a history of the great war I am now observing; a war which would save all future men, but which cannot, because of those lost ones of the forest whom we will never be able to search out—must reach future man!³²

CHAPTER XI

Battle to the Death

AT DISTANCES of a hundred miles and more the battle was joined at last. We surrounded the old fire head,³³ ex-Elder Zeit, of Atlan in his center-Mu lair and succeeded in cutting him off without alarming Tean City or any other post so far as we

³² Judging from the information recorded by Plato, as received from Solon, it would seem that these metal plates so often mentioned by Mutan Mion (which this manuscript definitely states were deposited in many places both inside and upon the surface of this planet) were deposited about 12,000 years ago. Since such vast upheavals of nature as the sinking of Atlantis, the smashing down of the gates of the Pillars of Hercules and thus forming the Mediterranean Sea, have occurred, it would

(Footnotes 32 and 33 concluded on next page)

could judge. We knew the dero would not use the destructive machines to kill the people without word from the old master of murder. And they would not get that word; for our ro sat astride every single cable of communication and held damper beams over every channel of telebeams.

But the old idiot himself was actively alarmed! Every weapon that one-time Atlan stronghold held was throwing fire and death through every boring we could approach him by. Nor-men died by the thousands (and they are not enamored of death for they have much to live for!) before we finally brought up enough shorter³⁴ ray to ground those tremendous flows of hell-fire from the ancient generators. Zeit's hideout was a super arsenal!

Now our own needle rays concentrated on a single spot in the old fortress' metal walls. That metal, we knew, had been hardened in the past by subjecting it to exd flows of great strength.³⁵ It would resist most rays, but it was just a matter of throwing enough dis at a small enough opening point till the metal began to blaze and flow in a stream.

The opening grew larger, but the defenses of old Zeit were a long way from being pierced. Our own forces were protected

seem that the hiding places of these plates more than likely have been destroyed and rendered impossible of discovery. At least, science has no record of any such plates having been unearthed; nor is there any such record in legend or history beyond the possibility of the plates of the Ten Commandments given (found?) by Moses upon the mount. However this seems unlikely, since they are described as being of stone which seems true since they were smashed by Moses in his anger. Apparently the message which over Mutan Mion labored so mightily has never been found.—Ed.

³³ The word "fire-head" used here does not mean that Zeit was a hothead, or impetuous, or any other similar modern meaning of the word. It has a deeper significance, denoting his mental condition. For a complete definition the reader is referred to footnote 17. Old Zeit's head, his brain, was infected by the everfire of the sun, and the infection was so derogatory to his thinking processes that the only possible result was detrimental thought culminating in murder, the most detrimental of all thoughts. The reader is here requested to note the word "derogatory," an accepted word of our English language, which has as its root the ancient Lemurian word "dero." Note that the ancient meaning has come down unchanged!—Ed.

³⁴ By the word "shorter" Mutan Mion does not mean the rays brought up were not as long, but that they were capable of "shorting" the energy flows from Zeit's generators. They must have been ionizing rays which served in much the same capacity as lightning rods, grounding the destructive beams hurled at the Nor-men before they were able to strike their target,—Ed.

³⁵ This principle of "hardening" metal and stone so that they become unbreakable (used to prevent the roofs of the cavern cities from collapsing) has been mentioned several times in this manuscript. It is accomplished by forcing additional exd (which the reader will remember is the ash of disintegrated matter, or more properly, the basic energy from which matter is again integrated) into the substance to be toughened until it reaches a state whose ultimate end would be what we today conceive of as neutronium. By adding more matter, packing it so to speak, into the interstices between the particles of matter, a greater density and therefore a greater cohesiveness is obtained. This cohesiveness is actually the "inflow" of gravity.—Ed.

both by conductive fans of rays which grounded any ray that threatened us and by flows of energy which were so strong that any ray that struck them was repelled or swept out of existence by the out-massing kinetic of the cone of force. But since these rays coned out at Elder Zeit's dero fortress on a level with its walls there was little overhead to protect us. It was an opening for Zeit and he took advantage of it!

FROM the towers of black metal suddenly sprang whirling comets; electrical vortices packed with howling energy in circular motion, which can be thrown in such a way that their circular motion causes them to describe an arc, for the same reason that a pitched ball curves. These arcing electronic cannonballs curved over outflung protective wall and, striking our lines, bounced and leaped unpredictably from one point to another searing everything within a dozen feet of their erratic path.

A few of these would not have mattered, since their behavior was uncontrollable, but they came flaming over by the thousands and set the whole army into confusion, dodging about, trying to guess where the howling, whirling, pausing, leaping things would go next.

Since many of our men had to leave their controls to dodge the rolling fire, their retreat almost became a rout when old Zeit threw a hellishly dense concentration of dis on our protective fields, breaking it down before our remaining men could swing enough counter force into action to neutralize it, burning down our grounding conductive rays; and boring a huge hole through our center.

As I watched in horror, my mind was unable to grasp this paradoxical truth. How is it that mere mechanisms can so rout intelligent men? The same intelligence built these machines, long ago. Now seemingly, it confounds that intelligence, seeks to and almost succeeds in destroying its creator.

But our Nor giants had a few tricks left up their sleeves. I suspected that they had not been used because it had been unthinkable that the old devil of a dero Elder could have outreached us. Conductor rays soon dissipated the charges in the fireballs; an out-massing bank of force ray generators replaced the burned-out breach in our protective fields.

Now our men had time to carefully fine down the focus of our needle rays to a more and more concentrated beam of dis force.

Then simultaneously placing all the needles on a predetermined point, usually at the base of the openings where Zeit's deros worked at their ray guns, they beat down the flashing black sweep of Zeit's counter-conductive concentration, . . . and his deros died at their controls.

THIS went on for hours as the dero were replaced by others under the devilish Elder's will—only to be killed again by the dancing, unpredictable needles of death which went through anything when they suddenly all swung to one point.

All the time cutter needles gnawed steadily at the rock roof of the great bowl, directly over the ancient black-walled fortress. Chunks of the super-hardened rock rained down. It was tough stuff; tougher than steel. As soon as the artificially hardened surface of the rock was cut away the soft body of the rock above could be cut down in masses huge enough to cover the renegade Elder's hideout completely.

The walls and roof of the metal fort gave out great brazen clangings as the rocks fell from the height.

Still the fiery vortice spheres kept pouring from the black towers in steady streams, only to be caught by repeller beams and flung aside.

Force needles cut doggedly at the tower's sides and one by one they toppled with a great thunder of metal on metal and a fury of blazing-arc force from torn power cables.

Over the whole blazed a fiercely dancing flare of blue and purple flames from the clash of dis rays with the neutralizing fields. It was more and more evident that the end was approaching for the abandondero's feared master! A great exultance was growing in my heart as I foresaw the end which must soon come.

To corroborate my vision of nearing victory, interceptor ro of the false-answer communicators sent us a message that Zeit was calling wildly for help.

"Nothing is so pleasant," went the report, "as to sorrowfully tell him that we're unavoidably detained by pressing engagements."

But in my mind now came a darker, sobering thought. It was the thought wave of Vanue, impinging on my brain.

"What will his last effort be?" I heard her muse.

I had caught and repelled a couple of vortice balls on my beam that might have approached her and had been dreaming of what

form her reward might take—but now that thought left my mind. If Vanue had reason to worry of what Zeit might have up his sleeve as a last desperate gamble, I too had reason to be concerned.

I WATCHED the battle with more sober contemplation, peering ever for signs of some final development that might be dangerous.

Then as I watched for it came the thing that is always feared in battle; the unseen factor that suddenly upsets all calculation. From somewhere the dero had unearthed a tremendous levitator.³⁶ We ourselves had a few with us to get the heavy stuff over tough going; but this one was a monster, once used in construction. This thing began lifting masses of rock that had fallen on the fort, lifting them and dropping them from high in the air upon our lines.

Our own lifters were not big enough to handle the tremendous masses that kept dropping on our ranks and smashing the protective force-beam generators. When several of the generators had been crushed, the old devil used the master beam of the old fortress and bored through the openings, burning a path of destruction. Our whole enterprise was endangered—even faced total defeat!

I could hear Vanue's mind racing madly, "What to do? What to do?" And because of her confusion and anxiety, I knew how desperate our situation was indeed. Never had so great a fear filled my heart as I watched with staring eyes the havoc old Zeit was causing in our lines with his great super-ray.

As fast as our needle rays found the thing, new dero rushed in,

³⁶ A levitator is a portable lifter beam generator. Some of them are very small, and can be carried in the palm of a hand, or in the pocket. They were in common use for all tasks in Mu, and from Mr. Shaver comes the amazing statement that some of these portable levitators have been found in modern times and their secret use has given rise to the belief in the ability of "mediums" to use levitation of objects as one of their tricks in their seances. Perhaps most noted of these mediums was Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, wizard, whose seances were the sensation of the United States and of Europe, the incredible recount of which was recently presented in "Magazine Digest." His feats of levitation are indisputable, being vouched for by such persons as Princess Pauline Metternich; Austrian Ambassador, Prince Joachim Murat; Mme. Jauvin d'Attainville. Home was born in Currie, near Edinburgh, on March 21, 1888. Among his abilities was the power to see events happening a great distance away; the ability to "elongate" his body as much as a foot; and at one time he caused Ward Cheney, silk-manufacturing titan, to be lifted three times into the air while he "palpitated from head to foot with contending emotions of fear and joy that choked his utterances." (The reader should note the amazing similarity to many of the mechanisms of ancient Mu—the emotional stim; the levitator; the tele.) It was after he became the darling of such figures as Napoleon III, Eugenie of France, Alexander II of Russia, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning that he developed his "body elongation" trick and a still more sensational one wherein he placed his face among burning coals, bathing it as in water; without any sign of a burn. Is it possible that Home "discovered" his abilities in an ancient cave?—Ed.

moved it, went on with its deadly work. However, a concentration of conductor rays finally bored through to its base, shorted its vast power down to our size. Now we could handle it!

But our losses had mounted horribly. As I gazed upon the slaughter, I could not help but think that with our superior mental equipment all this should have been avoided. I am afraid there was criticism of our Nortan minds in my thoughts at this moment. . .

Vanue's thought came into strong being in my head, answering my unspoken denunciation.

"Detrimental force has an automatic electric play about it that strangely serves for thought. It is hard, no, impossible, to predict; as our healthy minds neutralize detrimental force, cannot therefore 'think' it. Too, in these conditions, their telaugs read our minds and our imagination works against us. Healthy men are naturally too optimistic to foresee trouble fully. Then, beside that, no one knew or could know that the old fortress in here was so heavily equipped. Old Zeit nor any of his retainers have been out of the place for nearly a century. He kept the mech secret with very rigid care. People have gone into the fortress, but none have come out. The tunnels that lead down to this place are all too small to bring real war equipment down from the surface. We are really near the center of Mu. And on top of that, we have been a little over-confident, due to the unintelligent appearance of the dero. Who would expect such things to put up a fight?"

Her voice ceased in my mind, and I no longer fostered the thought that all this death could have been prevented. I felt a deep shame for ever harboring the thought, and a deep gratitude for the favor she had bestowed on me in explaining so patiently even while she was in the midst of the greatest battle of her whole career. Such honor had never before been bestowed on a simple ro, I was sure.

NOW, as I returned to my contemplation of the battle, I saw that our sleeper beams were following our dis days' opening in Zeit's force shields, but they seemed not to have the desired effect. The old ogre must have had some means to jerk his harried dero awake as fast as they dropped off. Possibly some type of stimulator ray—a clever use for stim, I thought; ordinarily they are for entertainment.

Finally, however, we swept the whole place with a concentra-

tion of dis rays and sleeper beams and the boulder-covered pile of horrors fell silent. A few beams still played from the heap, but they were evidently automatic watch beams with no one awake behind them.

Our own lifters now cleared a path for our rollats to the doors. At last it was time to enter and mop up. As we went forward I heard Vanue's ever-cautious mind warning me to "Watch out for the devil's joker" as our rollat-mounted rays moved up to the wall's lee and started blasting away at the doors. We rolled over the blazing mass of their remains and were inside. Atlan's leech had been loosened!

The place was three-deep in corpses. Many of them had been Atlan warriors; whether captives driven by Zeit's or his rodite's will or renegades I could not say. They lay at the white-hot projectors, their hands burned free of flesh, the bones still clasping the red-hot controls. Powerful indeed had been Zeit's ro compulsion.

We found the vast mountain of flesh that was ex-Elder Zeit of old Atlan. He was snoring among a mass of synchronizing rodite apparatus as big as a city block. It was both antique and modern in construction, much of it evidently salvaged from ancient ruins. Zeit was a three-hundred-footer, and he was not only big but amazingly fat from his soft life in his hideout.

It was going to be a real job to get him to the surface alive. It would not be surprising if the soldiers found it necessary to take him apart and reassemble him later on.

The realization that we were going to move him to the surface was a surprise to me, because not to blast him into nothingness the instant we found him had seemed to me to be infinitely more than godlike emotional control in itself. But that that huge and evil head might contain technical secrets of value I realized when I thought of it.

We bound him with endless turns of the steel cable, lifted him with a dozen of our levitators, and started him floating along toward the surface. Before he arrived, I'll wager he scraped a few turns in a rather painful manner, and not by accident either!

O THER things we found in old Zeit's fortress—things that horrified us. He had had a couple of dozen Elder captives. It is one thing to see a broken man of my size, but to see the living remains of a Goddess Elder broken by torture until she had become

a whimpering, cringing, babbling thing to pity did not quiet the rage in my breast, rage that I could see and feel, burning in the Nor-men around me.

There were many captives still living, of all sizes, many women and girls—but most of them were in horrible shape from their treatment, and the others nearly insane from waiting for the same torture. I saw the endless variations on the torture theme old Zeit had devised to amuse himself in the centuries he had spent hiding in this place—as we recorded it on the thought record from his ro's minds.

I was placed as a guard over some of the antique equipment reserved by Vanue for research. As I stood there, I could read the thoughts of many of the Elders who passed by after having viewed the gibbering things Zeit had made of Atlan men, women and Elders. I knew that if what they were thinking ever came to pass, Zeit would receive the equivalent of his tortures in Nor before he died—if he were allowed to die!

Now that the battle was over, more important Nor Elders arrived. Vanue's father was among them, and I heard him speak to a comrade. Vanue stood beside him as he spoke, listening as I did.

"I see that exile for him was a large Atlan mistake. To humble the exalted and to release them to work out their revenge at leisure is to create a devil and give him leave to harm you. These Elders he has been so lavishly entertaining in so terrible a way are the very ones who sat at the council which expelled him. Obviously they were a bit too gentle with a monster who sold his own people as slaves and got caught at it."

Vanue turned briefly to me, and once again I discovered how close she kept track of me.

"Zeit's joker never materialized, Mutan . . . and your reward for diverting the vortice balls will not be forgotten. It is a good religion, the word 'reward'.³⁷ Do not forget it."

There is a peace about being read by an understanding mind. Vanue would always know my intent toward her. I was her ro,

³⁷ This reference to the word "reward" as a religion is mystifying, and Mr. Shaver has never explained it. However, our thought on it is what might be termed the basis for all religions—the incentive to do good because of the hope of a reward of some kind. This seems the correct view when we consider Vanue's insistence that a service of good is never left unrewarded. It is logical to believe that loyalty would remain constant so long as the reward always certainly comes as a consequence of each demonstration of that loyalty. If nothing else, Vanue was an excellent psychologist, and a brilliant leader. Also she protected, as well as rewarded, as her reference to the "joker" demonstrates.—Ed.

until someday I would graduate into true self-determination. It was enough.

"TEAN CITY still to take," I was thinking aloud a few minutes later, and suddenly realized that Arl, somewhere in the fortress, operating her telescreen beam, had been secretly watching me—for her voice sounded in my ear in answer.

"They got wind of what happened some way. Missing messengers, false reports exposed, or something. Anyway, they loaded up some of the finished migration ships, destroyed the rest, and took off. But I would say the abandondero migration has been too long delayed just as was the Atlans'—the Nor fleet will hunt them down like rats."

Hovering in the air before me her face appeared, materialized by tele-projection, and she bent forward and gave me a kiss with *full* augmentation. I reeled from the vital charge and nearly fell, but wound up on my knees asking for more. She went on speaking as if the tremendous kiss she had given were a nothing.

"They just made it, too. They tried to wipe out the Tean City population, but our men were entering from the lifts and from the tubes and laid down a blanket of conductive till none of the police corrective ray about the city would function at all. With the exception of the rockets on the ships, none of their mech would work.

"I think the Nor-men let them operate the lifter beams and the rockets to get them out into space where they can't hurt anyone."

And now Arl gave me the encore I had been begging for—but while she had been talking she had coupled on a booster circuit and the resulting kiss stretched me flat on the ground with a bump on my head as big as dodo's egg.

I got to my feet to find her image gone, and the faint echo of her laugh still in my ears. I wondered if the influence of the Nor maids hadn't made her just a little bit independent . . . ? But it was worth it!

A FEW days later and Mu had been cleaned up. The victorious Nortan armies set up a temporary council of surviving Elders, who were few enough, to act in place of the real government that had not existed on Mu for nearly a century because of the coup of old Zeit. This council decided to take Nor advice and start building a home in a cold planet, far from any sun's evil influence.

A planet with untouched coal deposits located near the Nor-tan group of planets was chosen as the Atlans of Mu's new home. Work ro were dispatched to commence borings into the planet and to begin building the huge, steam heated, ray-drenched greenhouses in which Nor-men live and know so well how to build.

In a few short months the first ships took off for New Mu, and the last of the race of Atlan soon followed, abandoning Mu for their new home in space. Arl and I remained on Mu to the last. During this time I finished my telonion message plates and distributed them in the most likely places both in and on the surface of Mu. I pray that the descendants of those few wild men I have seen in the culture forests but have been unable to approach, may someday find these plates and have the sense to read them and heed their message. Someday, I have a feeling, they will be a race of men again. It is good seed they inherit, and they might be worth my effort in spite of the sun.

I pray that when they find the plates they will understand!



DISASTER AND ESCAPE

By Richard S. Shaver

Suddenly blackness rushed down on the scene, and I, Richard Shaver, knew no more of Mutan Mion, or of anything, until a light flashed through the darkness and I became aware of an odd popping sound as of a suddenly released run-down record.

I wakened to the soft laughter of the blind maiden as she switched off the thought-record reading machine.

Her hands fell light on my shoulders and she leaned to kiss my forehead before she removed the apparatus from my head.

"The record film broke near the end," she told me. "They are so very old, it is surprising that they have lasted so long!"

The faint sound of a gong rang through the cave, and we took each other's hands and went together to the dining-hall where the entire group customarily went for meals. I was for hours in a kind of daze, for it seemed to me that I was still Mutan Mion, and not Richard Shaver.

Later I realized the lessons from that life I had vicariously lived. It was that anger and warfare, struggle and death, are the fatal fruits of *der*; and *der* was the distortion of the magnetic fields of the thought cells of a mind by disintegrant electric. And Mu in those earlier days had not turned inductively under the new sun long enough to induct the great charge of detrimental electric which makes our life today the hell it really is. It is not good to be a man on a quarantined planet of *der*. If one reads the ancient books that exist in these old caverns, one learns that life away from an aging sun is immortal life, while on a *der* planet it is a brief moment of existence and thought under a blasting sun of death.

As this knowledge sank into my mind from the great brain back of Mion's thought-record, a terrible despondence seized me. I realized that Earth was now such an outworn living place, quarantined from the great immortal life of space because *der* means warring and men of Earth think *der* thoughts. If only we could

build again such houses as the Atlans built, which barred the entry of all detrimental energy flows, or even live in caves as did the later Atlans to shield themselves from a deadly sun, we might again become something more than mere insects we now are.

Daily I spent much time reading the ancient thought-records, bringing thus to my knowledge the lives of the mighty, ancient God-race that existed immortally before our sun aged and they adventured elsewhere. Eight years I spent with Nydia's band, watching nightly against the devils who made their home in the farthest caves. Our life was purchased at the price of never-failing vigilance. We peered over the old visi-rays, focusing the ancient lenses to the utmost range, and sweeping the caves for the slightest indication of attack, that we might turn it back before it reached us.

And in the end we were outranged, and in the end I fought that battle that was inevitable. My beloved Nydia died, and all her folk. I alone escaped, thanks to my superior knowledge of the machines. But for one thing that had occupied my mind always, and still does, I would have died there beside my sweet blind witch maid; and that was the thought that somehow the message of Mutan Mion should reach surface men, even though the telonion plates seemed forever lost, and the secrets I could bring were incomplete and meagre to combat the evil that has Earth in its fiery, invisible grasp. And so I escaped, and made my way back to the surface.

But my task has been almost hopeless. Man cannot understand or believe any other form of human life but his own, and he fears greatly when he does accept. Proof! they have cried, with scorn. But what proof do they wish that would not be fatal to its recipient, other than the proof that lies all around them in their daily lives, and in the ancient legends, and in the proofs that have come to light since I first published my story in its first weak fictionized form in 1945? Can they not see that the science I brought with me has been *proved* many times, by no less scientific greats than Einstein, Carroll, Shapley, and so many others? Is not the "new" theory of the formation of the universe the in-flow of exd that I have detailed so often? Is it not true that Einstein's last great theory unified magnetism and gravity as but expressions of one great force; as I have so often in my stories, years prior to its actual discovery by Einstein? When the flying saucers came in 1947, did they not appear as carbon copies of my descriptions of them in 1945? Have not you seen their "rays" flashing in the skies, still unexplained by the best military

and scientific brains? Have you not hear their vast explosions of weapon rays as the cavern dero battle the raiding ships from outer space, come to rob "The Great Tomb", as Earth is called in the depths of the void, of its ancient treasures of wondrous machines and science and vital records? Have not actual spacemen walked among you—if the testimony of dozens and dozens of present-day men is to be believed . . . and I know that it should be!

Is it not true that today our scientists admit that radio-activity is the cause of age and death! Is it not true that the *fact* of the poison-fire in the air, the water and the dust of Earth is recognized—and yet with our insane atomic tests we pour yet greater quantities of it into the upper atmosphere until today many surface scientists stare aghast at the possibility that we may already have sealed our future doom!

And is it not true that, like Hitler and his "voices", modern leaders have their own "secret ray" who are leading them on to the destruction of the human race through the hydrogen bomb!

I say it *is* true—else how explain the madness of our conduct in plunging toward what we *know* can be nothing but utter destruction!

Listen to the words of Mutan Mion, *who still lives in outer space*, and recognize the *der* in your thoughts. It is not too late!

I give you the sign of the "T", the cross of integration and immortality. Study it, and it will lead the way toward your *true* salvation, not any vague phantasm of derrish imagination that leads you like fox-fire through the swamp before the lair of final death!

And I give you the Mantong Alphabet, the language tool that can lead you to understanding of the truth of what I have told you in this book. Everywhere on the Earth, in surface literature and records and history the secrets of the past lie ready of revealment to the seeking mind.

We have allies in deep space, and in the caverns—but we must prove that we are capable of other than derrish thought. For unless we are entirely mad, there is still promise for us.

Enchain the bomb, and purge your environment of the poisons of ever-fire, as the ancients did. Then there will be hope. Your scientists know how to do it. The centrifuge; the electro-magnetic sciences, now growing so vastly in our laboratories; the secrets of the atom; the possibilities in vibrants and rays and force energies—therein lie our future!

The formula for life which I have given you lies within your grasp, if you will but seize upon it.—*Richard S. Shaver.*



THE ANCIENT ALPHABET

By Richard S. Shaver

Out of the many things I learned from my cavern mentors, one stood out in my mind as truly important: the alphabet of the ancient language they called Mantong. Here was actual proof! Here was a tool that could be used to confirm the ancient race, to trace the remnants existing today, in modern languages. Here was a way to unearth the ancient story of Atlantis, Lemuria (Mu) and the race of Titans and Atlans who inhabited the Earth many thousands of years ago, and who fled the Earth because of a tremendous catastrophe, leaving behind the ancestors of the present-day underground race I called the "dero" and the "tero". Without the alphabet you cannot begin to understand the terminology I will use constantly. Nor, without it, can you check with me in your own way, through actual research of your own that can be done while sitting in your own armchair with results that cannot fail but to astound you.

Although the alphabet is a beginning, and a key, there is also a dictionary; and it is regrettable that such a dictionary cannot be provided in comprehensive form along with the alphabet, for it would be a valuable help, a tremendous shortcut to your rapid understanding of what it is that I am trying to convey to you. Yet, I will append to this exposition of the alphabet a fragmentary dictionary which may be of help in understanding how the language functions. As I progress, your dictionary of the ancient language will increase, and I hope that one of the results of my work will be actual compilation of a complete dictionary.

The alphabet is a strange one, in many respects. First, it is one that causes the etymological experts of philology to snort with disdain, because it violates the time-table they have set up in their so-called books. Language derivations, they say, go back into ancient times to such languages as Sanskrit, Chinese, Egyptian and Latin and on down to modern times to the so-called Romance languages, Spanish, French, etc. And the most modern of them all is, they say, English, which is largely Anglo-Saxon. The reason for their laugh-

ter is my claim that the most ancient of all alphabets, that of Mantong, the one I present to you here, is in English!

"There you are!" they snort. "Obviously the man is wrong. We can prove beyond all possible doubt, even to an idiot, that English is not an ancient language, but is made up of bits of all previous languages, and is a hodge-podge that resulted from just such an amalgamation."

It is here that they have made a serious mistake. Language is phonetic. A sound is a sound, and no matter where uttered, it is the *same* sound. The alphabet is a series of sounds from which words are made. They are the basic building blocks of language. They are called "letters". (Sometimes one wonders why we call them letters, until we think about writing letters (alphabets) and realizing that is how we communicate with each other. Write a letter to your mother once a week, so that she will know how it is with you.) Thus, the Mantong alphabet is presented in the only way in which it can be presented, as *sounds*. The only way I have to present these sounds is in their English equivalent. Yet, I do not try to evade the philologists by so meek a tactic—I say here and now, beyond all possible revocation, that English is *closer* to the original language of Man than any other language; and it is closer because it is not an amalgamation, but the mother lode of all language.

There are many meanings attached to the letters. For instance, Churchward has the alphabet telling the story of the sinking of ancient Mu; each letter in order, being a portion of that tale. This is easy to do, by simply ascribing the proper meaning to each letter. Yet all these things, on which I advance no opinion one way or the other, are evidence that it is a popular concept that the individual letters do have meanings. But what are those meanings, *actually*?

What other meanings could they have than those useful in compiling words that describe what it is wished that they describe?

Sometimes to make a point, we must first make an assumption. Here I will make one, but actually it is putting the cart before the horse, because if I waited until I had introduced the horse, I would follow naturally with the cart. Our horse is the assumption that this ancient race did exist. It did, but I haven't described it to you as yet except in fiction—so if you will bear with me, I will speak as though you were already convinced of the reality of that ancient race which I have (I believe) actually contacted.

This ancient race is not native to Earth. It comes from Space,

and it is ancient beyond belief in the sense that it is hundreds of millions of years old, and Earth is but a baby in comparison, the race actually pre-dating the formation of the planet itself. One of the things done by the ancient race is the "seeding down" of new planets to humanity. Obviously my readers will see that I am going contrary to the ordinary concept of evolution, since what I am saying is that Man did not evolve on this planet, but was placed here, just as he has been placed on many other planets, some of them long dissolved and gone into the primal elements from which they were originally created. Yet I do not say that evolution does not happen, from the original cell implanted in the primal ocean to the complex animal forms that walk the land and fly through the air. Man is none of these.

Picture, if you will, Man placed on a young planet, teeming with evolved life. He is placed there to master it (and himself). One of his first needs is communication. Those who placed him there have a language, a basic one, which if reason is used, is obviously always the same basic pattern. It is a collection of sounds which it is possible for the human voice to reproduce. Now, if those sounds were meaningless in themselves, they would contain no meaning even when collected in groups. If "A" has no meaning nor "P", nor "E", then neither has APE. So, A, P, and E have individual meanings. Put together they have a meaning that *perfectly* describes an APE. If one member of this ancient race I am speaking of were to meet another member on a far planet from Earth, and were to describe the evolved life forms of Earth, he could get across to his hearer a perfect picture of what an Earth Ape is, simply by the word which describes it. No picture would be necessary. If the letters in the word have a definite meaning, the word meaning should be quite clear to the person having a complete knowledge of the basic meanings of the letters.

Thus, as we read in the Bible: "And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field . . ." (Genesis 2:19, 20) You will note that even the Bible agrees that the beasts and fowl were formed out of the ground, or by evolutionary processes, but that man was formed differently: "And the Lord God formed man

of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul." (Genesis 2:7) Note that he was formed out of the "dust" of the ground. This "dust" is the same I will describe to you later as "exd". Adam was complete, when formed, with no intermediate forms. He did not come "out of the ground". He then received the "breath of life" and became a "living soul" right then and there. Later on, when we study the words with the meaning of the alphabet before us, we will get a very exciting picture out of the Book of Genesis.

The point I want to make here is the "naming" of the animals, etc., by Adam. Adam, you won't argue was the "first man". Reasonably he cannot be anything else but a member of the ancient race, of the "first men". Not an animal. Not an evolutionary product of the planet Earth. Adam named all of the animals *correctly*, and the key he used in naming them was the alphabet. He knew what each letter meant, and when he saw the animal, brought before him by the Lord God, he inspected it, and pieced together the proper letters into a word that would describe the animal, so that the uttering of the word would identify the animal, even though not seen by the hearer of the word. This is very important and should be perfectly obvious. If a language is a method of communication, it must be exactly that, and not a meaningless symbolism which must be accompanied in all cases with a sample of the item being spoken of. We cannot carry an elephant with us to show our hearer what we mean by the word. It is not a matter of association. Such a language would be quite impractical, and once the object were non-existent, the word would be meaningless. I will admit that much of our own language today is meaningless. We teach the meanings of words strictly by association. It is a matter of memory, solely. A visitor from another world, hearing our spoken words, could not possibly know what we were talking about.

But with the meanings of the sounds (the letters) clear in his mind, he could dissect our words, and discover our basic meaning. He could communicate with us, with *any* race, without the process of a complete memorization (and association with his own language) of our language done laboriously by uttering the word, and showing him simultaneously the object the word is supposed to represent. He could not identify an Ape-word without the Ape-object beside it. Thereafter he would remember it—and how confused he would be to hear the word "ape" later on and be told it

didn't mean an animal at all, but the act of imitation.

There is a basic universal meaning to every sound (and therefore to every written letter representing that sound—and the writing of the letter also comes from a pictorial source, pictography).

When you want to name something, you form a word. Then you tack that word onto the object, and associate the two, and memorize the association. You “coin” a word. You use letters in making it up. You also use two or more words in combination. The result is meaningless to everybody but ourselves until we “educate” them to the meaning; *unless* we use the true meaning of the letters. Many of our words today, in the English language, and in any other language for that matter, are basically meaningless, and also present a totally false meaning, because they are just happenstance combinations of letters chosen at random to “tag” a new object or idea or action.

But when Adam named the animals, he was using the basic, unchanging meanings of the sounds (letter), and he named correctly. What is unfortunate is that the phonetics have come down to us either distorted or lost in many cases, and we find the words paradoxical, even when viewed from the Alphabet base. When Adam said “Ape”, just how did it *sound*? Say it out loud. Ape. *Two* sounds! *Not* three! A broad A and an explosive “P”. The *proper* phonetic spelling of Ape is “Ap.” When Adam said it, did he say: “A-pe?” I think he did. Today we have lost the phonetics in part, retaining only the written form which includes the “E”. Why the “E”? Because without it, the word Ape does not mean the animal Adam named! What impressed Adam was the likeness of the ape to man with the added factor he did not possess, the *great power* of the ape! An ape was a creature similar to himself but with great power, enormous energy.

By now you must have grasped the meaning of at least one of the letters of the ancient alphabet. P means *power*. Whenever Adam saw an animal whose power impressed him, he *quite logically*, and *by necessity*, included the letter “P” in the word that described that animal.

Now you will want to know what “E” means, and why Adam placed that letter *after* the “P” in Ape? When one letter modifies or compliments another, it is placed immediately following it. E is *energy*. It is an overall concept of energy, and includes the idea of motion. The only way the ape could express his power was through motion, yet the power was there even when he did not move. He

possessed the energy and it need not be applied to him from some outside source. When he wanted to use his power, he simply went into action, into movement. He was: Animal with Powerful Energy. And there you have the meaning of "A". It is "animal"; and the word was used more correctly as "An."

Now, before I go any further, I will give you the alphabet, with meanings, so that you may follow me in a few simple expositions of the use of the alphabet. From there you can proceed on your own—you will have the vital tool necessary to proceed. And the results cannot fail to astonish you.

THE MANTONG ALPHABET

- A— Animal (used AN for short.)
- B— Be. To exist (Often used as a "command".)
- C— Con. To See (C-on: to understand.)
- D— De. Detrimental, disintegant energy. (The second most important symbol in the alphabet.)
- E— Energy. (An all-pervading concept including the idea of motion.)
- F— Fecund. (Used "fe", as in fe-male—fecund man.)
- G— Generate. (Used "gen".)
- H— Human. (A very metaphysical concept here, not fully understood, but used in the sense "H-you-man": a human is an H-man.)
- I— Self. Ego. (Same as our English I.)
- J— Generate (A duplication of G, but with a delicate difference in shade of meaning. Actually Je, in contrast to Ge is a very important distinction. G is the generating energy while J is animal generation per se.)
- K— Kinetic. (The force of motion.)
- L— Life.
- M— Man.
- N— Seed. Sport. (Child, as "ninny".)
- O— Orifice. (A source concept.)
- P— Power.
- Q— Quest. (As "quest-ion".)
- R— Horror. Danger. (Used AR; symbol of a dangerous quantity of disintegant force in the object.)
- S— Sun. (Used "sis"; an important symbol, always referring to a "sun" whose energy is given off through atomic disintegration.)

T— Integration. Growth. (Used TE; the most important symbol of the alphabet; the true origin of the cross symbol. It signifies the integrative force of growth; as, all matter is growing—the intake of gravity is the cause. The force is T. TIC means the science of growth. Integration-I-see (understand).)

U— You.

V— Vital. (Used as VI; the stuff Mesmer called “animal magnetism”).

W— Will.

X— Conflict. (Force lines crossing each other.)

Y— Why.

Z— Zero. Nothing. Neutralization. (A quantity of energy of T neutralized by an equal quantity of D. Futility.)

In presenting this alphabet to you, I have given you, in my estimation, one of the most valuable pieces of information you will ever receive in this life. It is inestimably useful, and thorough, thoughtful study of it will reveal that fact to you. It is immensely important, but to understand takes a good head, as the alphabet will reveal in language a rather strange sort of multiple-thought (like many “puns” on the subject). Many times you will believe the result is meaningless, unless you bear in mind the subtle “under-thought” that always seems to be present, often of a very humorous nature.

As an example, let us take the word “trocadero”. You have no doubt often seen it used as the name for a nightclub, or a theatre, or any place where entertainment is offered. In applying the alphabet to the word, we come up with this: T-Ro-See-A-D-Ro. (Tero see a dero.) Ro is an ancient word, first one you’ll include in your dictionary of the ancient language of Atlan, meaning “controlled”; patterned by a governing force from an AR source, a “horrible” source. (Matter is horrible, in another of those delicate shades of meaning that will be fully explained by me later in my description of the ancient race’s science.) The meaning of trocadero, said simply is: Good one see a bad one. So, originally the word trocadero was coined to describe the very bad plays that were perpetrated in the name of entertainment. Today we have forgotten the “pun” intended, the derisive application of the word to the calibre of actors and plays given in the period of the origin of the word, and we apply it only to the *place* where such plays are given. So next time you go to “The Trocadero”, don’t be surprised if you aren’t overly enthusi-

astic about the quality of the entertainment being offered. Instead, have a good laugh at the owner who so aptly named his establishment!

Let us take the word "romantic." Today it has a meaning largely referring to being sentimental about love. This is a far cry from the meaning we get when we study the word with the alphabet. RO-MAN-TIC (to break it down into the three ancient words of which it is composed) means "the science by which man is controlled" Man is ro to this science. To break it down into individual letters; Horror-source- man-animal- integration-I-see. The horrible source of the man-animal's integration is understood by me. I know how to control man's growth. I am *romantic*! It is very interesting to note that in the late 18th century and early 19th century, a movement of art and literature that subordinated form and finish to content, intellect to emotion, reason to imagination and intuition, the critical to the creative, cleverness and wit to tenderness and pathos, and which emphasized the mystery and beauty of life; typified in France by Rousseau, in Germany by Goethe, Schelling, Schlegel, Lessing, etc., in England by Gray, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Rossetti and Carlyle, was called *Romanticism*! The word still has that connotation today, and many others. The romantic era was a period of man's growth in mentality, character and more tender, worthwhile things.

When the arrow was invented, it had to be named. It was aptly named! It was *doubly* horrible, hence the two R's. It "controlled" animals (and man-animals) quite effectively!

A mechanic is a man-animal who understands mech (machines). Mech is another word for your ancient dictionary. MEK. Man's Kinetic Energy made usable. By means of the kinetic energy in metals (and other substances as well) man was able to perform work. He invented a way to use the energy kinetic in matter to accomplish things. A machine's metals moved and therefore performed work, gave off energy.

Not so many years ago a clever man invented a toy which he called "mechano". It was a toy composed of pieces of fabricated metal, nuts and bolts, wheels, string, gears and cogs, a small hand-crank, or even a tiny electric motor. It was called a very constructive, educational toy. It was named mechano. It is amazing to think that the word, supposedly not an ancient word at all, but brand new, coined in modern times, breaks down so aptly in the ancient alpha-

the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all the living. Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them. And the Lord God said, Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken." (Genesis 3-17:23.)

When we read these verses of the Bible, we are confused. It seems that before the breaking of the commandment not to eat of the tree, Adam did not eat herbs, nor bread. Was it because it was not necessary while in the Garden? And when the Lord God "clothed" Adam and Eve in skins, wasn't this unnecessary, for did not the Lord God find the pair hiding in the garden, already wearing clothes to hide their nakedness? And does not the Lord God speak very mysteriously when he says "the man is becoming one of us"? Adam is cursed back to the dust from whence he came, but specifically to the *ground*, in which we have already noted a distinction from dust? It is hard to understand.

Until we look at the word BAN in the light of the alphabet, Adam was commanded to *be an animal!* Now it all becomes logical. Adam did not eat herbs and bread before his fall, because he wasn't an animal. Was it because he was a spirit, like the Lord God and his mysterious companions, to whom he speaks? When the Lord God clothed Adam and Eve in skins, when they already had made their own clothing, was it rather in *flesh* that he clothed them? When he sentenced them to the ground, was it to the Earth!

Remember the angel with the flaming sword placed "to the east of Eden" to prevent Adam from returning to the garden? What was to prevent him from re-entering on the west?

In ancient times, the four "cardinal" points of the compass were East-West-North-South, just as they are today; with two distinctions. The Earth was pictured as a flat disk, divided in half by a line. The hemisphere on one side was called North, the hemisphere on the

bet, the ancient dictionary. Mech (by which) animal-man knows, or learns. An instructive mechanical toy. Yet we can all look up the ancient Mechanistic cult of thousands of years ago, to find the word is not new.

One of the most surprising uses to which you can put the alphabet, and one that offers a test of its authenticity, because results are far beyond the possibility of chance, is its use in determining the meaning of words in other languages than English, languages you do not understand. These words should first be taken in their phonetic spelling, and sometimes can be further translated by their actual written form.

Have someone speak foreign words to you that you do not already know. Apply the meanings of this alphabet to the phonetics, and then tell what you think the word means. In the Romance languages, the percentage of "hits" will be low, but still far beyond chance, while the more ancient the language the higher the ability to decipher the meaning.

As a rather random thought (and you will discover many little things such as the following in your search through words with the alphabet), the English word is God, which figures out: Generate-Source-Detrimental. Obviously this should prove the alphabet to be wrong in a very important way, because God certainly does not generate from a detrimental source! However, when we consider the German word Gott, we have occasion to think rather deeply. In German, Gott generates (or creates) from an *integrative* source and further the integration is so important that it is repeated. There are two Ts. Super-integration. Not just forming already existing materials into objects, but forming the very material itself!

In connection with the letter B, the word BAN is closely associated in the sense that B is a command. Be an animal, is what the word ban tells us. But here we are puzzled again. Apparently this is not true. When we tell something to be an animal, we do not ban it! That is a contradiction. Ban is a word that means to forbid, in our present dictionary. It means "stay away to exist". Generally, if one is banned, or banished, he must stay away, for to return is punishable by death. To banish is to put out, put away. Once more we refer to our Bible.

The command here, is Be Animal. When Adam and Eve were banished from the Garden of Eden, the Lord God said: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of

other, South. East was *down* and West was *straight up*. This mythological belief has always been ignored by the learned, but it did exist. In the light of the alphabet's meaning of the word BAN, and the flaming sword only on one side of the garden it becomes quite logical. Adam and Eve were cast from the Garden of Eden, which does not exist on the surface of the Earth (is that why it cannot be found!), to the *east*. The only way back to it was in a westward or *upward* direction! Is there any confirmation of this? Yes! In the Lost Books of the Bible, in the book of Adam and Eve, it tells of Adam's many trips to the top of the highest mountain, where he stared longingly up into Eden (still 18 cubits out of reach) to which he so wished to return. Today when we die we still "go west"!

Try reading Genesis through, applying the alphabet to all the words used, and prepare for many surprises. No matter how you use the alphabet, an intelligent application of it will immerse you in the most astounding revelations, and induce the most incredible brand of thinking and you may well find the subject so enormous that it overcomes you.

I regret that simply giving the alphabet as I have here does not provide half enough information to render this magnificent tool truly effective. For instance, you must understand more fully the science behind the two letters T and D.

The Devil, the protagonist of the D-evil. Dis, the de that happens to the ego because of the sun. Tic, the science of growth. Vi, the energy of sex. Ar, the thing that makes a spirit shun the sun, the secret behind the reason we believe ghosts appear at night.

Fe, the female man! Refer to the passages quoted from the Bible in the foregoing, and note that Adam *did not name his wife* until *after* he had been banned! Then he named her Eve. Fe. The vital energy of sex. The *mother* of all the *living*.

Communication! A language that is not just a memorized jingle, a vulnerable set of symbols whose meaning can be lost in a flood, or a fire, or an exploding planet. The Alphabet of the Angels! The English alphabet! The alphabet of the Angles!



A DICTIONARY OF THE MANTONG LANGUAGE

By Richard S. Shaver

Anti. Now means against anything. Then the meaning was much the same, but subtly different. Literally: "animal tie". But "tie" to them means same as it does in "time". Time is a word which is obvious - tie me, says time, and of course one can't; so it is a picturesque name for it. Anti is a similar word meaning one who blocks a proposed plan by holding to the present one. "An" seems to have meant life unit—it was "an" instead of man, for many of them were not men at all, but very different from men in form.

Alone. Animal with low attraction for other animals; a - animal, lo—low and ne—name for the magnetic force of attraction between animals. Ne is a root word used for complementary force activity.

Amass. Animal gathers things together into a mass; a - animal and mass - (the same) mass.

Aqua. Water - meant literally, "I am the thing you look for most". a—an, q—quest, u—you, and a—an. An quests you an. Why the extra I don't know, but it is derived from a tongue alien to English has been through another tongue.

Abode. An be o de. Fully: "Here is one who wills to exist, oh thou who wills death". A—the same, be—to exist, O—same, etc. Probably a sign over a door like our NO TRAMPS.

Absent An be sent, "one was sent".

Absurd. An be surd - s err d, or s you d. One has erred from sun destructive, same as our "crazy with the heat".

Accost. An see one who co's t. Was same as our "Gillette me have a nickel for a cup of coffee". Said in one word, it means: "See, I am one who cooperates to build a good social pattern". Was probably used to open conversations by those who wished to sell or beg.

Acid. An see I de. A label still used and a very obvious one derived intact from the antique language. Literally: POISON.

Accident. An see dent - or, an see, I have experienced a blow. Dent was much used: o de always means a decrease, a hollow spot, a depression, anything "less".

Accretion. A-c-re-t-ion. An see rebuilding the growth. This one is obvious, needs little explanation. Tion was used a great deal, meant any healthy unit of any kind.

Acme. Highest point was expressed by saying - you will see me. Animal see me.

Acorn. An see ore seed. A—an, c—see, or—ore and n—seed. Useful seed.

Acrobat. A—an, c—see, ro—robot. Bat be a t. Bat, as in combat, means active life. May also be thus: a ball bat—thus a combat is COME-BAT and a robot a juggler of bats (as Indian clubs). This is rather an obvious one. The “act” of a robot.

Acrid. A—an, c—see, ri—wry and d—detrimental. See, I am a wry substance. Note and remember the used roots such as ri and bat and ro are the language.

Access. An see opening. This is rather a difficult one to explain without getting “suggestive”, for they did not have our repugnance to sex and being plain about what they meant. Ess always seems to have meant what we mean when we say “a nice ass”, etc. It is still the feminine ending in French as Modess, actress etc. Thus “an accessible woman” came to mean anything accessible. What is usually difficult is here accessible is what the word means. It often seems that our vulgar speech is richer in the old clean root words than our formal talk, that they survived without foreign, ununderstandable admixtures of roots twisted through another way of using the tongue. Thus Brooklynese” and “Backwoods” talk intermingled are hard to understand, especially how they got that way.

Acute. An see you attract. T or te always means attract or grow or both. Te is actually always an attractive force in action and de is always a repellant force in action. “One approves his thought”.

Adder. A der. The animal is a der. Just as the bottle is labeled acid, so is the deadly animal labeled.

Advent. Literally: “Made another opening”. Ad is often used to indicate add. Vent was used as today, too, and the use of de would indicate the opening was downward. Thus an advent is made by descending a stair through a crowd.

Adventure. Here vent means wound. To adventure means to add to your wounds. The re on the end means it turns out all right, if adventure. If it was add wounds and die, it would be adventured. These subtle meanings have been lost and another system of meaning grafted on, thus de means past. It meant past then, too, but in a dif-

ferent sense.

Apparent. As through a rent. Par has quite a meaning and is used often. Here par gives the sense of a wide rent, easily seen through.

Arrant. Ar always meant "bad by sound" - a dangerous sound. Arrant seems to mean one who makes a lot of frightening noise. An arrant - an ant always does the same thing over and over, thus an arrant is a person who always makes a dangerous sound. An err ant is one who always errs, and pedant one who always figures out a dire conclusion, etc.

Arrest. Animal stops to rest. The ar syllable means is dangerously stopped. You always get a rest when arrested.

Atlantean. ATLANTIAN IS ONE OF MY STAR WITNESSES. It means in Webster - gigantic, huge. If you read my stories you will know why it means huge without more explanation.

Attraction. One is drawn on the track of t ions - tions are always drawn inward - one is drawn toward the object - track t.

August. Aug for augmentation and gust for a flow of energy. Thus an august person is one who makes you feel important too, just meeting him, because of the augmenting vitality that comes to you from him. An augmentative gust. Aug and mag seem to mean the same thing, but are different. Aug means augment and mag magnify which are very different in truth. Aug—strengthen and mag—make larger. These are root words and should be remembered.

Attain. Ain seems to have meant "own". Attain would mean: this healthy an acquires ownership. Our ain't is not a contraction of are and not but was a word meaning hands off, it's mine. It ain't yours, I own it, you don't. Its use has corrupted.

Automatic. Self acting - note aug and mag and aut and mat. Man is in truth an automatic electrical mechanism. Automatic meant self mating - aut self plus aug and mat - self growing and self mating meant entirely self contained. I don't think the men of the middle ages invented any of these words or made them up out of Latin roots, but found most of them in use on manuscripts since lost. Our Latin students of the Middle Ages made up a lot of confusing explanations which cost us the true origin of our language. The Latin and Greek had the same or nearly the same origin, but our words in very few cases came from the Latin or Greek, but were thought to by the so called students of the middle ages who had in fact, infinitely fewer books than a student of Alexandria in 200 BC. It was his very poor work, that religious student of Medieval times, which has lost us

our immense heritage of wisdom from the ancient God race. None of them dared even think of Paganism, and Pagans were the God race who were infinitely beyond even modern men in science. So anything of the kind was destroyed, and all writing was in Christian hands, who dared not even harbor an ancient book of truth for fear of burning as a witch. Such books did exist, and some men could read them, but dared not admit it publicly for fear of death as a witch or sorcerer. So those dark centuries cost us all the true knowledge left us by the great past. Those were the books still spoken of as The Books of Magic. They *were* magic, for they were better science than we possess today.

Arid. Same as dry. A wry d, and a d wry are the same.

Axe. X is always the conflict sign. Two forces cross and clash. X marks the spot. An axe is any weapon for the purpose.

Balderdash. To be all detrimental err, and to dash off a lot of it. What I think of most writing, by other writers.

Beauteous. Be you te us. You attract us.

Beget. To cause to exist. Be—to exist, g for generate.

Bequile. To cause ill to exist.

Being. To be in generation. A fecund person. A being is one able to beget.

Bend. To cause to bow down. De is often plain *down*.

Bewail. To be in the way of ill. A sound indicating ill fate. Be way ill.

Blockade. To block a de. De is often short for dero.

Bode. To prophesy disaster (note dis astir). "Be, oh de".

Brain. An important word, indicating they knew the cells of the brain use a ray to communicate with each other (though ray seems to have meant any continuation - seems to have been used to indicate a family line, any flow etc.) In this case, the *ra* is the intent to continue to exist - a be ray, and *in* means all life inside. Same as micro life - IN seems to indicate small individuals here. *In* is a basic word, often used.

Bride. You figure this out, the censor won't let me. Be ride. Be wry de.

Bright. The smart are apt to be right.

Bald. De is here used in its below zero sense. As te is a quantity of be force, z is none at all and de is negative, less than nothing. So, to be all de - to have less than no hair. Probably originated as a joke, meaning: "He has so much de in his head, it burnt all his hair off".

Bad. Be a de. To be a negative destructive force - a character dominated by the *delusory* flows of disintegrance instead of thought flows.

Bandit. Be the an de I te. Literally, "if an animal is destructive I join him to my band." They seem to have used *an* instead of *man* a great deal, principally because many members of society were not in truth *men*, but they *were* all animals. They were a hybrid race from space, of many shapes. There was perhaps no standard shape, the criterion of race being grade of intelligence rather than two arms, two legs and a human head. The *te* always means - to bind to one, to tie. As a magnet - a binding net of attraction.

Bard. One who bars out de - as in lady, who allays the depressing de force. Lady and bard were complimentary terms, meaning you overjoy us, you decrease our depression.

Barred. Note same use - de is barred out.

Base. Be an s e. This animal is ruled by sun energy.

Belt. Be - l - t. Life binding. In the act - as in belie - in the act of lying, etc.

Big. In the act of generation - as pregnant. In truth same word as pregnant. Be I generate. Here bi is also two - is often used as two, as in bigamy, etc.

Bilin. Here note the use of *in* to indicate dissolved matter, or material of small size, found in bile. Be ill in. In is an important word.

Bilk. Be ill kinetic. K—movement, ill - not wise. To run away unwisely - to escape from just due - to dodge.

Birth. Note bi, of two. Rt is a contraction of right. H—human. Thus - of two right humans is one of good birth.

Bit. Cutting blade - a drill etc. Be I te. T - strongly integrative. A tough tool.

Bitt. Same - place where cables are fastened - tough metal.

Blab. If lady is one who allays de, then blab is to allay be. To decrease the chance of being. Thus a blabber is one who makes it unsafe by talk.

Blind. Be life within de. De in its sense as less than nothing. Life in de - a dismal place to be - to deprive of light.

Blink. A glimpse on the run (k). A tiny fleeting light. A tiny glimpse of life on the run.

Blob. Be low be. A bubble - a blister - *an* amoeba is a blob. Also means not very dense, fragile, a little jelly.

Bodice. Be less so I see. "Oh top of dress, be less". I can see more.

The bodice, or place we like low, in a dress.

Cap. Geo. Crile says electric to run the body is made in the brain - or mostly held in brain. Thus cap is - see animal power.

Circle. C—see, ir—err, c—see, le—life energy. Sample of their warning words. When you err mentally, you direct life energy in such a way that nothing is accomplished of true self interest. You arrive where you started. Most of us are no better off at the end of a day than when we began the day, in fact worse off, for we have spent all our available body energy to no real result. Thus most of us are in err, we get nowhere, and our children repeat the routine circle - useless effort to the grave again. The energy must be directed wholly at the point of self interest - and this is never oppositional to other interests for that is cancellation. All efforts must be coincidental directional efforts toward attaining more energy, stronger life. Or we circle.

Cogent. Co gen te. One who cooperates in the generation of a strong fabric of government.

Cereal. See re all. To re is to rebuild. Food for all.

Cite. See I te. To quote - to recommend - a citation.

Code. See Oh de. A warning label for lawbreakers. Code meant see, what happens when you de. "Oh de".

Con. An important root word. Con—See on. Conning tower, conscience - all such words are derivative. To see ahead.

Concise. To see ahead and cut off briefly. To cut in the right place is to be concise when speaking.

Condor. Nice descriptive word. To con de or. The condor flies very high looking for the product of detrimental, death.

Conquer. Look ahead on the quest of err. To conquer is exactly what Hitler has done - looked ahead long to end up in the greatest disaster for all. Thus was a conqueror understood by them. And so he is today. There are a great many con words and you will learn a lot of the antique language figuring them out.

Create. See re a te. To make again something - so create seems to have meant to remake. Nothing can be created wholly, its parts must exist in energy, but that all possible combinations have occurred before must have been their thought.

Cruel. See rue life. When you see cruel, you see something to make you rue life.

Crypt. Crypt means "underground room" and cryptology means "sacred language". Where else would the Gods' language exist than

in crypts since they lived in caves to avoid the sun? And that is just the meanings given for these words. Why the connection between crypt and language - between underground room and writing? Because for centuries, the only writing on earth existed in the ancient uninhabited sacred caves, the homes of the gods.

Cub. See you be. Baby, too, is a word—be a be why. Grow, baby grow, but is there a reason? Meaning you're pretty dumb yet, you annoy me. *Babe* is the well behaved baby.

Dandy. De an de why. A terribly dangerous little animal, he looks. Just why dandy should mean dressed I don't know, unless they mean a useless attempt at prettifying a horrible person by use of clothes. Thus a dandy would mean a dressed up ruffian.

Dark. Ar seems to be best illustrated by the word horror and the harrow. Thus dark is harrowing detrimental movement from the things we are apt to see in the dark.

Death. De an te h. The te force of the human obliterated by disintegrant energy (de).

Debit. De bit. Bit by detrimental. Less. A hole in my credit.

Decease. Stopped by de.

Decent. An important word, still used as stage slang. They call at the dressing room door to see if you are decent. Not in a condition embarrassing to self. "The de has been sent from my body".

Decide. I see the de and I de the de. I decide what to do about the detrimental aspects of a situation.

Decumbent. De come bent. De has lain me down. Bent to earth by the coming of de.

Defeat. Overcome by de.

Defile. A slot (in a mountain). A notch (de) as if cut by a file.

Deform. Form distorted by de.

Deicide. Now means God murder. Then - I side with de.

Desolate. De sol ate. The sun detrimental ate everything. A burned place.

Deviate. De vi ate. The de has eaten the vital force. Implication being that the thing or man errs in direction because of subjection to destructive force.

Devil. De vile. To be vile with de. A person whose body is heavily infected with detrimental disintegrance, so as to cause completely destructive tendencies.

Discharge. Dis is always repellant. Dis is short for disintegrant energy. To be discharged is to be sent out.

Disillusion. The disillusion is an important concept as it effects much prominent thought today. The disillusion is a mental slant that says nothing is possible. One is disillusioned when one learns that men ignorantly harbor this illusion without knowing it is not true thought.

Discompose. Dis come pose. If dis did come and pose we would have disorder in front of us.

Dissolution. Dis solut ion. A solution of dis, in the process decomposing one's body, is dissolute. The body fluids contain more dis force than te force.

Down. De own. To be owned by is to be down. To go down is to succumb to de.

Droll. De roll. To fall down - and roll like a fool - is droll. Most sure laugh getter of most comedians is the fall.

Drop. De ro p. De controls power, therefore it falls.

Drunk. De run kinetic. Run about destructively.

Erode. E ro de. Energy ro's to de. Corrosion of anything.

Errant. Err ant. To wander like an ant, in err directions.

Erratic. Err a tic. Tic is the word for life science of government economy. To err tic is to fail to understand what to do to keep things "ticking".

Evolution. Vol is a much used basic, as in INVOLUNTARY - the in vol rules. The will of the cells. In evolution it means the will of energy (the surrounding field of determining factors of energy flow which makes life what it is). Literally: The will of energy forms the life ions.

Fecund. Fe cund. One of those "earthy" words.

Female. Fe male. Simply, fecund male.

Ferocious. Fe ro see us. A robot to the impulse of hunger sees us. Hunger as in sex or food.

Fusion. F u s ion. Fecund sun ion (melting).

Fusil. The same, with a detrimental connotation.

Future. Fecund t will bring you the power of rebuilding. You will continue to exist. Future—what continues to exist.

Gad. G a d. To generate a detrimental. The point of a spear. Note goad - the same. To make a hole - gad.

Galleon. Here the use of all is typical - to generate a le which is all embracing. So big it makes all lee. In alligator note all - the all gate. Gate is often used for mouth.

Garter. Gar ter. Ter means to hold too tightly - or frozen - to err in inward attraction. Gar is to generate har (as in harrow). Thus a

garter is a harrowing device to hold things tightly.

Glad. Lad is same as in lady - to be glad is to generate inwardly a force which allays de force.

Goddess. Here the frank use of ess is evident as female indication.

Grot. Means cave. A cave is excluding de by rock insulation, hence a grot is a place that gens ro te, or good men.

Harakira. A Japanese word indicating same roots in their language.

Har - a - kir - a. We know har as in harrow. Kir is too fast. Thus one commits harakira, because the harrowing experiences occur too rapidly to allow one to wish to live longer. The k also indicates the impact of a rapidly moving thing when followed by ir. The Japs learned that for every action or motion in energy there is an equal and opposite reaction. They dropped bombs - bombs come back.

Hauteur. High err. Hyba is an Indian word meaning top of anything; haut in French is height in English. The height of err is hauteur.

Helot. He lo t. Slave. One without attraction or standing in the government - which seems often to have been meant by t. The t of a country - that which holds it together, as well as its value to one. Lo te would be one didn't get much out of things.

Harem. Why it's harrowing to be in harem you will have to figure out. Probably something about supply and demand.

Hellibore. A plant - with long roots - a dangerous drug.

Helve. Hel ve. Hell's vital energy is all I get for axe handle.

Hero. He ro. One who ro's to masculine energy - literally "all man".

Hostess. Their social life was very different from ours!

Hostile. The host is different here; he doesn't like you. Of course, he is ill, or he wouldn't be that way.

Hose. Ho see. What we say in other words at hose on some legs. Also another of those down-to-earth words.

Hospital. Ho spital. Place where everybody spits. Latter day word when there was lots of tb. It *didn't* come from the Latin or Greek *hospiceaa*.

Hotel. Ho tel. "Ho, come and talk". Place where everything is told.

Huge. Much the same word as big. You gen human. A great growth.

Iciness. Ic in ess. State of being icy. Extremely cold. An expressive word—they were very salty and alive.

Illapse. Ill lapse. Gradual sliding.

Immoral. Im mor al. Always trying to make more of something.

Immortal. The same, only they live longer.

Impetus. Meaning of im is vague, but p t us is power good for us.

Inactive. Active only inwardly. Living but unmoving. It doesn't derive from the *inaecea*, meaning disease, but from English words in and act.

Indent. In a dent. (Dent - de inward.)

Ingrain. In g ra in. Inwardly genning rays in - as lines in a tree trunk are rays from center etc.

Inn. The n means seed. Was it a bawdy house?

Insane. In s an. Animal is a sun robot. Note mad - may de. Inwardly burning. In s.

Intelligence. In tel I gen, see. My *in* tells me things. A thinker.

Interlace. In ter lay ce. To lay between in a way that holds (t) tightly.

Interrogate. In ter ro gate. One who has too much the interest of the government at heart. Makes his mouth go—rogate, (note as in alligator). A robot to mouthiness asks too many questions.

Ionic. Ion seems to have been used for any charged chamber, as in mansion - man's home. That their homes were charged with beneficial electric is rather sure. Ion is still a charged particle. Ic is science - thus ionic is science or building homes. Wonder what doric houses were like?

Isolate. Note use of sol to indicate division - I sol ate. Disintegrance divides things - always. To isolate. To set apart.

Issue. Note iss - for offspring. Come forth. Note (Isis). Why ess and iss should be the same you should see.

J. J and G were the same letter which acquired a different form from different races forming the letter differently.

Jilt. J il t is to gen ill t. To get mad at and leave.

Jut. Gen you. Te to stick out strongly.

Kitten. N for seed, k for run. A little thing that runs about.

Know. Now is time to move - to know when.

Laconic. La con ic. One who understands life science; therefore can be "matter of fact".

Lady. To lay de. Allay depression. Complimentary term.

Lair. Where lies a life undependable. A wild beast lays here.

Lain. To lay in.

Lass. Just what it says.

Laundry. Lawn and dry, dried on the lawn.

Lewd. Life will de. One with a de will.

Lineage. The age line. The line through the ages.

Lice. Look before you lie down. Lie and see. You will learn later.

License. Lie and sense. This sense is the same root as censor. One lies with the permission of the censor. Strange customs, they had.

Legal. This is a very complicated meaning from lee and all. *All* meaning *state* which generates a *lee* of safety for the individual who is *legal*. It is a significant word illustrating their usage of these basic words.

Legate. An ambassador who shares this lee, though not of the state. The gate means he can go in and out of state without hindrance - has a lee gate of safety.

Legend. Any imperishable legend—rather writing—as title of a book or immortal words. The de of time is on the end, meaning to gen a lee against de - to become immortal by writings which do not perish. (Lee—same sense as lee of a boat.)

Leader. One who forms a lee against der. A thinker who can be relied on to detect detrimental err in plans.

Levity and levitate. To leave it - to float. The former mentally the latter actually.

Limbo. Here o means opening or window - thus limbo is a place where people reach out the window - a prison.

Limber. A limb in err (limb be err). One's limb errs by bending too easily.

Lotion. Lo, t ion. A healthy fluid. "Lo, it makes firm the flesh".

Mad. One who may de. Apt to destroy. Man a de.

Madder. Means red - mad err is red in result - bloody. (Also gets red in face.)

Magian. Mag meant to magnify a thought picture. They had a mechanism for this in general use - a magian was one expert in the art.

Magic. The science of magnification of images. An electrical science like a very advanced television. The continued use of these indestructible mechanisms which they left behind them in the caverns is the source of our magic legends through the centuries. Merlin had a cave full of such mech in the Merlin legends of Arthur's court.

Magician. A magic an. One who knows magic.

Magnet. The net of force around a magnet. The mag part means it can be used to focus and magnify as in our electronic microscope. It is odd the ancients called a magnet an augmenting net if they did not know of such devices.

Magnetic. The science of such devices. Ic is always science.

- Mail.* May ill. Combined they mean "I'd better wear it, somebody might be ill". Anger was always ill, an illness.
- Manacle.* Lee from man act (man ac lee). To chain the man so a lee is formed from his hand's threat.
- Mansion.* A very illuminating word - man's ion. Place where a man has charged a sphere or chamber with beneficial electric.
- Matter.* A mixture of materials - a matt of err. Most stone and earth is a mixture of materials, unrelated but by accident.
- Mean.* A me an. An animal only conscious of himself.
- Meander.* To wander in a way that costs needed energy.
- Medical.* Me dic al. I know all detrimental things. One who has a remedy for most all de results.
- Medicate.* The ate means medicine to take by mouth.
- Medicine.* A medicine to take some other way - as a hypodermic.
- Melodious.* Same meaning as lady - me lower de for us.
- Minikin.* In is inserted into the word man to mean a diminutive being. The kin would mean active - active little fellow of almost microscopic size.
- Morbid.* More be I de. I don't want to be any more - I want to die. I deplore existence. (Note deplore.)
- Mucid.* M for man, u for you, c for see, i for I, and de for harm. "Man you see, I harm". Slime from a wound.
- Negro - Negress* - actually means a friendly slave (ro). A friendly helpful fellow - ne complementary attraction. Still the typical character of healthy Negros.
- Neutral.* Ne you t ral. Attracted by the charm (ne) of both parties.
- Node.* One of the important words. It meant place where no de exists - a life focii. Node is a focus of growth force, a nuclei of growth, an n from a good life.
- Nun.* Literally, sterile. Nu n. No seed.
- Nude.* Clothes are to protect from de. To be nude was to be at the mercy of de, but why the n is there I don't know except that nude and n go together. Perhaps new and nu are the same word and newly exposed to de was the meaning.
- Nomad.* Harmless person.
- Obscene.* O meant orifice, the source of life. Thus obscene is not hard to explain.
- Obsolete.* Out of use (oh be sol te). The sun renders useless.
- Obsession.* A little study of ess in this word will reveal a concern all of us have with it, even to the point of obsession.

Obovate. Egg shaped. (oh, be ovate.)

Ocean. See the source of life.

Odium. To give off impulse to harm. To hate.

Oculist. Here o and c mean orifice of sight.

Ogle. The impulse to gen begins with the eye.

Onion. On means on. Here the source (o) of seed (n) means continuation and on is a basic word formed from source and seed. An onion is a plant with a strong ionizing influence when eaten. It continues to overcome all other things eaten in its influence - in fact an on ion.

Optics. Science of vision - here o means eye.

Pace. The power of the an was measured in steps.

Pact. An empowered act. A binding act by power.

Panorama. P power, a an, o orifice, ra ray, and the ma probably the user, who was called a "ray". Power an meant a great mech operated by a ray. Thus a panorama is seen by use of a great ra of power.

Pane. A glass for a window, now. Then it meant the screen on which a panorama was seen by use of a ray.

Pate. The place where the power that holds men together is made. The unifying influence of thought - its home. Thus patriot derives from pate.

Peal. Power and all combine to give a loud sound.

Pedant. A walking ant (see use of ant in errant and arrant). Ped came to mean feet because power is usually signified by a lot of feet coming down - as marching troops. Thus p is power and down is de and coupled they came to mean feet.

Penal. Pen all - the all pen. Today the bull pen.

Pencil. Here pen is a writing tool. Pen can be an enclosure and a writing tool. A pen that sees ill is a good pen to write with

Pendent. Shape like a pen which hangs down? Or an imprisoning pit?

Peril. Power errs ill. That's peril, all right.

Pert. Power of attraction to an err degree (too much).

Philter. Ter - too great love - is accomplished by filling somebody with something. A love potion.

Plant. Plan t. The growing together of elements into a shape.

Planet. An e plant - here e inserted gives the impression that e was their all concept. Often e meant exd - the basic stuff from which all matter grows. The product of disintegrance whose reintegration is the source of all matter; thus planet is an exd plant, a growth in space,

while plant is any growth.

Pith. Power of growth in the human. The essence of man.

Plutocracy. A significant word: from Pluto, the ruler of the underworld in the time of the latter Gods. The race (family) from Pluto's realm rules. His methods of rule are still understood inherently in the use of the word.

Pond. Power on descent (the down meaning of de) means a mill pond - power from fall of water.

Potion. Power of te ion. A good medicine.

Prison. Price on. To hold for ransom.

Progeny. To generate the power of ro. To have progeny was to give birth to many children to work for you.

Prostitution. The p and the ro means they are controlled robots to a p ray. A p ray being one which overcomes the will by superimposing a stronger flow of similar electric to that which is released by the cells in bodily movement. Thus prostitution is the illegal use of robots against their will by use of a p ray from a distance. Ro were often voluntary slaves as their system of society required it, and their lot was not necessarily undesirable. Thus Rome was a beautiful robot city of the ancient time, and was so called because of its beauty: "O, ro me, too, it is so beautiful here", was the ancient meaning of the word ROME. Its government was primarily controlled by ray of the people, thus Rome - the city of robots.

Prostrate. A p ro lying straight.

Prototype. P ro to type. A standard form of man, unchanging.

Puberty. Er t. The time of greatest attraction between sexes.

Queen. Quest you energy seed. A bee queen is an insatiable appetite for birth - fecund for the whole ant hill. Thus *quean* is a low woman while *queen* is a high woman.

Quill. Quest you ill. Same meaning as pencil.

Quit. Quest you one te. Get someone else to do you good.

Race. Here the use of ray to mean a long continuation of anything is seen Ra and line are the same word, often.

Radial. Ray d all. All lines from center outward.

Radius. D is always repellant - thus a ra d is outward - and radius is the spoke of the circle.

Radiation. Outward flow of t ions.

Radiator. Outward flow of tor or exd. Tor seems to have meant exd.

Rail. A bar to ill - to keep ill out.

Rape. Ra an p. Attack.

Rapier. A long sword - a ray of power - in its sense of a line an extension.

Rapture. Ray p te your e. A power ray attracts your energy, makes you healthy - thus rapture was the state their highly developed rays threw them into.

Ration. Ray t ion. They were entitled to a certain amount of beneficial ray treatment - their ration of ray.

Rational. One who believes in everyone getting some rapture from beneficial and stimulative rays. Rational still means the same thing today.

Recede. To fall back before a new discovery of detrimental flow.

Recent. Sent anew.

Recur. To see err (ur) and return on course - to return.

Reduce. To lower (d) again.

Reflux. Flux is flow - to reflow.

Reflect. Flec means to throw off lightly, thus reflect is to return in same path. Flect or flec should be remembered - as in flick.

Reflection. Occurrence of thought due to reflection of thought from a source in a mind reading ray beam - thus reflection is to see another's thought by its reflection in your head. Much of supposed original thought is reflected thought from others.

Repression. To hold back an ion flow in the brain.

Resolve. Sol is used in its meaning of taking things apart. Resolve is thus to analyze.

Scald. S (sun), c (see), al (all) d. S is used for burn - the sis sound. Badly burnt - all burnt.

School. S for the influence of dis flows and cool for the process of teaching which eliminates the err which they engender in thought. Thus a school is where hot-heads are cooled by teaching. The h is human.

Self. The s elf. The part of one's consciousness that mistakenly thinks s flows are thought. Thus the sun ro thought is called an s elf. Not our meaning for self - but the false self which counsels evil. Thus selfish is a survival of the original meaning of self.

Sesspool. S for decomposing and ess for cloaca. Also spelled cess pool - same meaning.

Sex. Same meaning as lady - one who combats the influence of sun. X for combat - s for sun influence.

Sin. Burning (s) and (in) for the cells or inner life of the body.

Thus sin is burning within the body and the mental destructive impulse which arises from such burning. Same as berserk.

Sinuate. Sinuous - as a flame.

Smash. S in its sense of taking apart - dis.

Solder. Hot stuff - it ders as sol (the sun) does.

Soldier. One subject to sol's command to destroy.

Son. A boy who will be a soldier.

Sorcerer. Sore and sor mean the same - a sorcerer is a conjurer who is always sore. A bad magician - a sorehead magician.

Sorceress. Same thing - only female.

Sorricide. The murderer of his sister (sorority?)

Sot. A sot is a drunk that sits still.

Speller. This word was a label. The word was followed by a question mark meaning - do you err in spelling? - use me.

Sphere. Sun power here - a burning sphere - a word for sun which came to be used for any round thing.

Spider. Spy from der. An evil sounding name for an evil insect - a der spy. Came from calling the insect by the most repugnant of person's names. One who worked for evil men by spying on good people to their destruction - a spider.

Spit. Here s seems to signify only the outward motion of dis - none of its other qualities mentioned.

Squib. A small fire-work

Stale. An old tale - here the age thought is meant by s.

Star. Most of the stars we see are suns; are burning. Thus we have s and t in a condition of ar - about to burn. Note that tar is inflammable matter. The use of *ar* to indicate this condition is frequent - thus roar is robot to ar.

Stake. A stick sharpened in fire.

Sterile. Ster is opposite of ter. A reason not to love.

Strife. Rife with burning. Combat is seen to mean in this case to be caused wholly by sun force.

Styptic. A burning tipped pencil.

Suicide. S you I see d. I disapprove.

Sullen. Was probably sol-len as in solemn. One who thinks somebody else should be burnt - as one is solemn when pronouncing a death sentence or counseling murder.

Sunstroke. The sun does not shine evenly; sometimes it gives off powerful groups of rays. The cause of sunstroke as rays from a sunspot.

Syllogism. Way of reasoning by which sun err can be avoided.

Tab. Count. Integrate animal be.

Tabid. Count one ill. One is sick. Take stock of sick ones.

Taboo. Prohibited for a good reason. Boo is same meaning used by kids when hollering Boo.

Tacit. T act I see. Understood.

Tact. A te act.

Talmud. Tale of earth (mu) disasters; (d) or don'ts for laws. The book of laws for earth. M may mean man, and d -law.

Tar. A sailor or one apt to fight.

Tartarus. Hell. Our T is subject to ar; fire.

Tart. Combustile here means a substance burns the mouth.

Tenacious. Here the t means grip of t, ac act. Note how the sense changes from in tact - an attractive act - to tenacious a gripping act.

Terror. Here ter - love for someone, is in danger. Roar - the sound has lost its a but is still roar.

Thanks. Attractive human. I thank you - an k. I bless you with.

Thane. A th an.

Tether. A strong (t) tie rope.

Tot. Attractive little ot (zero). Almost nothing.

Tote. Negro in origin. The t meaning is evidently same as in ton.

Traction. Track of t ion. Act of drawing to one. To grip magnetically.

Tour. To err - travel aimlessly.

Toxical. Use of x with t means deadly. Poison.

Trope. Speech which changes the sense of a word. A p tero was a man eloquent - hence trope is power of tro.

Triton. Here Titan and tri for three pronged spear are combined to mean a titan with three pronged spear - which was a sea symbol. A fish spear. A sea titan.

Tufa. Fa is the old short for fallacious - is often used - thus tufa is lighter than it looks. Porous rock.

Tyro. A ro who doesn't know his work; is tied. A motionless worker. A beginner.

Uberty. Abundance. Note ber - too much (er) and be (b). T and y are a common use - meaning why do you t (attract) me with too much? Literally: you give me too much.

Udder. You de der. Good for one.

Ulcer. U (you) l (life) c (see) er (err)—Your life sees err. A sore. Cl seems often to mean far off - beyond. Thus ulster is a long

coat. Ululate - a far carrying cry.

Ulna. Here na means bone, thus narwhal is a whale with a big bone on its nose; and natatory to help to swim. Thus ulna is a bone which helps to swim far.

Um. The reverse of mu. Seems to mean under - as umbriferous is shade, and umbrella a rain shade.

Un. Reverse of nu. The reverse of being born. To come undone. These words are I think from another language of that time - the language of opposites—thus Evil spelled backward means live; pit spelled backward means tip.

Undertaxed. If untaxed is all right why is undertaxed not enough taxed? The addition of der is significant here.

Unable. Un an be lee. Animal without a lee.

Unconcerned. Un and con combine to make unobserved.

Uterus. Womb and uterine - belonging to womb. Note the use of ter.

Utter. Extreme - wholly attracted.

Utopian. Ideal, uttermost possible development of an.

Uxorious. Foolishly fond of a wife. Note the addition of x and o to uter.

Valiant. Here val is in its correct use - v for vi or vital and all - all-vital. Thus a valiant.

Valor. Rich in val - or for ore.

Value. This vital energy of man life they used to indicate that a thing was of value. As valuable as life. Life value - as work-hours.

Vandal. Van in the front dal destroys all. One in the forefront of destructive action. Note how n takes the place of l, and the sense of beginning inherent in n (or seed or child) is used to indicate the front of a flow of people - the n of a mob is the vandal. A significant pair of words revealing their methods of making words.

Van. The front of an army.

Vanish. To go into s. To appear consumed by fire.

Vari. The combination of vi and ar means turbulent vital force - or varying growth.

Vegetable. Ve (vital energy); ge (generates) table. A plant that grows things for table. Note veg is just growth of life.

Venerial. Vital n seed err I all. Sexual life.

Venerate. To revere. These words were the same in their language, or almost the same.

Vernal. Vi err n, all. I love all, when young. Of youth.

Vernility. Note addition of ill in subordination of young sense of word to indicate servility.

Vibrate. Vital *be ra te*. Thus a vibration is a beneficial ray to them. Used for those vibrants which are beneficial, being rich in e (exd).

Voluptuous. Vol (will) up tu. To will up a strong attraction. Volupte - the ous makes it plural - or many voluptes.

Volute. Literally graceful holding - to will to hold.

Wade. Way of de. To walk down (in the water).

Wand. A rod to punish (will an de).

Wane. A rod to e (will an e).

Weird. We err de - of detrimental beings.

Woe. Woo energy? Are they kidding?

Woman. Whether woman is from woe man or woo man you figure out.

Xanthic. The yellow color of the sun is here indicated by its destructive nature to man. Xan - thic is thick yellow.

Xanthin. Yellow coloring matter.

Yap. Why does an p? P here means why does it activate its mouth.

Yearn. Yes, the n ars me. I wish to love.

Yeoman. Yes orifice man. Source of yes.

Yew. Yea will. A tough plant.

Yule. Lee here means a day of rest (why you lee). Get out of the wind and cold. A day for that, Yule.

Zeal. Ze means to be equal parts te and de, to zeal is to reduce to meaninglessness. Thus zeal is foolish ardor for an illogical cause.

Zero. One who is ro to meaningless forces. Came to mean nothing. A zero is one who works to create uselessness.

Ziz-zag The z meaning is here apparent as diversions from a course which are of no value in getting there.

Zooid. Inferior animal.

Zoo Collection of inferior animals of a useless nature.

Zoologist. Log is record - the recording person of a zoo.



WHY THE CAVES ARE SECRET

By Richard S. Shaver

During the years there has been a heated argument about the location of the dero and the tero. I have said repeatedly where they are, but it has been the one point upon which my whole contention is hung which has been used against me, to "disprove" the whole thing. Scientific "fact", they say, cannot be argued against, and one single fact shatters the truth of my story to shreds. This one fact is the "hot" interior of the earth. They tell me that the interior of the earth is molten metal, that the "cold" skin is so thin, compared to the whole, that it is like a very thin-skinned orange. They say the skin of the earth is about 50 miles thick, making solid rock occupy only 100 miles in a total diameter of 4000. Thus, the area in which my caves can occur is only an area of one-fortieth of the whole. And here also, they say, this is greatly reduced because the lowest forty miles of this is, although not molten, at least red hot, and far too hot to support life. More, they say that this red hot rock is "fluidic" under its tremendous pressure, and any "caves" would automatically flow shut, and such a thing as a hollow place in such rock would be impossible.

They point out a "law" which says that temperature rises a degree for every hundred feet we descend into the earth. Thus, with a surface temperature of 70 degrees, we can go down only 7000 feet and we have a temperature of 140 degrees, at which point human life is impossible. Because I have placed some of my caves forty miles deep, and some of them *hundreds* of miles deep, they have "exploded" my whole position.

They are scientists. They *should* know. But let me use their *own* science. Say these wonder-minds: The earth's specific gravity is just slightly higher than that of water!

If the earth is composed of molten *metal* core some 3900 miles in diameter, I respectfully submit that it is a metal of *less* specific gravity than the metal these scientists say this core is composed of —*iron*, in the main. They say the metals at the *core*, the last hun-

dred miles or so, are incredibly heavy, such as uranium. They are hoist by their own petard, for the specific gravity of the earth in its *entirety* admits only of a core of *water*, or something *no more dense*.

Can you conceive of "molten" water? Or *compressible* water, so that it is a "denser" water? These scientists have also said water is *not* compressible. They are, it seems to me, inextricably stuck in the mire of their own postulates, and *cannot possibly* claim my caverns do not exist, if they intend to mire them in their own mental muck!

I am not a scientist. (Even though I can prove, by published works in *Amazing Stories* years ago, that I have postulated scientific theories so correctly that the famous Albert Einstein said exactly the same things *years later*! His unified field theory: explained by me, in all its detail, in my exdisintegrance theory. Not only this, but *hundreds* of other theories—received from cavern records—which I can and *will* reproduce for you before I am through, with dates and comparisons with the work of *later* science. Most recent is the discovery that cosmic rays and radioactive radiation may be the *real* cause of the phenomenon of *old age*.) I repeat, I am not a scientist. And because I am not, these things which I have published in the past apparently point to some source of information other than my own *education* and my own *experiment*—both of which can easily be proved to have been inadequate to account for the results. I have said this source of information is thought records from the caves, played back to me by friendly *tero*; and actual conversation with *tero*.

So, not being a scientist, I repeat, with the most positive finality, the caverns *do* exist, and they are incredibly extensive, so that the possible population (were not so many dead!) could be *thousands* of times that of the *surface* of the earth, because it consists of so very many tiers of caves. The *dero* and the *tero* live in these caves. The caves are connected by broad tunnel highways, carved through the solid rock for thousands of miles, the whole inner earth being a vastly complicated network of tunnels connecting literally thousands of great caves as large as any surface city, and some so large as to dwarf a New York to insignificance.

Many of these caves are *filled with water*, having sprung leaks after thousands of years of being abandoned and uncared-for. But still enough exist, in which inhabitants do live, to be quite a size-

able population. Earthquakes have caused faults which have sealed some of the connecting tunnels. Other tunnels have collapsed roofs, filling them with rubble past which it is impossible to go. Thus, various settlements of dero and tero are isolated things, although enough tunnels exist so that it is possible to go anywhere from one place to another, if only by devious routes.

For those who still wish to argue with me on the basis of molten rock, and place the caves somewhere else, I will make a certain amount of concession, because it is a *reasonable* possibility. But I will stick to one thing, they *are* caves and tunnels! I have *seen* them with my own eyes, (or should I say with my mind's eye, because what is seen or sensed over telaug (augmented telepathy) is not exactly seen with the eye, but one *cannot tell the difference*, so it is legitimately "seen"—just as you *see* TV, yet nothing is *actually there* to see, only an "image". Telaug is the same (it can be sound alone, or sound and picture) except that it is far more vivid and real. Thus, I have seen that they *are* caves. Completely surrounded by solid rock. The tunnels *are* tunnels in rock. I have never seen any rockier rock!

If *you* want to say these caves and tunnels are not under our feet, but over our heads, in a sort of "another dimension" of this world of ours, perhaps you may be right! But nonetheless, it is a *part* of this earth of ours, of *this* planet. I have read of a conclave of mathematical scientists who have decided the earth does indeed have a "fourth dimension" and that phenomena exist in it! If the scientists can theorize thus, more credit to them. But it *proves* nothing, as yet. Until a better explanation comes along, I will maintain my present position of caverns under our feet, in the solid earth, and the devil take the molten core! for it does not exist.

Consider! If this earth were such a vast molten ball, the conductivity of rock is such that heat would be conducted *directly* to the surface in such copious amounts that the surface *also* would be red hot. Can you conceive of a molten metal "orange" with a *cold* skin! Even an asbestos skin! And, haven't you heard of the deep oil wells where the oil is so cold, and accompanied by salt water, that the pipes *freeze* as the oil is conducted upward, and must be melted with live steam! So it is a constant that temperature drops a degree each hundred feet, as you go down? Not so! Investigation of just a few mines will prove to you temperature is a very hap-hazard thing in the earth. So, I respectfully submit that you

cannot explain away my caves by anything so unsupported by actual fact!

Now, where do most of the dero live? Mostly in caverns *close* to cities. Wherever you find a large city, you also find a settlement of dero. Why this should be so always puzzled me, unless there was contact with the surface—and I found out there was! The dero get much, if not all, of their supplies from the surface, particularly food. Meat especially. And what meat some of it is! J. Edgar Hoover tells us of the more than 120,000 Americans who turn up missing every year, and are never heard from again. I tell you that I have seen some of these Americans, hanging on hooks in the meatmarkets of the dero! Horrible? Yes indeed, indescribably horrible. Yet it is true.

But the dero also get clothing, tools, conveyances from the surface. How many Fords there are being driven along dark and dismal tunnels far beneath the surface of earth, would surprise you. And how many truckloads of supplies go into the wide doors of an innocent-looking warehouse in the center of a large city—and never come out again!—would also surprise you. Elevators to sub basements are such innocent things. Sometimes even a building inspector could not inspect sufficiently to discover that they actually go down to even lower levels! Nor would he have reason to suspect that this was so, and take the enormously difficult and costly steps to dig to find out! (And become “meat” in some market as a reward for his discovery.)

Dero also live in caverns not under cities, and *most* of the tero (those who are not detrimentally inclined) live under open country. One reason I myself live on a farm!

What do the dero do?

What would *you* do?—if you were incredibly stupid, with your mind deranged by powerful augmented radioactive rays constantly beamed upon you by ray projectors originally intended to beam beneficial rays, but now perverted in their activity by being sun-polarized—the rays they manufacture are detrimentally radioactive-infected, and the rays they conduct from the surface are multiplied in their poisons by the machines so that they are far more damaging than they are to us surface people.

You would find yourself in possession of many marvelous machines left by the Elder races, and you would use them in idle childish play. You would use the telaug and vision rays to spy upon sur-

face people, and you would use the projection rays to fool them with fantastic images, you would use the tractor rays to open railroad switches before speeding trains, you would even be so childish as to trip people going down stairs, open manhole covers before them, and so on. You would use the marvelous surgical rays for the diabolical slicing of delicate nerves in the brain, or other parts of the body, to create mental and physical cripples. You would burst their hearts so that a "heart attack" would eliminate some important person and cause chaos in surface governments. You would do an almost fantastic number of things that could add up to the veritable "works of the devil"!

Except for one thing: you would risk retaliation from tero at equally powerful ray mechanisms, a sort of "balance of power". But occasionally, as some guard suffers a momentary lapse of vigilance, or has his attention diverted, you will be able to get in some quick deviltry, and you will howl with sadistic mirth at the result.

For you are mad! Madness in the caves is an almost universal condition. It cannot be otherwise, for more than one reason. First is the reason that you are exposed to ray damage much more extensive than is caused normally by the sun (and the moon—you've heard of the madness caused by Luna's rays, not a myth, and a superstition, but based on fact, for Luna's rays are only sun rays, polarized by reflection, and thus dangerous to a small extent). Moonlight and sunlight, conducted upon the dero cavern dweller by his augmenting apparatus, subject him to much more detrimental effect than on the surface.

The second reason is that the human mind (and the dero are as human as you and I) cannot stand too much torture without cracking; and torture is a part of the daily life of a dero. Few indeed have not at one time or another fallen into the power of a mad local despot and been subjected to unimaginable tortures besides which the Inquisition's devices are child's play.

A third reason, perhaps more effective, though more insidious, is the extensive and perverted use of the machine called "stim". The ancient purpose of this machine was to accentuate the pleasure derived from sex, largely by beneficial rays which restored energy as fast as it was dispensed; and also was a health machine, dispensing various nutrients and vitamins and minerals directly through the skin and into the body. The dero spend days at a time in these machines, indulging in an orgy of sex that, rather than being stimulat-

ing, is exhausting and detrimental because the stim machines are contaminated by radioactives and their good effects nullified and turned instead to bad effects. Because of them, recessive elements of heredity are accentuated, and a continual downward genetic scale is the result.

Yet, in madness there is craft! Incredible craft, and it is coupled with great secrecy. These degenerates aren't going to risk the pleasures that are theirs, by letting any surface people take them from them by force. Interlopers are slain (after torture), and secrecy is maintained at all costs. Because of the aid their machines give their mental processes, this craftiness is vastly multiplied, and it would take a clever surface man indeed to out-think them in the direction of subterfuge, etc. A vast curtain of error is continually hung before the eyes of surface man to conceal the truth of their existence. And it is an incredibly effective curtain. It is the most insidious propaganda imaginable, and involves hypnotic effects hard to believe. *Was* that thought you just thought, your own! You would be absolutely certain it was yours, if you were certain there was no way for anyone else to think it for you. And it takes a great deal of experience to be able to see a thought for an alien thought, when it occurs in your mind. But it can be done. Question your thoughts with reason sometime, and see if many of them are not thoughts that would not have occurred to you in the natural reasonable course of thinking. Question your dreams sometime. The effects of hap-hazard stringing together by your subconscious of your own personal, and sometimes long-forgotten memories? Ever have an incident in a dream come from something beyond your memory—honestly? Something you *know* isn't anything you remember, because never before experienced?

Subtlety is here. And if entirely unsuspected, totally effective.

But to admit such things to a psychiatrist is to admit to mental derangement. To admit them is to risk admission to an insane asylum. So, here on the surface, the secrecy pattern is maintained, even by surface people. You yourself, if you hear a voice, can be and usually are, your own worst enemy!

How did I learn about caves? I've said it before. At first by an inadvertent contact, because I seemed to be "in the know". Then by contact with friendly tero, who, because I had accidentally gotten in on the secret, and seemed friendly, and harmless, and did maintain the secrecy, was allowed snatches of information and contacts that

led to more contacts. Then some real tero friends who began to pass on to me knowledge that might make man a better man, and happier, just as they have for countless ages, sneaking bits of knowledge to men whom we revere today as the "discoverers" of great scientific principles. Nikola Tesla was such a man. Edison was such a man. Investigate for yourself the "mystic" overtones of each man's life! Read Edison's diary, and see how close he was to the borderline of admitting he heard voices, and that there were strange "psychic" sources for much of his knowledge. Read how Tesla invented things by simply "copying them" from actual visible and functioning projections hanging in the air before him! So it was with me, and they showed me much.

But then I broke the secrecy rule, and thereafter fled across the world, pursued by vengeful dero, sometimes protected, and sometimes not—and the "sometimes nots" have mostly destroyed any chance I've had to accomplish what I intended. Even my story was perverted into fiction, until it was subject to ridicule.

Proof? You want proof? Having read this far, is it reasonable for you to *demand* proof? Not very. Yet, there is proof. Everywhere you look! And I'll try to point those proofs out to you. Let me just speak my mind, with no regard to coherence or continuity, so that somewhere in the hodgepodge, you may seize upon some ammunition for thought, so that you may start thinking for yourself—the proof will appear, as effective proof as is possible to give.

You will see that I *can* "hand you" a machine! Machines you use every day. But you will ask that I hand you a "new" machine. Perhaps I *can*. Perhaps I shall! It has been said: "ask and ye shall receive." Exactly that has been known to occur before! Remember you any of these incidents? *Recognized* you any! Oh was it God who answered your prayer! Or somebody else's prayer? But you *have* observed it! Do you *remember* it!

TO those who cannot accept my work as anything but misguided imagination, or who think the whole "Shaver Mystery" is a rather stupid hoax the following words are to be considered exactly that: more stupid contributions from a man who is purposely hoaxing stupid readers into believing silly things that could not possibly be true. To "Police Psychiatrist," I fearfully apologize for suggesting they might be wrong, and that a George Murmans might exist outside a man's head as well as inside. I apologize to position power

and solemnly swear that nothing said here is to be considered as anything but a rather stupid hoax which some readers enjoy being fooled into accepting. To "Public Official" I also apologize for suggesting he knows more than he might publicly admit of such things, and solemnly swear that this is all untrue and he does not have to worry about it at all.

To you gentlemen who are intrigued by this "Hoax," I can only say you will find very interesting data here, and that such people as professors of colleges, psychiatrists and policemen, mayors and insurance investigators have to be allowed their foibles, and we can disregard the necessity for considering them sane quite as much as they can disregard (and do) the need for considering us the same.

FIRST, clarifying is in order. Letters in large numbers have accused me of implying this and meaning that—which I didn't. The confusion arises of course from the fictional treatment my message has had to be given.

Some readers have drawn quite a variety of erroneous ideas. Some of them are right. The truth is wild enough to suit anybody. But I wish to get the picture clearer for them.

One of the commonest errors is in the use the word "dero" has been receiving. Readers infer in their letters that all cavern people are "deros", and "dero" and "cavern dwellers" are synonymous. That is wrong! We wouldn't be alive if a large part of the people down there weren't fighting like hell for us and for themselves against the true "dero".

A dero is a cavern wight whose ancestors had the habit of bringing in the sunlight over the penetrays. Their evil nature is due to a constant "hearing" (telepathic) of sun vibrants because those same penetrays they use to bring in the sunlight and warmth were designed to handle thought-waves, to detect and augment waves of those frequencies heard by the brain. Their brains got dis (infections) on the lipoid films of the brain cells, where thought is generated. This went on for centuries, for an age, and the hereditary result was a dero, the ancient "Devil" of mythology, and his people—humans whose minds handle only disintegrant pattern thought.

ALL CAVERN PEOPLE ARE NOT DEROS, thank God.

The good ones do a lot of work for us, in subtle unseen ways, avoid tamper accidents by helping out a driver, get some doctor info on how to stop a plague, and are the source of some of our mod-

ern inventions by handing over suggestions to an inventor, unbeknownst, because they saw a similar device in the wreckage of the caves.

Even all the bad ones are not deros. A dero is an automaton of evil, and not an ordinary crook. He isn't that smart.

I would like, too, to state clearly and simply and generally the main themes I was trying to get across in my fictional work.

I am trying to say that our civilization is a sham! That our education is a very shoddy substitute for what it could be if the truth of our past were known.

I am trying to say that if we knew who and what some of our present-day bosses really were, we would be vastly worried at their apparent careless and oppressive attitude toward ourselves, the people—which attitude is shown in their deliberate deprivation of all science of the advantages that would arise from a general knowledge of and study of the rays and mech with which their rule is enforced.

They hold that they won't turn over the info, that it is like an atom bomb in importance, and they are keeping it in their own hands.

I reply that I wish they would, because so many deros use it, too—and that they don't need to keep the *whole* of that science a secret. So much of it is purely benevolent and medicinal. Truth is, they are not educated, do not realize what they are doing in keeping the whole a secret still today.

I am saying there are millions of people besides Shaver who know there are vast caverns under earth, full of strange, miraculously potent machinery—and that they do not speak because it is so obvious that they would be misunderstood to the point of persecution.

I am saying that if our scientists were **ALLOWED** to have but one of these machines (which exist in great profusion and in fine repair) for study, that our whole technical development would be accelerated beyond imagination. I am saying that some of our modern developments are due to information about the Elder race methods that filter through the age-old "iron curtain" between the deluded surface races of man and the undeluded but oppressed races under our feet.

Man's age-old persecutors, the "Gods," the degenerate debauchers, the secretive age-old monopolizers responsible for these delusions we have and call history; the persecutors we have and claim do not exist; the condition of war and misery our races are in, *once*

exposed would not, perhaps be so terribly harmful to him, would find a remedy.

I am saying that the people responsible for filtering through to us some of the technical secrets which find their way into our modern technologists' brains are due to friends among these hidden people, and that these friends in the underworld are the only members of that strange society that a sane modern man can consider as also sane.

The rest would be beneath our attention except that they *can* destroy us with the ancient mech (and do, regularly, kill many,) debauch us with the ancient wonderful stim mech, and craze us with the detrimental rays of that forgotten science.

I AM trying to show that it is possible and probable that there *have been* members of that society in the past who lived for centuries beyond the normal life span—as legend tells us. That they did so because of the nature of the ben-rays and canned nutrients still to be found in the sealed storerooms.

That there probably *were* rulers who lived for centuries, and that some of the most repressive and reactionary of the present-day rulers of the cavern groups *MAY* have been alive for two or more centuries.

That the medieval minds, cruel and vindictive and vandalistic, are so because they are still in a medieval state of development socially, and *they were raised that way*.

That these secretive, reactionary, sadistic minds among them are today holding back the whole race of man from ALL true development. That they are striving with might and main to place all human life under a rule of malignance unimaginable, that is so horrible in its aims, in its degenerate cruelties, so destructive in its details of government that the race of man will perish if they succeed!

And *you* insist they do not exist — want an “artifact”. (Can you get hold of an atom bomb to swap for the “artifact-mech”? It's a deal!)

I am trying to say that the enlightened ones among them who struggle against this goal need our help if we can give it—and that we can't if we insist they *do not exist!*

There are many things I have heard that I *do not know* are facts. To mention these along with the things I know *are* facts

causes an almost unavoidable confusion.

I have heard that surface light and power and coal are possessions of the ray-people. I don't *know* it, I *heard* it. I have *heard* that some of them have harems of thousands of young women. I don't *know* it. I DO KNOW they have harems, and an oriental contempt for all western morality—but because of the nature of social life developed around the use of stim-rays, I can understand this different morality.

I KNOW many terrible things that I cannot find a way to tell except as fiction. These are things so lurid and impossible they are hard to make credible even in a lurid stf. tale. They could not be considered as facts by an ordinary man, because he has not seen and could not accept. These are looked for by those who know something of the great secret, and look for recognizable information in the "forbidden" field.

I KNOW they have weapon rays that kill at fifty miles and more. That they *hit* what they shoot at with these. A man cannot even think of such weapons without fear; still we must—and *they have been with us* right along.

I KNOW they have telaug beams that hear thought from a man's mind up to fifty miles and more. That is an extremely sensitive receiver, for the sending of one brain is not exactly powerful in voltage.

I KNOW they visit space, and receive visiting ships from space, some of which do not get away again. I don't know *why* they return to earth, for *no one here* is getting a square deal! The ships that return must belong to those who *think* they benefit from the repressive throttling monopoly of all the good things of earth.

I am saying that earth's peoples are supporting a destructive, extravagantly luxurious and decadent "secret class" who rob us of our birth right—the science that could be learned from the mechanisms of the Elder race; which same mechanisms are the instruments that have held this class in power for many, many centuries.

I am saying that, due to many conditions which we cannot understand over a long period of time, many of these people are idiotic, and unfit to be allowed to continue as our "secret" overlords.

I say that if people generally knew this condition, they would lose the awe and fear that keeps from the race of man many great secrets which would prove a new and greater path of life for all of us.

I am saying to these men who cry "we want an artifact, an inscription, an ancient mss, we want proof!"—you *have* proof all about you! But your minds are so slanted by wrong teachings that you misinterpret these artifacts and remnants on the surface which tell the truth about the God cavern's existence.

Egyptian hieroglyphs, Mayan temple drawings, innumerable such sources are chock-full of references to the caverns, but since the science which interprets these relics has no word for any of these "myths" except as myths, that is how they are interpreted—as childish tales only.

Only by going into the caves and returning with the actual pieces of mechanism could these gentlemen be convinced. If *any* of the thing is true, any logician can know *that* is an *impossible request*. It is like sending an Ambassador to Russia in a top hat and frock coat, striped pants and brief case, and asking him to bring back proof that the Russians are contemplating a world revolution. He would be turned aside everywhere he went, and would come back with what we already know (if he came back at all—which is improbable)—"the Russians have an iron curtain on information."

I don't blame the Russians overmuch. But I *do* blame the cavern people because so much of the cavern mech is *medical* in nature. It would revolutionize all medicine if M.D.'s had penetrates; electric needle rays for surgery without incision; beneficial rays that can keep a dying man alive long, long after he would ordinarily die; beneficial rays that make a man think several times as well. Their science was based on a knowledge of man's nature far beyond our own—and nearly every one of their mechanisms is of some immediate physical use to health!

So we are deprived of them because they keep some idiot in wealth and power, who does not even know enough to have technicians hired to study and develop a knowledge of the nature and uses of these machines. Who has no real grasp of the importance of the caves!

YOU ask for proofs of the gigantism of the far past—and *you* can find Devil's Tower (Wyoming) in any Atlas. It is a national monument! If it isn't a gigantic petrified stump larger than any redwood ever hoped to be, I will eat my hat! The stump alone is taller than the Empire State building! What size were men when trees grew that size?

THEY were the men who are spoken of as the Aesir, under Ygdrasil's branches, planning a battle against the Frost Giants! And they had telaug beams (Odin's Eye), and they had "magical" underground dwarfs, and icy underworld realms of magic—and *we* have only the Devil's Tower to prove it today. But it was a long time ago; when the sun itself was more beneficial and less aging. BUT BROTHER, HOW CAN YOU ASK FOR PROOF WHEN YOU HAVE A DEVIL'S TOWER?

Through our dope rings (now don't tell me there are *no* dope rings) daily many men and women are sent to the underworld. What becomes of them? They don't come back? No! They become slaves or worse. In some cases they are employees; but at the mercy of a capricious despotic class who kill for pleasure. One might as well be a slave.

These people leave no traces! Did you ever try to trace a man to a dope den? You can't. It has "protection", and it is *not* a dope den. Don't tell me you don't understand. How could I prove a certain place was a dope den, and that people disappear there regularly? You know even the F. B. I. has a hard job with these things, never get them all. I don't think they even *touch* a ray-graft; because it is an old "taboo", and they know better than to try. I *think* they leave it strictly alone.

We don't know *how* the secrecy is maintained. I *do* know that it *is*, and that the things I say go on, *do happen*.

But I could no more *prove* many such things than I could prove that Standard Oil cheated on their income tax. Nor could anyone.

But there *is* a vast number of eye-witness testimony; there is a vast amount of writing from the past that is misunderstood; there is a mass of incontrovertible proof—IF YOU INTERPRET IT CORRECTLY! But you don't! You say the old standard explanations over and over—and they are part of the curtain that has been erected for an age between common people and the Forbidden Fruit.

For the Forbidden Fruit is the greatest pleasure on earth; and from our present day standards or morals, it is an immoral pleasure. Hence it remains hidden—although the truth is it would be the greatest stimulation our form of society could receive. Men would develop—for it would furnish a vast incentive to science and invention and medicine (especially) that is now lacking!

As I see it, what the two classes, the two "worlds", need most

is a mutual port of trade, a city or a market or a place where the things of value from one world may be openly traded for those of the other. For our washing machines we would get telaugs and stim mech and small levitators and similar apparatus which would be infinitely valuable to us—and from what I have seen, *they* could use the washing machines, yes!

Secrecy has acted as such a throttling thing on their life that they cook on stoves Ben Franklin would have called obsolete; sit on wooden benches; slave in child labor factories; are two hundred years behind us socially. Many of their pieces of furniture (brought in in past, much of cavern needs furnishing) would bring a fortune as Victorian and pre-Victorian antiques. (Not speaking of Elder race antiques.) For, since the days of telegraph and newspapers and radio, the secrecy has required an almost total lack of commerce or intercourse between the worlds. (Before the days of newspapers, there was commerce.)

And it is a world, the Elder World, and *it* does contain wonders in the still working ancient mechanisms, but it also contains the most brutally reactionary minds on earth; as well as the most modern and liberal minds in certain groups.

They can't have radios, because radio can be traced. (Many freighters had to give up radio when crossing enemy waters, as the radios rebroadcast a wave that can be detected.)

They can't have clean modern markets full of good food from America's canning factories—the commerce necessary to fill them would cancel their “secrecy”. Thus this reactionary policy from the past is just as disliked and as unpopular among them as it would be among us if we knew it existed. Thus such enterprising men as myself have backing more valuable among them than among the surface people. Truth is, I have more friends among the cavern people than on the surface, and far more valuable ones.

They want the ancient barrier to the full development of their life removed, too, just as much as “we who know” on the surface want it removed. They want the sweatshops made humane down there, they want better living conditions, better sun camps where they can take their rays on the surface without worrying about watching eyes. They want less restrictions on their life, and the “secrecy” custom is the most irritating and harmful of all their restrictions.

Such things as Hecate, the bloodsucker, will exist among them in the future, if the science monopoly continues. Such things have

plagued their lives in the past when the great ben-mech rays were more potent than today. The rays and the superior nutrients found in the storerooms of the Elders kept them alive much too long—and they were evil. But we do not *think* we have any immortal Hecates today.

BUT, TODAY, we *do* have a parasitic (class of) creature battenning upon us, who has developed a technique of parasitism as highly evolved as a vampire bat's, and as ingrown in his nature! This is the "reactionary" behind the "secret" monopoly of the antique Elder weapons and pleasure mechs—and *he* is the enemy we seek to expose. *He* is the enemy I would die to harm in any way; to wrest but one of the mighty Elder secrets from *his* unworthy and unusing hand. I would die cheerfully for the race of man. It was what I expected when the Shaver Mystery series began; but I found there were more of the cavern peoples in my way of thinking than I had expected. Publicity was its own protection.

For *he* deprives *them* quite as much as *he* does *us*, and it rankles them much more because they are fully conscious of *his* cost while we are ignorant even of *his* existence. We do not see the young girls go into *his* harems; we do not see their wrecked bodies later. We do not know of *his* awful abuses of the rights of man or see the tortures and battles in *his* game arenas; do not see the human pieces in *his* "Bickro" games. (Human chess to the death.)

But *they do know* all these horrible things and they want the course of decadence changed and reversed as much as myself. So it is that we try to give you what you naively call "proofs", it is like a blind man trying to ask a man with eyes to prove that he sees.

ONE either "knows" of the underworld or one does not. It is very much like a seeing race with eyes living beside and among a race without eyes who refuse their existence. BUT WE ARE PRESENT AND WE DO SEE! (*We* meaning those on the surface "who know".)

But for a man who doesn't care to go out and question pimps and prostitutes, criminals and dope peddlers, yeggs and assassins; who doesn't care to pore over newspaper and police files for strange and unexplainable occurrences, or Missing Persons lists for data on the losses to the underworld; for a man who would like something more than eye-witness accounts from the lips of such "unreliable" humans; who doesn't care to question the personnel and inmates of an insane asylum on "what the voices say" (which I will admit could develop

into an embarrassing expedition) there *is* a simple method of proving to himself that the Underworld (in the Classic sense of the word UNDERWORLD) does exist in all its miraculously preserved wondermech, building on building and boring on boring, city bowl on city bowl and city tier on city tier—deep in the earth—peopled with a citizenry of diverse and numerous skills in using the ancient mech to cause miracle and devilment.

This method is in the application of the Shaver alphabet to the English language and indulging the deductive faculties in tracing the words of the Elder tongue which still can be found, many times in a good state of preservation, in our own English language.

Those college products who have been endowed with a complete knowledge of the past history of every word by etymological wizards of the colleges, by those professors who *assume* that the past students of the evolution of languages have all been correct in *their* assumptions, and have carefully grafted all this *hoary paraphernalia of error* upon their students; those gentlemen are the men who have the greatest difficulty in finding any sense in this alphabet.

They cannot successfully make the mental adjustment necessary to a study of the alphabet, because they cannot, even for the sake of experiment, admit for one moment that it “could be possible”. So they glance at it and throw it aside because it was not on the curriculum at college and hence can be of no possible importance on this green earth.

Nevertheless by its use the basic meaning sounds of an ancient ancestral tongue can be traced by any student flexible-minded enough to make that initial allowance for a base from which to proceed.

These basic sounds, such as RA TE DE AN BE CE FE GEN ENG I KIN LO LEE LI MA MU MO NIN NE O SIS TEAT ST UND VI VE VIE VIT WIN WER TER DER XE Y ZE and RO can be found in so many words meaning the same thing, in so many languages meaning the same thing, that we get a picture of basic sound meanings that we can trace back and back to a once universal tongue. Gradually to a student this once universal tongue emerges as Mantong—and every word he says is translated by his mind into its Mantong meaning, which is a greater meaning.

It cannot be done by utilizing any system of word derivation now taught; for they are false, and it did *not* happen that way! If it did happen as they say it did, it happened *long after* the word had come into use over the whole earth, and their assumptions of its adop-

tion into use and its spread are consequently error because they mistake in a given language an already existent word for a later derivation from some other word in some other language.

It wasn't that way. They only had a common universal source in one ancient tongue. If they did derive from two or more Elder sources, they still intermingled during the great lapse of time to form a mixture inextricable today because of their original similarity in concept-symbol or basic-sound meanings.

This *point of departure* on the study of ancient tongues forms an insurmountable barrier between the classical student and myself. He cannot admit *to begin with* that there could be possible a basis for such an assumption that there *was* an original universal tongue.

He is confused by the multitude of his learnings. HE KNOWS the Egyptian came first, or the Coptic or some other irrelevant tongue and he knows that all similarities must be traced to original source of which he has already been informed. He presupposes himself into a state of admiration for his deduction which is only, after all, a complex assumption of firsts, derivatives, etc.

But, above all their squabbling over each word, Mantong emerges as the great Rosetta stone of the past. Touch any tongue with it and the veils fall away; the Mantong stands clear and clean above it all.

NO OTHER tongue contains their knowledge of energy, or gives a key to their wisdom—a wisdom greater than our own—and any student proceeding from an assumption that this wisdom never existed cannot proceed even experimentally in the study of the tongue.

For it is based on the play of two forces, and all phenomena of life are described as an interplay between these two forces De and Te, evil and good, Dis and Int.

Ssstt describes the touching of fire to water, of water to a hot stone—to us as to any primitive. BUT to a student of Mantong *sssst* is the survival of the ancient symbol of sun-fire, for dis striking against the ancient symbol for TE, for growth. The water contains the TE or growth force, and when it comes in contact with S, the fire, the noise *sssst* always comes with it—and they used the symbols of these two primal forces with the sound which they make.

De was their sound symbol for the processes of disintegrant energy. *De vi* was their word for an evil man's energy. *De vile* their word for one filled with *de*; *de cay*, *Dee See a* (animal) *Y*.

Decay is a sentence in Mantong. It means: *see dee in the animal*,

WHY? It *taught*. When the child learned the word decay, he learned to look for the *cause* of the *decay*, too. Hence the letter Y (why) is tacked on so many of their words. But no classical product of our colleges would ever admit that such a system of word building ever existed for he cannot admit that anyone in the past knew that much!

Add a little more detrimental disintegrant en-energy—we get DE AD. *Dead* meant: if you keep adding de you will die. You can't even monkey with the stuff (as we are learning with atom bombs—and are going to learn really by losing all our “precious” civilization in one flaming battle).

Dead also meant: someone had killed a *DE unit* of the social pattern. Their words had these coincident punning meanings packed in! De a De! A command to go out and make likewise any Hitlers or would-be Hitlers was inherent in their word for a dead person.

The word *teat* we cannot even say without lewd and comic thoughts. They meant something more; they meant: *TE force is here at teat*. (The child absorbs integrative energy here.)

Get a college word wizard to admit that any first race on earth ever knew of any such thing about energy as that there were two basic forces, integrative and disintegrative! It isn't even taught yet (or is it?) that there *is* an integrative force that disintegration demands an equivalent integration or there wouldn't be anything to disintegrate in all space. OUR COLLEGES DO NOT TEACH AN INTEGRATIVE FORCE (to my knowledge), or even suggest that it could be a pole about which all life proceeds upon its beginnings until it meets DE and ceases to BE!

How then get them to admit that the ancients knew there was an integrative force and used it as a basic symbol for GOOD, for a way of life in the word TIC, even though the word tic itself describes our present world system of finance and commerce. They called it TIC—we call it Credit. But they meant a lot more by TIC than we do by the word *credit*. They meant a social order based upon credits—we call it money and we get it for work. Credit—(See RED, I T.) Our own word is one of theirs: “I will stand T for your RED (ink).” We still get in the “RED.” We think it is modern slang for the red ink used on losses columns, but in truth they used the word before there was ink. Before Carters ever made a bottle of red ink for bookkeepers to itemize their bills with men used the words “in the red” to describe their debts.

We all have these unconscious assumptions in our minds about

words, and most of them are wrong.

I can go on and on with this, but I don't want to tire you. BUT if you *are* interested in a proof of the Shaver mystery, it can be had by any deductive mind for a few hours work with the alphabet, and the Mantong of the Elder race will emerge in all its wonderfully simple meanings before him, and he will have a complex and wonderful plaything for his mind in its idle moments all his life. For every word bears some flavor of their thought, if you can search it out. And it isn't so hard as our complexly misinformed professors would have us believe. Because they *are* wrong about the past, and there *is* better history in *King Arthur* and *Merlin*, in *Froissart's Roland and Oliver*, in fairy tales and myths than there is in any standard text on Classical history on "Rome and Her Fall", on the "Rise of Athens". Those histories *are* correct *as far as they go*; but they *missed* the *true beginnings*. We did *not* begin with the pyramids, the way the history books do! We *had* a vaster beginning than any Pharaoh's foolish piling of block on block to provide a place to put his mummy. And a much more intelligent beginning. To me, the Pyramids are not a *great mystery*; they are a sample of the imbecility of men in certain early periods AFTER THE FALL. That the cumbrous piling of those square children's blocks of stone into a pyramid had a meaning, a vast significance, or any other fol-de-rol that is taught about them is not my way of thinking. They are sheer imbecility made concrete, and we still pretend to ourselves that the Egyptians who built them had "wisdom". The *wisdom* they are talking about existed *long before* the pyramids, the latter priests who *understood* that wisdom had nothing whatever to do with causing the pyramids to be built.

Wrap all the mists of wool about a pyramid that you want. I still see a fool making a million lives painful that he may have a hole to be placed in when he dies. PWA on a grand scale in ancient Egypt; a fool king who wasted the lives of his people upon idiocy.

THE Elder race *had wisdom*. Some of it *can* be found in the basic sound-meanings of our tongue by use of the Shaver alphabet. I do not claim to have "originated" the alphabet. (To me it *was* a discovery. Others may have done so.) Maybe I *heard* it with "voices". Whatever is the truth, it will discover to you a vast race, prove their existence on earth, and give you an inkling of their mighty thought-rays.

I could go on talking about the Elder language for a large book-

full, but there is no space for that. Eventually it will (the book) be done, if not by me, by some one like yourself who has read me and understood there was more to the Shaver alphabet than meets a college know-it-all's eye.

About proofs of the Shaver mystery, it is so self-evident to one who talks to ray people over rays from their caverns every day, it is somewhat like asking an ordinary householder to prove the Electric Light Co. exists.

It is *not* evident to you who have *not* "heard voices", "seen ghosts", experienced what are called "illusions due to mental derangement", but which we who know call "projections", or "tele-solidographs".

It is like two men living near the same river. One has never seen a fish in that river all his life. The other has caught fish in the river every day. They get into an argument, the one who believes there are *no fish* in the river says: "Show me the proof, the bones and tails, the heads of these fish you have caught."

Well I will show you what is left of some of the fish I have caught in the river of sound that flows from the cavern world to those who are allowed to hear. *Snatches of conversation heard over ray*: "GOES UP—IS COMING!"

The words mean nothing to you; *to me* they tell that the ancient plan of coming to the surface and ruling openly is again being taken out of the closet and being brushed off for a new trial. Perhaps "*they*" will come out and rule with antique-ray openly, and all of us will see it in our lifetime. It is a thing that has been planned many times, fell through because of fear, difficulties of moving apparatus, disorganization due to their medieval governmental set-up, etc.

"— — — — WAS DOWN HERE. HE WAS THE TOUGHEST MAYOR IN TOWN."

The words mean our surface Mayor — — — — was down in the caverns on a visit, and that he was seemingly the "toughest" of the group of big-shots with him, of the underworld characters whom he visited. One does not *know* if he really *was* down there, we only *hear the words*.

"TELL, 'EM OUTRIGHT, SHAVER, GET 'EM DOWN HERE? WE NEED 'EM PLENTY!"

It means that there are plenty of the people down there hoping and praying that some effort like my own does break through the

dense cloud of "modern" ignorance in America and gets some action out of our powerful nation before less worthy rulers than our own Republicans and Democrats take over—both up on the surface and down in the caverns. But they themselves find no way of telling the men of the U. S. that will be understood, believed and acted upon. When they do talk to a man, he is frightened, thinks he is having delusions, goes to a psychiatrist and has himself psycho-analyzed. There is no greater ignorance, no greater barrier to progress than the blindness engendered by the sense of all-knowing self-sufficient egoistic fol-de-rol our educational system has given our average American school product.

I love those people down there, fighting unseen and unheard and unhonored, fighting and warding off from *us* a fate that words cannot describe. The dero of the caverns could depopulate the earth within months if they were free to do so, with the antique mech-rays. These people are ignored by our "omniscient" statesmen, though many of them *know* much of the caverns and their secrecy, and we *could* help them much if only the curtain of "it isn't true", "they don't exist", "voices are imagination" were gone.

That is what I am trying to do; remove that curtain once and for all. Believe me, it is vitally necessary or I would not have the courage to face the possible consequences!

"HAND ME SOME DRY NEEDLES!"

Meaningless phrase isn't it? But not if you *see* the torturer, his needles slippery with blood, reaching for less elusive tools.

It *would* be possible to *buy* some of the mech in *certain parts* of the cavern world. These locations where the caverns are peopled by humans with some idea of developing a *future* for man could be found—if the whole governmental and "scientific" set-up of the nation, of the world, were not too "smart" to be taken in by such a "hoax". Hex doctors, other practitioners of the black art such as Demonist cults, *do buy* apparatus from the underworld! Not the men who DON'T "hear voices" (even when they *do*). Statistics show that *everyone* hears voices sometimes—not the scientists who call everyone who does not agree with them "crack-pots"; not the gentlemen who have learned all there is to know about life, the interior of the earth, science *and* Einstein. You yourself, if you are honest with yourself, must admit that you have "heard voices" at one time or another in your life. *Think carefully*. AH! You had put it aside as imagination! But *was it?* No. *it wasn't!* It happened!

MANY things could be obtained of infinite value from these people in the caverns, if all of our civilization was aware and trying to salvage even a bit of the mighty wisdom the Elder race left behind them in their miracles of machine art. BUT it *can't* be done as long as "officialdumb" frowns upon all such efforts as "*superstition*", "black art", or "crackpots". It is a vital and unseen side of our life WHICH MUST BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC GAZE!

The fact is that any honest investigation of super-normal manifestation *always* and *invariably* turns up *mighty important data*; which data is *shelved* by fearful, ignorant and bigoted people who are *quite sure* that the school books are *right*, and that they *cannot* go contrary to opinion or they will lose their "position".

You see in today's paper: "THREE AIRPLANES DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY WITH FOURTEEN MEN IN THEIR CREWS." You see, *every day*, a constant succession of such Fortean occurrences, such impossible accidents and wrecks and catastrophes. On our "fool-proof" railways the signals go awry and one part of a *famous* "cross-continent flyer" runs into another part —of the same train! Over and over you read of the "*impossible*" happening!

Yet you are told there are *no* caverns, there *could not be* any "antique miracle machinery", AND I MYSELF AM TO BELIEVE THAT I AM THE VICTIM OF DELUSIONS. EVEN THOUGH I HAVE FELT THE SEARING RAYS, BEEN TORMENTED BY INVISIBLE DEVICES, SEEN IMPOSSIBLE PROJECTIONS OF THINGS THAT DO NOT EXIST ON EARTH TODAY AND TALKED TO THE PEOPLE WHO MANIPULATE AND USE THESE DEVICES EVERY DAY AND HAVE BEEN DOWN THERE AND SEEN AND TOUCHED IT ALL WITH MY OWN HANDS.

It would be *comforting* to feel that I *was* the victim of a self-deluding mental quirk, for I would realize there was *no* threat hanging over the heads of the American people; there was *no need* to overcome the blindness of these people, that *no deros* kill regularly and steadily by such methods as caused Heirens to kill for George Murmans. That if I did not try to do what I do, these killings such as Suzanne Degnan would not be in part upon my head. For I know that much could be done to stop such killings if only people *knew what the real cause was*. Locking Heirens up did *not stop* George

Murmans. George Murmans can *kill you!* It would be smarter to punish the psychiatrists who deny George Murmans exists, for they probably *know quite well* that the voices *have* real people behind them, and are not *men enough to admit* that all is *not* understood about such phenomena. A psychiatrist is a worse criminal, *if he does* know, a *greater coward than Heirens* seems to be, blaming it on a phantom.

Every experienced psychiatrist has heard hundreds of people confess they "hear voices", and that some of the "voices" *prompt them to criminal acts.* Yet how many have the courage to *affirm* the voices' real existence. **THEY ARE AFRAID OF YOU, the public!** Yes, they *fear the common man's conviction* that "all such phenomena are delusions" and, *that fear is justified!* **BUT, SOMEONE, SOMETIME, HAS TO CONQUER THAT BLIND DENIAL OF FACT AND COME OUT IN THE OPEN WITH THE TRUTH ABOUT VOICES, ABOUT SUCH CRIMES AS HEIRENS', AND ABOUT SUCH THINGS AS AVOIDABLE TRAIN WRECKS.**

It must be faced. All right, we face it, and thousands of readers flock to our support with letters affirming our decision to attempt the heretofore impossible!

Here's hoping we succeed. For there *are* in the caverns such things as weather machines, set in a pattern to govern the whole continent, that can control the precipitation, the winds, the whole character of the weather. I have seen them operated, have *touched* the machines; but *how do I tell it?* I have as much trepidation about the attempt as Heirens. He (can you blame him?) flunked the test of courage. I face it. (Remember this is a "hoax" please.)

THESE machines, of infinite variety, are culled over by engineers from rival (underworld) countries such as England (for all we know) and what is not sold to them is wrecked by the destructive nomads of the caves "so someone else won't use them".

Gypsies "*know*" about the underworld. Spiritualists insist on the reality of their "*spirits*". I know the gypsies are making better sense about the voices than the Spiritualists. They tell fortunes by allowing the secret rays to read their customers' mind—and make money. So do the spiritualists, but they *say* it is spirits. The gypsies *say* it is a "*gift*". It is! From "gypsies" under the earth. **BUT NOT DEAD!**

DID YOU EVER ASK THE WEATHERMAN WHAT

BECAME OF THE RAIN THAT STARTED RAINING AND SUDDENLY QUIT, AGAINST ALL PROBABILITY? DID YOU EVER ASK A PRISON GUARD HOW COME CERTAIN GUARDS SHOT AND KILLED OTHER GUARDS? DID YOU EVER ASK THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU WHERE ALL THE PEOPLE WENT? PERSONALLY (not by listening to the radio—but personally looked at the files comprehensively)? Did you ever talk to insurance investigators who ascertain the cause of fires, the nature of the mechanical failures in train wrecks, all the many things that go unaccountably wrong?

NO, YOU DID NOT! You *assume* there was nothing mysterious or frighteningly weird about any of it. YOU ASSUME THAT IT IS ALL PERFECTLY UNDERSTOOD BECAUSE OF THE NATURE OF YOUR EDUCATION.

Fact is, a black witch doctor in Africa does know more about such things than *you* do. They don't close their eyes to all the unseeable things in life. But a "modern professor" *does* so close his eyes, and succeeds in closing most of his students' eyes.

All of which wouldn't matter, if most of our heritage in the caverns wasn't being destroyed and wasted and broken by idiotic handling by creatures with no wits or education whatever. It *matters* because our civilization *could receive* from just one piece of that "mech" a bigger boost than from many generations of genius. BECAUSE THAT MECH IS THE PRODUCT OF AGES OF INTENSELY CIVILIZED DEVELOPMENT BY A BIGGER, GREATER RACE, A RACE WHO HAD CONTACT WITH SPACE!

How to tell the American government there *is* something to learn about the rocks of mother Earth that *can't be learned in a College of Geology*, in an "Institute of Mining Techniques"? *How* to tell a modern over-educated bigot that our school text-books left out the biggest page—the history of the Elder race? HOW?

It can't be done! The answer tells me to give up, to write stories about anything else, to quit making dangerous statements about a people who might take umbrage and bump me with some of that wonder-weapon-mech.

Then a voice says: "Tell 'em but right! Be a man!"

THE SHAVER MYSTERY—15 YEARS IN THE MAKING

THE WHOLE TRUTH AT LAST — AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!

No one could have foretold, when it was first published, what a sensational reaction there would be, and to what it would lead. Nobody could have said it would disturb millions of people the world over, and make a permanent mark in Man's thinking. Even the great Albert Einstein was to be challenged (and successfully as events have proved!) to say nothing of the sciences of physics, astronomy, and the philosophical sciences of metaphysics and mysticism. Now, after 15 years, the Shaver Mystery stands in a unique position, a pivotal point in modern philosophy, possibly the answer to most of the enigmas of all times.

What is the Shaver Mystery? There are many theories. There are those who support Shaver in his materialistic honeycomb of caverns the world over, heritage of a Titan-Atlan race which fled a poisoned world over 12,000 years ago. There are those who call his caverns the "astral", his dero the spirits of the dead. Some say it is "another dimension", another realm of life alongside ours, invisible under ordinary circumstances. They fight among themselves, but in one way they join solidly together—the Shaver phenomena are REAL, no matter how opinion of their nature varies! Here is a mystery that stretches from the madhouse to the White House; from the moronic to the world's greatest minds; from superstition to scientific knowledge; from the forgotten past to the present instant!